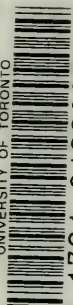


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Ancient English Metrical Romances.

Selected and Published
BY JOSEPH RITSON,

AND REVISED BY
EDMUND GOLDSMID, F.R.H.S.

VOL. III.

*“Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis
Nunc situs informis premit ac deserta vetustas.”*

—HORATIUS.



EDINBURGH:
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1885.

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*This edition is limited to 275 copies on demy 8vo, and 75 copies
(large paper) on demy 4to paper.*

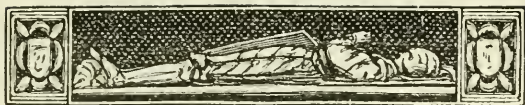
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SIR ORPHEO.

THIS lay, or tale, being rather too concise to be denominated a metrical romance, is a Gothick metamorphosis of the classical episode of Orpheus and Eurydice, so beautifully related by Ovid. It professes, like the tales of Mary of France, to be a lay of Britain, (whether Great Britain or Armorica, has been already discussed); and, if it have not so much merit as some others of these poetical compositions, the most fastidious reader can scarcely complain of its prolixity. There are two copies of this poem; one, from which it was transcribed, among the Harleian manuscripts, number 3810; and another in the Auchinleck manuscript (W. 4. 1. number lii), in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh: each more or less imperfect. The latter, which omits the prologue, and commences abruptly,

“Orpheo was a ryche king,”

is much longer than the poem here printed, which seems abridged from it, by considerable omissions, many of the remaining lines being the same: but whether it be a translation from a French original (which, at least, is sufficiently probable) there is no means to ascertain. Another fragment in the same MS. (num. xxxv), though upon a different subject, begins precisely like the Harleian copy, but is entitled *Lay le freine* (the Tale of the Ash), and, apparently, a version of Mary's poem under the same title.

Among the “pleysand storeis,” enumerated in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, 1549, is “Opheus, kyng of Portingal:” but whether the name should have been Orpheus, and the story were the same, or a different one, cannot be ascertained. “A tedious fable,” according to Pinkerton, “by [Robert] Henryson, with a spiritual moralization,” of “Orpheus kyng, and how he yeid to hewyn and to hel to seik his quene,” was printed at Edinburgh by Walter Chepman, in 1508. In an old poem of “the laying of a gaist,” quoted, by Mr. Leyden, from the Bannatyne MS. the “gaist” is married to “the Spenzie flie,

And crownd him kyng of Kandelie;
And thay gat them betwene
Orpheus king, and Elpha quene.”

SIR ORPHEO.



We redyn ofte, and fynde ywryte,
As clerkes don us to wyte,
The layes that ben of harpyng
Ben yfound of frely thing ;
Sum ben of wele, and sum of wo,
And sum of joy, and merthe also,
Sum of bourdys, and sum of rybaudry,
And sum ther ben of the feyrè ;
Sum of trechery, and sum of gyle,
And sum of happes that fallen by while. 10
Of alle thing that men may se
Moost to lowe forsothe they be.
In Brytayn this layes arne ywrytt,
Furst yfounde, and forthe ygete,
Of adventures that fillen by dayes,
Wherof Brytons made her layes,
When they myght owher heryn
Of adventures that ther weryn,
They toke her harpys with game,
Maden layes, and yaf it name. 20
Of auntures that han befall
Y can sum telle, but nought all.
Herken, lordynges, that ben trewe,
And y wol you telle of sir Orphewe.
Orpheo was a ryche kyng,
And in his tyme a grete lordyng :
Ful fayr man, and large therto,
And hende, curteis, and hardy also.
His fadre was com of king Pluto,
And his modur cam of quene Juno,* 30
That in tyme wer goddys holden,
For wordys that they dedyn and tolden.

* The original passage of the Harley MS. reads thus :

“ His fadre was com of *sir Pilato*,
And his modur cam of Yno ;

Orpheo most of ony thing
 Lovede the gle of harpyng ;
 Syker was every gode harpoure
 Of hym to have moche honour.
 Hymself loved for to harpe,
 And layde thereon his wittes scharpe ;
 He lerned so, ther non was
 A better harper in no plas. 40
 In the world was never man born,
 That onus Orpheo sat biforn,
 And he myght of his harpyng her,
 He shulde thinke that he wer
 In one of the joys of paradys,
 Suche joy and melody in his harpyng is.
 Orpheo sugerneth in Crasnes,*
 That is a cyté of noble defens.
 He hath a quene ful feyre of pris,
 That is clepyd dam Erodys, 50
 The feyrest woman for the nonys
 That myghth be made of flessche and bonys,
 All hur here, and hur gode nes,
 Myghth no man discryve hur fayrenes.
 Hit bifel in tyme of May,
 That is mery and lykyng the someris day
 Awey ben the wynteris schouris,
 And every felde is ful of flouris,
 Of blosmes spryngyng on the bowe,
 Over all the londe is mery ynowe, 60
 That ilke quene, dame Erodys,
 Toke with hur two maydenes of pris,

which do not accord so well with the following couplet,

“That in time were *goddys* holden,
 For wordys that they dedyn and tolden,”

as those of the Edinburgh one :

“His fader was comen of *king Pluto*,
 And his moder of *king* [r. *quene*] *Ju 10*.”

* The corresponding lines of the Edinburgh copy are,

“This king sojourned in *Tracens*
 That was a cité of noble defens,”

to which it adds,

“For Winchester was cleped tho
Traciens withouten no.”

And walked in the undertyde
 To pley in hur orchard-syde,
 To se floures sprede and spryng.
 And se and here the foulys syng.
 They seten hem down all thre,
 Fayr under an ympe-tre,
 And wel sone the feyr quene
 Felled a slepe upon the grene. 70
 The maydenes durst hur not awake,
 But bysyde hur mery they can hem make,
 And lete hur slepe tyl after none,
 That the undertyde was agone ;
 And, al so sone as sche can wake,
 Sche cryed, and lothly can hur make,
 She froted hur hondys and hur fete,
 And cracched hur tyll that sche can blede,
 Hur ryche clothis sche can ter,
 And was wode out of hur wit ther. 80
 The two maydenes that sat bysyde
 Durst they non lengur abyde,
 But went into the palys ryghth,
 And tolde both squyer and knyghth,
 That her quene away wolde go.
 Kynghths out went, and ladyes also,
 And damsellis fyfty and mony mo,
 To set her lady they thought to do.
 Into the orchard they wer come,
 And had hur up in armes ynome, 90
 And brought hur in bed at the last,
 And held hur in ryghth fast ;
 But ever sche cryed with grete mode,
 And rent hursel as sche wer wode.
 When the kyng herd this tydyng,
 He was never so wo for no thing.
 The kyng com, with knyghthis kene,
 Into the chamber to his quene,
 And of hur had grete pytè :
 Swete hert, he sayde, how may this be ? 100
 'That ever yet hast ben so styлле,
 And now criest so loude and schrylle ;
 Thy body, that was white biforn,
 With thy nayles is al to-torn ;

Alas! thy rode that was so rede
 Is as wan as ony lede.
 Also thy fingris smalle,
 They ben al bloody and palle.
 Alas! thy lovely yÿen two
 Loken on me as man on so. 110
 Leve dam, y beseche the mercy,
 Lete be al this ruful cry,
 And tel me what thing and how
 Yif ony thing may help the now.
 The lady still es at the last,
 And gan to wepe swythe fast,
 Tho sche sayde the kyng to,
 Alas! my lord, syr Orpheo,
 Seth we togedur were
 Never yit wroth we ner, 120
 Ever yit thou hast loved me,
 With alle myn hert so have y the;
 And now we schul part atwo,
 Do thy best, for ye most go.
 Alas! he seyde, forlorn y am,
 Whidur wol thou go and to wham?
 Wher thou comest thou schalt with me,
 Whidur thou gost y whl with thee.
 Sir, sche seyde, it may not be this,
 I schal you telle how it is: 130
 As y lay this undertyde,
 To slepe under the orchard-syde,
 Ther com to me two fair knyghtes,
 Wele arayde at alle ryghthis.
 And bade me come, without lettyng,
 To speke with her lord the kyng;
 And y answerde with wordis bolde
 That y ne durst, ne y nolde:
 Fast agayn they can dryve,
 Then com her kyng al so blyve * 140

* This monarch, (who is anonymous), it appears from a subsequent verse was 'kyng of Fayré,' his attendants are numerous, his riches and magnificence immense; and such fair knights, as the thousand and more who accompanied him, Erodys had never seen: no notice, therefore, being taken of their verdant vesture, or diminutive size, the characteristics of English fairies, it may be fairly concluded that the poem

With a thousand knytes and mo,
 And with layes fyfty also,
 And ryden al on snow-white stedys,
 And also white was her wedys
 Y sey never seth y was borne
 So feyr knyghtes me byforne.
 The kyng had a crowne on his hede,
 It was no selver, ne golde rede,
 All it was of precious stone,
 As bryght as sunne forsothe it schone. 150
 Al so sone he to me cam,
 Wold y, neld ye, he me nam,
 And made me with him ryde,
 On a whyte palfrey by his syde,
 And brought me in to his palys,
 Ryght wele ydight over al y wys.
 He schewed me castels and touris,
 Medewys, ryveres, feldys, and floures,
 And his forestes everyche one ;
 And seth he brought [me] ayen home, 160
 Into our own orcharde,
 And sayde to me this afterwarde :
 Loke to-morew that thou be
 Here under this ympe-tre ;
 And yif thou makest ony lette,
 Wherever thou be thou schalt be set,
 And to-tore thy lymes alle,
 That no thing the help schalle,
 And, thaugh thou be so to-tore,
 Yit schalt thou away be bore. 170
 When the kyng herde this case,
 Out ! he scyde, and alase !
 Me were lever to lese my lyfe,
 Than to lese the quene my wyfe !
 He axed consel of many of man,
 But non of hem help hym can.

was not invented or composed in this country; the fairies of the French and Italian romances being essentially distinct, and, in fact, generally females endowed with singular beauty and supernatural powers. See an account of this sort of fairy in the *roman d'Ogier le Danois*, or that of *Huon de Bordeaux*, of which there is an English version.

On the morewe, when tyme came,
 The kyng his armes forsoth he name,
 And two hundred knyghtes with hym,
 Wele yarmed stout and grym ; 180
 With the quene went he,
 Into the orchard, under the tre,
 Ther made they watche on every syde,
 And cast hem there for to byde,
 And suffre deth everychon
 Er sche schulde from hem gon :
 And there anon withouten lette
 Among hem all scho was yset,
 Away with the feyré sche was ynome,
 Wist non of hem wher scho become. 190
 Ther was ther wepyng and cryeng also,
 The king to his chamber can go,
 And fel adown on the stone,
 He made grete dele and meche mone ;
 Wel nye he hed hymself yschent,
 He sygh ther was no amendement.
 He sende after erle and baroun,
 And other lordys of grete renoun ;
 And, whan they togeder were,
 Lordys, he seyde, that ben here, 200
 Y ordeyne my steward of myn halle
 To kepe my londys overalle.
 Now y have my quene forlore,
 The best lady that ever was bore ;
 Y wol never efte woman se,
 In wyldernes now wol y be,
 And wonne there in holtys hore
 In wyldernes for evermore.
 When ye wyte y am of the world went
 Make ye all a parlement, 210
 And do chese you a new kyng,
 And do your best in al thing.
 Ther was grete sorewe in the halle,
 Wepying and cryeng among hem alle ;
 Ther ne myght olde ne yonge
 For wepyng speke a worde with tonge.
 They knelyd all adown in fer,
 And besought hym, yif his wil wer,

That he ne wolde from hem go.
Do wey! he seyde, y wil not so. 220
Alle his kyndam he forsoke,
And to him a slaveyn anon he toke;
He ne wolde have non hode,
Hose, ne scho, ne other gode;
But his harpe he gan take,
And went barfot out at the gate:
Ther most no man with hym go,
Alas! ther was wepyng and wo.
He that was kyng, and bar the crowne,
Went so porely out of towne, 230
Into wildernes he gethe,
Bothe throw wode and throw hethe.
Now he is naught at ese,
But now he is at male-ese;
Now in hard wode he lythe,
With erbis and gras he hym wrythe.
He that had grete plentè,
Mete, drynke, and grete dignytè,
Now he most bothe digge and wrote,
Er he have his fille of rote. 240
In somer he lyveth by hawys,
That on hauthorne growth by schawys;
And in wynter by rote and rynde,
For other thing may he non fynde.
His body was away dryve,
With hayle and reyne al to-ryve,
No man coude telle of his sore
That he suffred ten yere and more
He that had castel and toure,
Forest, fryth, bothe felde and flour, 250
Now hath he nothing that him lyketh,
But wylde bestes that by hym stryketh:
The here of his hede is blak and row,
Benethe his gurdel it ys ygrow.
He taketh his harpe, and maketh hym gle,
And lythe al nyght under a tre.
When the weder is cler and bryght,
He taketh his harpe anone ryght,
Into the wode it ryngeth schrylle,
As he coude harpe at his wille. 260

The wilde bestes that ther bethe,
 For joy about hym they gethe ;
 All the foulis that ther were,
 They comyn aboute hym there,
 To her harpyng that was fyne,
 So mechel joy was therine.
 When he the harpyng leve wolde,
 Foule, ne best, abyde ther nolde,
 But went hem albydene,
 And lete hym alone ther bene. 270
 Ofte he saw hym bysyde
 In the hote somer-tyde,
 The kyng of Fayré,* with his route,
 Com to hunte all aboute,
 With dunnyng and with blowyng,
 And houndys gret cryeng ;
 But forsothe no best they nome,
 Ne he ne wyst wher they becom ;
 And other while he myght ysè
 A grete ost by him te, 280
 Wel a two hundreth knyghtes,
 Wele yärmed at all ryghtes.
 Sum while he saw other thing,
 Knyghtes and ladies com rydyng
 In bryght atyre and disgysid,
 With esy pace pace and wele avysed,
 Taberis and pypes yeden hem by
 And alle maner of mynstrelsy ;
 And ladyes ther com rydyng,
 Joly they wer in alle thing ; 290
 Jentle and jolef, forsothe, y wys,
 No man among hem ther nys.
 Every on an hauke on honde bere,
 And went haukyng by the ryvere,
 Of game they fonde grete haunt,
 Fesaunt, heron, and cormerant.
 The foules out of the rever flowe,
 Every faukun his game slowe.

* In Chaucer's *Marchantes' Tale* he speaks of

"Pluto, that is the king of Faerie." (V. 10101.)

That saw kyng Orpheo, and lowe,
 As he stode under a bowe : 300
 Perfay, he sayde, ther is gode game,
 Thider* y wil in goddis name,
 Such game he was wont to se,
 Up he ros, and thider cam he ;
 To his owne lady wel nigh he come,†
 And hur wel ny had undernome ;
 He knew hur by the semelant, y wys,
 His owe lady, dam Erodyse :
 But ther myght non with other speke,
 Then sche hym knewe, and he hur eke. 310
 For myssis that she on hym sye,
 That sum tyme was bothe ryche and hie,
 The teris ran down by hur yghe,
 So dede of hym when he hur sye.
 They made hur away there ryde,
 For ther myght sche no lenger abyde.
 Alas ! he seyde, that me is wo !
 Why nyl deth myn hert slo ?
 Alas ! wrecche that y ne myght
 Dye anon after this syght ! 320
 Alas ! to long lasted my lyfe,
 That y ne may speke with my wyfe !
 Ne sche with me a worde to speke !
 Alas ! why nyl myn hert breke !
 Perfay, he sayde, [tide what bitide]
 Y wil se whyder this ladies ride,
 In that wey wyl y go
 For of my lyf yeve y not a slo ;
 His slaveyn dede he on his bak,
 And toke his harpe ryght as he spak. 330
 Fast after hem he can gone
 Over stok and over stone.
 In then at the roche the ladies ryde,
 He went sone after, he nolde not byde.
 When he was into the roche ygo,
 Wele thre myle, and sum dele mo,
 He cam to a feyr contray,
 Was as bryght as ony day ;

* Original reading : *Thidey*.† Original reading : *Came*.

Feyr palys, and alle grene,
 Hille ne dale was nought sene. 340
 Amyd the launde a castel he sye,
 Noble and ryche, ryght wonder hie,
 And al the overyst walle
 Schene as doth the crystal;
 Fayr tours ther wer aboute,
 Gayly set with perles stoute;
 The utmest that stode on the dyche
 Was of golde and selver ryche;
 The front that was amyd all
 Was of dyvers metalle; 350
 Within were wyde wonys,
 Of golde, selver and precious stones,
 Feyr pilers theron were dyght
 Of precious stones and safyres bryght.
 Hit schone so fayr by nyght
 That al the towne thereof was lyght.
 The ryche stones schone so cun,
 Al so bryght as ony sun.
 No man myght telle, ne thinke in thought,
 The ryches that therein was wrought. 360
 At the castel the ladies alyght,
 Orpheo went after as fast as he myght.
 Orpheo knocked at the gate,
 The porter was redy therate,
 And asked, What wilt thou so?
 "Perfay, y am a mynstrallo,*
 To solas the with my gle,
 The merier schalt thou be."
 He unded the gate anone,
 And lete hym into the castel gone. 370
 Orpheo loked about over all,
 He saw folk sit under the wall;
 Sum that were thyder ybrought,
 Al dede were they nought:
 Amonge hem lay his owne wyfe,
 That he loved as his lyfe;

* Thus, in the Auchinleck copy:

"And asked what he wold have ydo.

Parfay, quath he, icham a minstrel lo."

The Harley MS. reads so, in the first line.

Sche lay under ane ympe-tre,
By her glowes he wyst it was sche.
He went forthe into the halle,
Therin was grete joye with alle. 380
The ryche kyng therin sette,
He fyl on knees, and hym grette.
By hym sete a quene bryght,
Unnethis he had of hur a syght.
When he had ysene al thing,
He fel on knees byfore the kyng,
And besought hym yif his wil were
That he wolde of his mynstrelsy her.
Then sayde the kyng, What art thou,
That art hyder ycom nowe? 390
Myself, ne non that is within me,
Never sende afther the.
Seth y this kyngdam fuest bygan
Fonde y non so hardy a man
That hider durst come ne wende,
But that y aftur hym sende.
Sir, he sayde, y trowe ful wele,
Y holde it soth, sir, every dele,
For sothe it is the maner of us
To come to every lordys hous, 400
And though we nought welcome be,
Yit we most profer our game or gle.
Byfore the kyng he set hym downe,
And tok his harpe of mery sowne,
And, as he ful wel can,
Many mery notys he began.
The kyng beheld and sat ful styлле,
To here his harpyng he had gode will.
When he left of his harpeng,
To hym seyde that ryche kyng, 410
Mynstrel, me lyketh ryght wele thy gle,
What thing that thou aske of me
Largely y wol the pay,
Therfor, aske now and asay.
Lord, he sayde, y pray the,
Yif it your wyl be,
Yif me that lady bryght of ble
That lythe yonde under the ympe tre.

Nay, he seyde, as it nought ner.
 [A sori couple of you it were] 420
 For thou art row and blake,
 And sche is made withouten lak.
 A foule couple it wer forthy
 To lete hur com in thy company.
 Lord, he seyde, ryche kyng,
 Yit hit wer a fouler thing
 To here a lesyng of thy mouthe,
 To me as thou saydest nouthe,
 That y schulde have what y wolde?
 A kyngis worde most nede be holde. 430
 Thou sayst soth, sayd the kyng than,
 Forsothe thou art a trewe man.
 Y wol wel that it be so;
 Take hur by the honde, and go;
 Y wol that thou of hur be blythe:
 And he hym thanked mony a sythe.
 He toke hur by the honde anon
 With ryght gode wille they can out gon.
 Fast he went out of that stede,
 Ryghth as he came out he yede. 440
 So long they have undernome,
 That to Crassens they were ycome,
 That sum tyme was her owne cetè,
 But no man wyst they weren he,
 With a begger of poor lyfe
 He herboired hym and his wyfe;
 He asked tydynges of the londe,
 And who then had the kyndam in honde.
 The por begger, in his cote,
 Anon tolde hym every grote, 450
 How the qwene was fet away
 Of the londe, forsothe to say,
 And how the kyng aftur them yede,
 No man wyst into what stede;
 And now the stewarde the kyngdam doth holde;
 Mony tydynges he hym them tolde.
 A morewe at the none-tyde
 He made the quene there abyde,
 He toke his harpe ryght anon,
 Into the towne he can gon. 460

His owne steward he can mete
 As he cam by the strete.
 He set hym doun on his kne,
 And sayde, Lord, help for charytè!
 Y am a por mynstrel * of Hethenes,
 Helpe me, lord, at this dystres!
 The steward sayde, With me com home,
 Of my gode thou schalt have somme;
 For my lordys love, Syr Orpheo,
 Al mynstrellys ben welcom me to. 470
 Anone they wente into the halle,
 The steward and the lordys all;
 The steward wasched and went to mete,
 And all lordys weren ysete.
 Ther was merthe in halle
 When Orpheo sat within the wall.
 When they weren all styлле,
 He toke his harpe that was schille
 And pleyde fast with the gle,
 The stewarde loked, and cam to se 480
 And knewe the harpe wel blyve;
 Mynstrel, he seyde, as thou most thryve,
 Wher had thou that harpe, and howe?
 Tel me now, syr, for thy prowte.
 Lord, he seyde, in unkouthe londe,
 By a forest y hit ther fonde;
 Y sygh a man draw ful smale,
 It lay by hym in a dale:
 Now it is ten wynter agone.
 Alas! seyde the steward, and made grete mone, 490
 Hit was my lord, syr Orpheo,
 Alas! that ever he yede us fro.
 Thê kyng behelde the steward than,
 And wyst he was a trewe man;
 To hym he seyde, without lesyng,
 Syr, he seyde, y am Orpheo the kyng.
 Here, at the townis ennde,
 Y have brought my lady hende,
 The lordys sterten up anon,
 And maden hym to chamber gon, 500

* Original reading: *Mynstrel*.

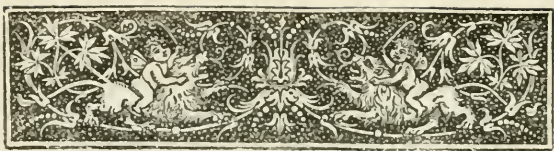
With merthe, joy, and processioun,
 They fet the quene into the towne :
 Ther they lyved gode lyfe afterwarde,
 And sythe was the kyng stewarde.
 Thus cam they out of care :
 God geve us grace wele to fare !
 And all that have herde this talkyng
 In heven blys be his wonyng !
 Amen, amen, for charytè,
 Lord us graunt that it so be ! *

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* The Edinburgh copy ends thus :

“Now king Orpheo coround is,
 And his quen dame Heurodis ;
 And lived long afterward,
 And seththen was king the steward.
 Harpours in Bretain after than
 Herd how this mervail bigan,
 And made her of a lay of gode likeing
 And nempned it after the king ;
 That lay Orfeo is yhote,
 Gode is the lay, swete is the note.
 Thus com sir Orfeo out of his care :
 God graunt ous al wele to fare.”





CHRONICLE OF ENGLAND

OF this old metrical chronicle, transcribed from a manuscript of the Royal Library (12 CXII) there is another copy in that of the Faculty of Advocates, already noticed, to which are prefixed the following lines by way of title :

“Here may men read, who co can,
How Ingland first bigan ;
Then mow it find in Engliche,
As the Brout it telleth y wis.”

At the end is “*Explicit liber regum Angliæ.*”

There can be no doubt that this and similar chronicles were composed for the purpose of being sung in public to the harp. “Our modern ballads,” according to Hearne, “are for the most part, romantick ; but the old ones contain matters of fact, and were generally written by good scholars. . . They were a sort of chronicles. So that the wise founder of New-college permitted them to be sung, by the fellows and scholars of that college, upon extraordinary days.” (Appendix to *Hemingi Chartularium*, P. 662.) He refers, for the last fact, to “*Statuta Coll. Novi, Rubric XVIII.*” the words of which statute, as given by Warton, are as follows : “*Quando ob dei reverentiam aut suæ matris, vel alterius sancti cujuscunque, tempore yemali, ignis in aula sociis ministratur; tunc scholaribus et sociis post tempus prandii aut cenæ, liceat, gracia recreationis, in aula, in cantilenis et aliis solaciis honestis, moram facere condecentem ; et poemata, regnorum chronicas, et mundi hujus mirabilia ac cetera quæ statum clericalem condecorant, serius pertractare.*” (History of English Poetry, I. 92.) “The latter part of this injunction,” he adds, “seems to be an explication of the former : and on the whole it appears that the *cantilenæ* which the scholars should sing on these occasions, were a sort of *poemata*, or poetical chronicles, containing general histories of kingdoms.” “The same thing,” he says, “is enjoined in the statutes of Winchester college ;” was

afterwards "adopted into the statutes of Magdalen college;" and from thence, if he recollects right, "copyed into those of Corpus Christi, Oxford" (*Ibi.* 93.)

The practice of delivering oral history appears, in fact, to be of much greater antiquity, and, if not of the Saxon times, cannot be much later. Matthew Paris, in his legend of Offa the first, says that King Warmund, his father, is celebrated with the chief praise of commendation by those who had used histories of the Engles, not only to utter by relation, but also to insert in writings. (P. 961.)

Even Robert of Brunne, though he professes to have

—— "mad noght for no disours,
Ne for no seggers no harpours,"

says, at the same time,

"And therfore for the comanalte
That blythely wild listen to me,
On light lange i it began
For luf of the lewed man;"

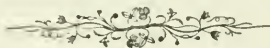
and concludes his prologue by affirming, that he

"Did it wryte for felawes sake,
When thai wild solace make;"

that is, as Mr. Warton properly explains it, "he intended his chronicle to be sung, at least by parts, at public festivals."

Another poem of the same nature may be found in Hearne's appendix to Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle (P. 505), in the glossary to which work (P. 731) he introduces an extract from the fragment of a similar performance.

The present bears internal evidence of having been composed in the reign of Edward the second; and that the manuscript itself is of the same age seems no less certain. The hand is apparently that of a Norman law scribe, and bears the closest resemblance to that of the Harleian MS. 2253, which contains *King Horn*, &c.



CHRONICLE OF ENGLAND.

HERKNETH hideward, lordynges,
Ye that wolleth here of kynges :
Ant ye mowen heren anon
Hou Engelande first bigon ;
This filosofres us doth to-wyte,
Ase we findeth ywryte.
This lond was cleped Albyon,
Er then Bruyt from Troye com,
A thousent ant tuo hondred yer
Erthen Marie Crist ber.
A muche mon com from Troy, y wis,
Wes icleped Bruyt Sylvius,
A muche mon com with him also,
Corineus yclepud wes tho.
In thilke time, in al this londe,
Om aker-lond ther nes yfounde
Ne toun ne houses never on
Erthen Bruyt from Troye com ;
Ah al wes wode ant wildernesse,
Nes ther no tilthe, more ne lesse.
Geauntz her wonede suythe stronge,
That were bothe grete ant longe ;
Geomagog hatte here kyng,
Me nuste no wer ys evenyng ;
He wes of suythe wonder streynthe,
Ant fourti fithe hade the leynthe
From the elbowe to the hond,
Ant tuenti on brede on him me fond.
In grete hulles hy woneden her,
Ant livede by herbes ant wilde duer,
Mylk ant water, hy dronke nout elles,
Ase the boc hyt saithe ant telles.
Schep he heden ase hors gret,
That beren wolle ase her of get,
Therof hy maden hem sclavyns,
Ase palmers that beth paynims.

10

20

30

Tho Bruyt com this lond to wynne,
The geauntz that ther woneden ynne,
Tho hy herden of Brutes come,
Ham byradden alle ant some 40
To yeven hem bataille anon,
Ant to slen hem everuchon.
The Troyens were suythe kene,
Ant that wes ther wel asene,
The geauntz heo overcome,
Ant heore grete kyng he nome,
Geomagog that wes so strong,
Ant so wonderliche long.
Corineus the champioun,
That with Bruyt from Troye com, 50
Seh Geomagog so sturne,
Ant desirede suite yurne
To wrastle wyth that foule thing,
That wes the geaundene kyng.
Ant of Bruyt he bad the bone,
Ant he him grauntede suite sone.
Corineus anon forth schet,
To the kyng that wes so gret,
Al day togedere hy wrastly conne,
Forto hem faylede light of sonne, 60
The kyng wes a teoned stronge
That Corineus astod so longe,
Ant so harde he him tuaste,
That thre ribbes in him to-braste.
Bruyt byhuelde Corineus,
Ant to him he seide thus,
Corineus, wet dest thou nouthe?
Nes ner by northe, ne by southe,
Ne by water, ne by londe,
Er then non thi piere yfonde; 70
And yef the word of the spronge
That eny mon the stode so longe,
Geaunt, other champioun,
Al thyn honour were leid adoun,
Ant nomeliche to thy lemmon,
That ys wyttore then the fom.
Tho Corineus underyat
That Bruyt of ys lemmon spac,

Of Erneburh that maide hende,
 To Geomagog he con wende, 80
 Ant him putte with such streynthe,
 Thah he were more thon he of leinthe,
 That fourti fet, roumede and grete,
 Into the see he made him lepe.
 Tho the geauntz were overcome,
 Ant Bruyt hade this londe ynome,
 Corineus lovede the more
 Al that contrey tharefore,
 Ant clepede hit for that batayle
 After Corineus Cornwayle, 90
 Bruyt hade muche folk with him,
 Bothe fremede and eke kun,
 That wer erthe-tilyes gode,
 Hy faleweden erthe, ant feolden wode,
 Ant of this lond that wes so wylde
 Hy bygonne tounes to bulde ;
 Londone he made furst with gome,
 Ant yef hit his oune nome,
 Newe Troye, for he com
 Furst from Troye and hit bygon. 100
 In his time, withoute les,
 Elye the prophete ichose wes,
 The children of Yrael bi dai ant nith,
 The laghe techen hem ariht,
 The laghe he tahte hem ych wene,
 On hem therafter hit wes sene.
 Bruyt had thre sonas,
 That were suythe feyre gomes.
 That on wes hote Lokeryn,
 He reignede after his fader fyn. 110
 Cambroun hatte that other,
 He wes the mydleste brother,
 He was ybore in Deveneschire,
 Of Wales he wes maked sire.
 Albanactus the thridde iclepud wes,
 Scotland to ys part he ches,
 Ant tharefore, ase ryth ys,
 Al that Bretaygne iclepud ys.
 He reignede her
 Other half-houndred yer, 120

At Westmustre he was ded,
 Ant yburied, for so he bed.
 Tho anon, after hym,
 Reygnede his sone Lokeryn ;
 Crafti mon for sothe he wes,
 He wrohte her, withoute les,
 Tuo merveilles grete, y wys,
 Wrokynghole that on clepud ys
 Sikerlich withoute gyle,
 Biside Glastingbury a myle ; 130
 A chapele that other ys,
 That over the erthe hongeth thus,
 From the erthe tuenti fet,
 The leynthe for sothe last yet,
 Of seynt Susanne, wythoute les,
 The chapele ycleped wes.
 He reignede her
 An hondred wynter and tuo yer.
 After hym reignede Eboras,
 That suite wis and crafti was ; 140
 He wes Lokerynes sone,
 Everwyk wes his meste wone,
 Ant he Everwik made and met,
 More than Londone by sevé stret,
 Alklud and Maydenescastel bo,
 Ant Mound de le Rous he made also :
 Ant tho David and his teem
 Reigneden in Jerusaleem.
 After hym Lud-Hudybras,
 So Eboras sone ycleped was, 150
 Hade this londe everuch del,
 Ant hyt yemedde suythe wel ;
 He made Caunterbury anon,
 Ant other tounes moni on,
 Wynchestre and Schaftesburye,
 Ther spac an ern a prophecie,
 Thre dawes and thre nyht,
 The prophecie he tolde riht :
 Wet in Englund schulde byfalle,
 That ther weren hit herden alle. 160
 Lud, that ichabbe of ytold,
 He wes kyng suythe bold,

To bulden he nevede gode wate,
 At Londone he made a yate,
 Ant clepede hit, arter ys nome,
 Ludgate, al with gome.
 After thilke kyng Lud
 Reignede his sone Bladud;
 He wes clerk of nigremancie,
 That ys an an art of gret maistrie;
 He made the wonder, ful y wis
 That hote bathe ycleped ys.

170

Herkneth alle that beth hende,
 Ant y schal telle, ord and ende,
 The rihte sothe, ful y wys,
 Hou hote bathe ymaked ys:
 Four tonnes* ther beoth of bras,
 Al for sothe thus hit was,
 Feole thinges ther beth ynne,
 Craftilich ymad with gynne,
 Quic brimston and other alsuo,
 With wylde fur ymad therto,
 Selgemme and salpetre,
 Salarmoniac ther ys eke,
 Salnitre that ys briht:

180

Berneth bothe day and nyth.
 This ys in the tonnes ydon,
 Ant other thinges moni on:
 Berneth bothe nyht and day,
 Ah never quenchen hit ne may.
 In four sprunges the tonnes liggeth,
 Asc this filosofres suggeth,
 The hete withynne, water withoute,
 Maketh hot al aboute.
 The tuo sprunges urneth yfere,
 Ah the other tuo beth more clere;
 Therof ys maked, ful y wys,
 That kyngesbathe ycleped ys.

190

* The fragment of this chronicle printed by Selden, in a note upon the third song of Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, reads,

Two tunne, &c."

and contains other slight variations in almost every line. It does not appear whence he had it.

Thilke maister Bladud,
 That wes kyngessone Lud, 200
 Tho he this ilke bathe made,
 Ant he eny defaute hade
 Of thinges that ther schulde to,
 Herkneth hou he wolde do;
 From Bathe to Londone he wolde fleo,
 Ant thilke dai self aycyn teo,
 Ant vacche that therto byfel,
 He wes quic and suite snel.
 Tho thes maister was ded,
 Anon he wende to the qued, 210
 For Crist nas nout yet ybore,
 Ne deth ne soffrede him nout fore.
 After Bladud wes heir
 Ys oune sone, that hatte Leyr,
 He made Leircestre with gome,
 Ant yef hit ys oune nome.
 After him reignede his sone bold,
 That wes icleped Denewold,
 He made Malmesbury,
 Lacok and Tettesbury, 220
 Ant Devises also,
 And other tounes fele mo.
 Tueye sones he hade thenne,
 That on Belyns, that other Brenne,
 Hy weren men of chevalerie,
 Hy wonne Fraunce and Normaundie,
 Ant tha lond suite sone
 From Fraunce that come to Rome,
 Thilke Belyns and Brenne
 Made four weyes thenne, 230
 Thourh the grace of godes sonde,
 Thourh-out all Engelsonde.
 That on to thisse daye yet
 Ys ycleped Wateling-stret.
 That other ys icleped Fosse,
 Geth from Cornwaille into Scosse,
 A launde in Scotlond of gret prys,
 In al that lond feiroke ther nys.
 Ykenild-stret ther beoth thre;
 Offedich the furthe wol be. 240

After him com a muche mon,
Was ycleped Cassabalon,
A wis kyn and a war,
He caste Julius Cesar,
That was emperour of Rome,
Out thisse lond sone,
Ant tuye him overcom,
Ant at the thridde time Cesar him nom,
Ant tho Cassabalon was overcome,
He yef gret truage to Rome, 250
Thre hondred pound by yer.
Er he moste be quite and sker;
That were sixti yer by score
Er then Crist were ybore.
After him Uther-Pendragoun
Hade his londe al and som,
He won to ys hond
Englond, Wales, and Scotlond;
He reignede thritti yer,
To Glastinbury me him ber. 260
After him his sone Arthur
Hevede this lond thourh and thourh;
He was the beste kyng at nede,
That ever mihte ride on stede.
Other wepne welde, other folk out-lede,
Of mon ne hede he never drede.
He ne com never in none londe,
That he ne hede the heire honde.
Ther nes never such king bifore,
Ne non ne byht ther nevermore. 270
Whyl kyng Arthur wes alyve
In Bretaigne wes chyvaleric,
Ant the in Bretaigne were yfonde
This gret adventures, ichonderstonde,
That ye habbeth yherd her this
Ofte sithes, and soth hit ys.
Wyth kyng Arthur wes a knyht,
Wel ychot Eweyn he hyht,
Ther nes mon in al the londe
That durste in fith ayein him stonde. 280
This kyng Arthur, as ich er tolde,
He wes kyng suite bold,

He won Engeland suite sone,
 Out of the truage of Rome,
 Ant Lucus the emperour, sauntz fayle,
 He overcom in bataille.
 He get, thourh his chevalerie,
 Fraunce that come to Lumbardie,
 Ant Rome he wolde han ymone,
 Ant tho the tidinge him wes icome, 290
 That Moddred hys cosyn
 Engeland wolde bynynmen him,
 Ant hede yleye by the quene,
 Genevre, that wes bryth and schene,
 That wes kyng Arthures wyf,
 That he lovede so ys lyf.
 Ase sone ase Arthur the kyng
 Hede herd this tiding,
 To Engeland he turnde ayein,
 Bothe with knyth and with sueyn, 300
 Ant Engeland hath ynome y wys,
 Ant halt hit ase rith ys.
 After thon he livede ten yer,
 To Glastingbury me him ber :
 God almihti, that best may,
 Yeve him reste nyth and day !
 Ther after tuo and twenti yer,
 Efter that Marie Crist ber,
 Eleutherie, the pope of Rome,
 Stablede suite sone 310
 Godes werkes wurthe,
 Ant singe in holy chirche,
Gloria in excelsis deo,
 Ant yef gret pardon therto.
 After thon, ichonderstonde,
 Lucius broht into Engelande
 Cristendome, griht, and pees,
 From the pope Eleutheries.
 Thilke Lucius, thourh godes sonde,
 Made thre archebischopes in is londe, 320
 Ant twenty-sevyn he made also
 Leod bischopes therto.
 That was to-fore the come of seint Austin her
 Four hondred and ahte and fourti yer.

Dioclicien thilke time
 Dude cristendome much pine ;
 In thilke time seint Albon
 For godes love tholed martirdom.
 Kyng Fortiger, wyth schome and schonde,
 Wes driven out of Engelande. 330
 Thourh Hengistus, for soth y wys,
 That made the tresoun, for thus hit ys :
 At Stonhenges, wite ou wel,
 Ther he hit made everuch del,
 For Merlyn hem saide biforenhond
 He ne schulde ner dure en Englund.
 Rowenne, that was so feir may,
 Furste saide, by this day,
 To kyng Fortiger, Wassail ;
 Ant that onsuere wes, Drinkhail. 340
 Seththe anon, sone and suite,
 Wes Engeland deled on fyve,
 To vyf kynges treweliche
 That were suite riche.
 That on hade to his partie
 That lond of Kent that is so druye,
 Ant tueie bischopes in ys lond,
 Wel hy were beyne yfond ;
 The erchebischop of Caunterbury,
 Ant of Roucestre, that ys mury. 350
 The kyng of Essex wes riche mon,
 He hade to ys portion
 Wylteschire, Barkschyre,
 Southsex, Southanteschyre,
 Sothereye, Somerseteschyre,
 Dersettschire and Deveneschire,
 Ant therto al Cornwayle ;
 Ant in is lond, sauntz fayle,
 He hade vyf bischopes riche,
 Me nuste no wer here yliche, 360
 Of Salesbury wes that on,
 He wes a suythe jolyf mon,
 At Schyrebourne wes tho the se,
 Ant nou at Salesbury ys he.
 The bischop of Welles also,
 That at Bathe wonede tho,

The bischop of Wynchestre,
Ant the bischop of Chychestre,
Ant of Exetre also,
Thilke was deled atuo, 370
That on at Credynton, sauntz faile,
That other at sein Germeyn in Cornwaile.
The kyng of Merkyneriche,
Nes ther non ys yliche,
He hade Gloucestreschire,
Wyrcestreschire, and Warewikeschire,
Staffordschire, and Shropshire,
Al the march and Herefordshire,
Oxnefordshire, and Bokynghame,
Hertfordshire, ant Hontindone, 380
Northamteschire, ant Leycestre,
Lyncolneschire, that ys betre,
Ant the schire of Notingham,
Rykemondeschire, nis nout to blam :
Ant in is lond that wes so muche
He hade foure bischopes riche ;
Of Lyncolne, ant of Chestre,
Of Hereford, ant of Wyrcestre.
The kyng that wes of Estengle sire
He hade Grauntebruggeschyre, 390
Norfolk ant Bedefordschyre,
Loncastel, and Blakebourneschire ;
Ant yn ys lond bischopes thre,
Noble coynté large ant fre,
Of London, ant of Norwyk,
Ant the bischop of Ely ek.
The kyng of Northumberlonde
Hade al the lond, ichonderstonde,
Bituene a water that hatte Homber,
Ant Scotlond ther yt urneth under ; 400
Ant in is lond bischopes tuo,
Grete lordinges were bo :
The erchebischop of Everwyk,
Ant the bischop of Durham eke :
Thus wes Englund to-deled,
Ant uch kyng from other dreued,
So that ever the strengore
Overcome the feblore,

Ant ever the richore
Overcom the porore. 410
Tho com kyng Egbryth,
Ant, wyth batayle ant fyht,
Made al Englund yhol
Falle to ys ounedol ;
Ant sethe he reignede her
Ahte ant tuenti folle yer :
At Wynchestre lyggeth ys bon,
Buried in a marbel-ston.
After him Ethelwolf ys sone
Hade this lond al ant some, 420
He hade sones fyve
Er he partede of thisse live.
The eldeste hatte Athelston,
He wes a suite jolyf mon.
That other hatte Eylbryth,
He wes a staleworthe knyht.
The thridde hatte Athelbaud,
In werre he made moni saut.
The furthe hatte Achelred.
The fyhte hatte Alured. 430
Ethelwolf in ys time sone
Wende to the court of Rome ;
There he wonede with the pope,
Ant dude ys lond lute note ;
For he arerede of ys lond her
Thre hondred besauntz uche yer,
That on he yef to arere the lyht
Of seint Petre apostel bryht ;
Sethe he yef that other
To seint Poul ys brother ; 440
The thridde he yef, sauntz fayle,
To the selve apostoyle.
Yet he dude more qued
Ethelwolf or he were ded.
In Englund he arerede a lok
Of uche hous that come smok,
To Rome yef a peny, y wys,
That Petres peny cleped ys.
Ethelwolf on that maner
Wodede at Rome thre yer, 450

Sethe he com hol ant sound,
 Bi Fraunce toward Engeland,
 Ant weddede ther a suete thyng,
 Charles dohter the grete kyng,
 Dame Judyth wes hire nome;
 Muche he lovede gle ant gome,
 Tho he come to londe her,
 Ne lyvede he bote tuo yer :
 At the hyde of Wynchestre
 Were his bones don in cheste. 460
 After him reignede Achelred,
 In ys time, er he were ded,
 Com the kyng of Denemarche,
 With is host stor ant stark,
 Engeland to bywynne,
 Ant sle that ther weren ynne,
 Ah Achelred ant Alured bo
 Connen her mete suo,
 That, in a lutel wyhte stounde,
 The Deneys hy fellen to grounde. 470
 After that bataille sevé yer
 Achelred wes kyng her ;
 At Wybourne mustre, y wys,
 Hys body yburied ys.
 After him regnede Alured,
 The wiseste kyng that ever et bred,
 He wes bothe war ant wys,
 Ant a mon of muche pris ;
 He made, thoorh godes sonde,
 The lawen en Engelande ; 480
 Ant sethe he regnede her
 Four ant tuenti folle yer ;
 At seint Poules liggeth is bon,
 Buried in a marbre ston.
 Thilke kyng Alured
 Slepte lutel in ys bed,
 Thenne he hade travail muche,
 Ye mowe wel here wuche :
 The tuenti-four tiden ariht,
 That beothe in the day ant nyht : 490
 Thilke he delede on threo,
 Wel he bisette theo ;

The aht he spende, ase mon mai rede,
In beden, ant ys almesdede ;
That other aht ys body to reste ;
The thridde aht were the beste ;
Thilke he spende saunt dotaunce,
Aboute thoht ant purveaunce,
Hou he myghte him wise ant rede,
Ant ys lond ariht lede. 500
He hevede a mon in hys chapele,
That thus this tiden con dele ;
He made thre condlen by wyht,
That schulde berne day ant nyht,
When the on condle wes ydo,
The aht tiden weren alsuo ;
The kyng he warnede by thon,
Hys purpos ariht to don.
The rihtwise Alured kyng
Yet he dude more thyng ; 510
Al his ryghte purchas
To povre abbeyes yef was ;
Hys rentes he delede atuo,
Ne worthe never ys soule wo ;
The halvedel thenne athreo
Wel he bisette theo ;
That on partie he yef hem
That in ys court serveden hym ;
That orher he yef ythe stude,
To thilke that his werkes dude ; 520
The thridde part he yef thenne
To uncothe povre menne ;
Sethe he delede feire ant wel
On foure that other halvedel ;
That on partie he sende by sonde
To thilke that were povre in londe ;
That other to povre religiouns ;
The thridde to povre cleregouns ;
That other partie thenne yef he
To poure chirgen byyende the se : 530
Thus livede the gode Alured
Ever forté he were ded.
After the gode Alured kyng,
Reignede Edward ys sone yyng,

He was bothe war ant wys,
 In uch bataille he hade the prys.
 Tharefore tho folke of Denemarche,
 That beth bothe stor and starke,
 Of him were adred so sore,
 That in ys time never more 540
 Ne dorsten he comen in ys londe,
 Leste hem tidde schome ant schonde.
 Thilke Edward hade in is lyves
 Fourteen children by thre wyves,
 Nine dehtren ant five sones,
 That were suythe feyre gomes ;
 Of ys dehtren thre wymmen
 To religioun yolden hem.
 Alflæd hatte that on levedy,
 He wes abesse at Romeysy. 550
 Ediht hatte that other may,
 He wes abesse at Wiltoun abbai.
 The thridde hatte Aubourh,
 An holi wommon thourh ant thourh.
 Edward hede a soster fre,
 No feiroke levedy myhte be,
 Ne wisore of sele thyng,
 He huelp hire brother Edward kyng,
 With hire wyt and hire rede,
 His lond wel for to lede. 560
 Longe er the kyng were ded,
 He wes yeve to the erl Aylred,
 That wes a god holy mon,
 Ant on ys wif a child he won ;
 The levedy pinede so sore,
 Er that child were ybore,
 That in hire pine he wes so wroht,
 That he suor, ant made hire oht,
 Bi the vertu of Marie sone,
 Nevermore he nolde come 570
 By hire lyne nyht ne day,
 In the bed ther hire lord lay.
 Edward reignede her
 Vour ant tuenti yer ;
 At Wynchestre liggeth ys bon,
 Buried in a marbre ston.

After him reigned Athelston,
 God knyht, ant hardi mon,
 Bothe by day, ant by nyht,
 Wel he hued his lond to ryht. 580
 Gui of Warewyk livede tho,
 Ant gode knyhtes fele mo.
 Alle the theynes of Walschelonde
 He made bowe to ys honde,
 Ant leyde such truage on hem,
 Ant on heore Walsche men,
 That thre hondred pond of sterlyng
 Heo yeven Athelston the kyng,
 Ant eke tuenti pound of golde
 Scotlond hym yeve scholde, 590
 Yet Wales yeld more hym
 Fif thousent fatte cun
 To the kyng uche yer,
 Er he mosten be quite ant sker.
 Thilke kyng Athelston
 Heve a soster, so feir wommon
 That in this world me nuste non
 So feir levedy of fleysch ant bon ;
 Hylde hatte that maide fre,
 That hath so muche of beauté. 600
 Hughe that kyng in Fraunce wes
 This maide to quene ches,
 For heo wes so feir ant hende,
 After hire he con sende
 The eorl Edulf of Boloyn,
 The erles fone Baldwyn of Coloyne,
 He wes the kynges messenger
 In his neodes fer ant ner.
 Tho he was to londe ycome
 He fond the kyng at Abyndonn, 610
 Tho he the kyng ymette
 Wel feire he hyne grette,
 A noble present he him brohte,
 Ant of ys suster him bysohte
 To ys lord syr Hugh the kyng,
 That wes in Fraunce wonyng ;
 Ant from him verreiment
 He brohte a riche present,

That wes preciouſe and deore,
 Wuch hit wes ye mowe here : 620
 Thre hondred ſteden mylk-whyte,
 In the world nys heore ylyche,
 The bridles were for the nones
 Bygo with preciouſe ſtones ;
 Yet he preſentede him alſo
 Other thinges fele mo :
 Themperoures ſuerd Constantin,
 The ſcaubert wes gold pure ant fin,
 Therinne wes closed a nail gret
 That ede thurh godes fet ; 630
 Ant he preſentede him the ſpere
 That Charlemayne wes wonet to bere
 To-fore the holy legioun,
 That is of gret remiſſioun ;
 Ant o partie of the holy rode,
 That God ſchedde on ys blode,
 Hit wes closed feir ant wel
 In a cristal everuch del ;
 Ant thre of the thornes kene
 That were on godes hed ſene ; 640
 Ant one riche croune of golde,
 No richore king were ne ſcholde,
 Biſet withinne ant withoute
 With preciouſe ſtones al aboute,
 Richore croune nes never wroth
 Sethe god made the world of noth.
 Athelſton of this ſonde wes blythe,
 Ant thonkede the king of Fraunce ſuythe,
 His ſuſter Hilde he him ſende,
 Mid gret honour with hire he wende. 650
 Sevé yer kyng Athelſton
 Huelde this ilke kynedom,
 Engeland that ys ſo muri,
 And deyede, ant lyth at Malmesbury.
 After him his ſone Edmond
 Wes her kynd in Engeland,
 Ah, aſe ſeggeth ſomme other,
 Edmond wes Athelſtones brother.
 Ah he ne reignede her
 Bote unnethe ſyx yer. 660

Sethe byfel at one feste,
At Canterbury, a cas unwreste :
Ase the kyng at mete seet,
He bihuelde, ant underycet,
Of a thef that wes degised
Among his knyhtes hende ant wyse ;
The king wes hastif ant starte up,
Ant hente the thef by the top,
Ant caste him down to the ston ;
The thef braid out is knyf anon, 670
Ant to the heorte the kyng thruste,
Er eni of ys knihtes wyste ;
The lordinges starten up uchon,
And the thef slowen anon,
Ah rathere he woundede moni on,
Thourh the fleish to the bon :
To Glastingbury me ber the kyng,
Ant made ther ys buryyng.
After that Edmond wes ded,
Reygnede his sone Achelred, 680
A war mon ant a wys,
Ant a knyht of mucho prys ;
He reignede nyghe yer,
Ant wes yburied at Westmuster.
Tho anon after hym
Reignede ys sone Edwyn ;
He wes king of gret prys,
Ah of is bodi he wes unwys ;
The firste dai that [he] croune nom
He birafte a god mon 690
Of ys wif for hire feirhede,
Of god he hade lutel drede,
Yet heo wes his cosine,
The sore he servede more pyne.
He reignede foure yer,
To Wynchestre me him ber.
After him reigned Edgar,
A wys kyng ant a war,
Bothe by day ant by nyth,
Wel he huelde ys lond to ryth. 700
Thilke nyth that he was ybore
Scint Dunstan wes glad therfore,

For he herde the stevene
 Of the aungles of hevene,
 In heore song segge by ryme,
 Yblessed be that ilke time
 That Edgar ybore wes,
 For in ys time schal beo pees
 Ever in his kynedom,
 Whil he lyveth ant seint Dunstan ; 710
 Ant so ther wes gret foisoun
 Of alle gode in ucha toun,
 For rith wisore kyng then he was
 Never yete ybore nas ;
 For alle the whyle that laste is lyf
 Lovode he nouthur werre ne stryf,
 Ne mon ther nas non so heh
 That mysdude, feore other neh,
 In ys lond, day other nyht,
 Ayeynes the laghe eni wyht, 720
 That he schulde fonge mede
 After the selve misdede :
 Hou schulde he speren eni mon
 Wen he of bestes wrache nom ?
 At Londone he hued a parlement,
 Ware-thure Wales wes yschent,
 For thider to him he made come
 The theynes of Wales alle ant some,
 Him trewe lord for to holde,
 Ant to sueren him othes holde, 730
 Ant bringen him truage ther
 Thre houndred wolves uche yer,
 Ant so hy dude treweliche
 Thre yer plenerelyche,
 The furthe ne mihten he finde none,
 So elene he weren alle agone,
 Ant tho the king hit hem foryef,
 Ne dude hem no more gref.
 Edgar wes an holy mon,
 That oure lord him cuthe con, 740
 Afterward, ase he wes wurthe,
 That he hade leyn in urthe,
 Sixti wynter under molde,
 An abbot him remue wolde ;

Aylwart hihte thilke abbot :
 Ase me wolde him nymen up,
 Ant leggen in a throh of ston,
 He founden him bothe fleys ant bon
 Al so hol, ant al so sound,
 Ase he was leyd furst in ground ; 750
 Hy nomen him up anon,
 Ant wolden him leggen in the ston
 That the abbot hevede ilet make
 For the nones to his sake ;
 Ah so schert he was ywroht,
 Istraht ne myhte he ligge noht,
 Hys legges hy corven of anon,
 Faste by the kneo-bon,
 Ah hy hit ne dude for non harm,
 Ant the blode al so warm 760
 Hem starte out opon,
 Ase hit were a quic mon ;
 The abbot that ther bystod,
 Seh that miracle feir ant god,
 Ant lette him in a tounbe don,
 Bothe in fleys and in bon ;
 Ase me him in tounbe dude,
 A wodmon botnede y the stude,
 Ant a blindmon hede sihte,
 Ant mighte seon suite bryhte ; 770
 Ant a cripel eke anon
 Ther him strahte ant myhte gon.
 Edgar reignede her
 Evenc sixtene yer.
 Tho he wes ded, afterward
 Reygnede hys sone Edward ;
 Ah he ne reignede her
 Bote unnethe thre yer,
 That Estryld his stepmoder,
 Selde beth ther eny gode, 780
 Him apoisonede that he was ded,
 To maken hire sone Achelred
 Her king in Engelsonde,
 Ant so he wes with schome ant schonde,
 For never pes in is time nas,
 Bote whil sein Dunstan alive was.

The king hede a stiward,
 That was fel ant culvard,
 He was cleped Edrich,
 Nes no traitour his ylich, 790
 He was suikel fals ant fel,
 Ant thah the king him luvede wel,
 Ant tolde him his consail,
 Ant the traitour uchadel
 Sende hit to Denemarke,
 By messagers stor ant starke.
 Haveloc com tho to this lond,
 With gret host ant eke strong,
 Ant sloh the kyng Achelred,
 At Westmustre he was ded : 800
 Ah he hevede reigned her
 Sevene ant tuenti fulle yer.
 Ant yet the Engliche ofte ilome
 Thourh bataile Deneis overcome,
 Ant crouneden at Northamptoun
 Edmound, Achelredes sone,
 For is prouesse ant his streynthe,
 He wes abrede ant o leinthe
 Cleped yent this lond wide
 Edmound Irnneside. 810
 Yet, in the somer afterward,
 Come the Deneise hideward,
 Ant conne fihte with Edmound,
 That was king in Engeland,
 Ene heo him overcome,
 Ant he hem eft-sone,
 So that heo acordeden,
 And this lond to-deleden
 Riht evene atuo
 Bituene the kynges tho, 820
 Thourh consail of Edrich,
 Nes never traitour him ylich.
 Sethe deycde Edmound,
 Thourh Edriches tresoun,
 Ah he ne hevede yreined her
 Nout bote tuo yer.
 Tho hevede kyng Knout
 Al this lond out and out ;

Tho come the traitours of this lond
 That heden traised Edmond, 830
 Ant slawen him to dede,
 Thourh Edriches rede,
 Ant were jolif ant proud,
 Ant tolden hit to kyng Knout,
 For heore foule tresoun
 Hy wenden habbe warisoun ;
 Ah Knout wes a god mon,
 Ant made hem telle here suykedom
 Ant for that tresoun that hy dude
 Hy were to-drawen wythe stude ; 840
 Ant so thourh god resoun
 He yeld hem heore tresoun.
 Sethe sone after thas
 Ther bifel a wonder cas,
 Ant a muche feorlych,
 Bituene the kyng ant Edrich :
 At Londone in a soler,
 Anybt after soper,
 Bituene Edrich ant the kyng
 Aros a repreofing ; 850
 Sire kyng, seide Edrich,
 Who wende that thou wer sich ?
 Understondest the noht
 Hou dere ichabbe thi love aboth ?
 Y lette bitraye thilke mon
 That muche gode me dude on,
 Al the mastrie of ys lond,
 Al wes in myn hond,
 Ant ich him lette sle with gyn,
 To make the kyng after hym, 860
 Ant thou servest thus me
 To wrotherhele y lovede the.
 The kyng wes ful sore agromed,
 Ant of ys wordes suite aschomed.
 Sire Edrich, seide the kyng,
 Thou ne gabbest nothing,
 With gile ant wyth suykeydom,
 Thou lettest thi lord to dethe don,
 That the dude muche honour,
 Ant thou were his traitour, 870

Ant after trecherie ant gile
 Me schal yelde the thy whyle.
 The king him lette bynde
 His honden him byhynde,
 Ant his fet also
 Were bounde bo tuo,
 Ant at a windou casten out
 Right doun into Temese flod :
 So endede he his day,
 God ys soule jugge may ! 880
 King Knout in londe her
 Reignede evene tuenti yer.
 After thilke kyng Knout,
 Reignede his sone Hardeknout ;
 He wes kyng Knoutes sone,
 Ant a suithe jolyf gome :
 He reignede her
 Evene ahte ant tuenti yer.
 After reignede Edward,
 Knoutes sone bastard, 890
 He wes a god holy mon,
 Ant lovede wel is cristendom.
 He reignede her
 Four an tuenti yer.
 Ant six moneth also ;
 At Westmunstre he deyede tho.
 Sethe reignede a god gome,
 Harald, Godwyne sone,
 He wes cleped Harefot,
 For he wes urnare god. 900
 He ne reignede her
 Bote nyghe moneth of a yer.



WILLAM BASTARD DE NORMAUNDIE.

Tho com with gret chevalerie
 Willam bastard of Normaundie,
 Ant Engelond al he won,
 Ant hued hit ase ys kynedom ;
 King Harald he overcom,
 Ant lette him to dethe don.
 Kyng Harald, ful y wys,
 At Waltham yburied ys ; 910
 Ant thenne Willam bastard
 Hued al this lond to hys part.
 Ant tho he made, fauntz fayle,
 The abbeye of the bataille.
 Willam bastard wes kyng her
 On ant tuenti fulle yer,
 Sethe he deyede at Ham,
 In Normandie, at Caham.
 After his endyng
 Reignede Willam the rede kyng ; 920
 He wes luther ant unwrest,
 He made a newe forest,
 Fifti moder chirchen ant mo
 He lette falle, ant chapeles bo,
 Ant clene casten adoun,
 And made wode ther wes toun ;
 That dude his soule lute note,
 For sethe therinne he was yschote,
 With an arewe kene ant smert,
 That wes idrawe to an hert ; 930
 Water Tyrel the arewe droh,
 Ant the king thermide he sloh.
 He reignede threttene yer,
 To Wynchestre me him ber.
 Sethe reignede an other,
 Henry ys oun brother,
 He reignede her
 Evne five ant thritti yer.
 Henry thilke kyng
 Lyth yburied at Redyng, 940

Sethe wel evene
Reignede kyng Stevenne ;
He reignede her
Evene tuenti yer ;
He wes a god holi man,
Ant wes buried at Faversham.
After him reigned Henry,
God mon ant hardy,
The erles sone of Chaunpaigne,
Ant a mon of mucche mayne ; 950
His moder, ase ye habbeth herd her this,
Hyhte Mahaud the emperis.
He reignede her
Evene four ant thritti yer.
Thilke Henry the kyng
Dude a suithe wonder thing ;
Tho he hevede reigned her
Sixtene fulle yer
He made take Henry ys sone,
Ant croune him kyng at Londone, 960
Ant tho in Englund kynges were
Tucy Henryes that crounen bere,
Ant whil the sone alive wes
Bituene her wes lute pes ;
Ah the sone ycrowned her
Livede threttene yer.
After Henry the sones dethe,
Henry the fader livede unneth,
Vyf yer in Englund,
Ant hued this lond in ys hond ; 970
Ant thah the sone croune bere
The fader hued is date here,
Ant al Englund y hol,
Al to is oun dol.
The erchebischof, seint Thomas,
In heore time martired was.
Tho deyede the fader Henry her,
That reignede thritti-four yer.
Tho anon afterward
Reignede ys sone Richard ; 980
Richard queor de lyoun,
That was his sournoun ;

Ah he ne reignede her
 Bote unnethe ten yer.
 Sethe he was yschote, alas !
 At Castel-Gailard ther he was ;
 At Fount-Evererd liggeth his bon.
 Sethe reignede kyng Jon,
 In is time al Engelande
 Wes entredited with wronge, 990
 Thourh an erchebischof,
 That wes wis mon ant nout sot.
 He hihte Stevene of Longedon,
 The kyng him nolde underson.
 He reigned seventene yer ;
 To Wyrcestre me him ber.
 After him reignede Henry,
 A god kyng ant holy ;
 In his time wes werre strong,
 Ant gret stryf in Engeland ; 1000
 Bituene the barouns ant the kyng,
 Wes gret stryvving
 For the preveance of Oxneford,
 That sire Simound de Mountfort
 Meintenede : ant gode lawes
 Therfore he les his lyf-dawes.
 He reignede her
 Fifti-six folle yer,
 Ant tuenti dawes therto ;
 At Westmunstre he wes leid tho. 1010
 Sethe reignede a god gome,
 Edward his oune sone,
 He was icleped conquerour ;
 God yeve his soul muchel honour !
 In werre com he never, y wys
 That he ne hade the meste prys :
 He reignede her
 Thritti-five fulle yer,
 Ahte moneth, ant dawes thre,
 In Engeland king wes he. 1020
 Tho anon afterward
 Reignede his sone Edward ;
 Thilke Edward, sauntz-fayle,
 Yef the erldome of Cornwavle

To sire Pieres of Gavaston,
That for envie wes ynome.
The lordinges of Engelande
To him heveden gret onde,
For he wes wel with the kyng,
Heo heveden him in henyng,
Ant seiden he wes traitour
To the king ant to heore honour,
Ant for he wes loverssuyke,
Heo ladden him to Warewyke,
At Gaveressich, ye mowe wyte,
Ther his heved wes of smyte.

1030





LE BONE FLORENCE OF ROME.

THE only copy of this excellent old romance is extant in a paper MS. in Bishop More's collections, in the public library of the university of Cambridge (Num. 690), written, it seems, in or about the time of King Edward IV. from which it has been, and, it is hoped, carefully, transcribed. No French original is known, though repeated references to "the boke" or "romance" render it more than probable that such a one has actually existed. As to the rest, a story, much more concise, indeed, but, in many respects, similar, is to be found in the manuscript copies of the Latin *Gesta Romanorum* (Harley, 2270, etc. C. 101), as well as in the English versions of that work (*Ibi*. 7333, Num. 69, and Robinson's edition, sig. O b). This, which is likewise told in the *Speculum historiale* of Vincentius Bellovacensis (L. 7, C. 90), was dilated in prosaic stanzas by Thomas Hoccleve; and a material incident, common to both (that of the bloody knife), is introduced into Gower's legend of Constance, and Chaucer's *Man of lawes tale*; though it does not occur in *Emare*, which, as will be elsewhere observed, is substantially the same narrative.* See Warton's *History of English Poetry*, III, lxxxiii. The same story, in French verse, exists in a MS. of the twelfth and thirteenth century, in the library of Berne (Num. 634). See Sinner's catalogue (III, 389), and Le Grand, *Fabliaux ou contes*, V, 164. It is also in the *Patranas de Timoneda*, fo. 21.

The name of the romance, or its heroine, would be more properly written *La bonne Florence of Rome*, but our ancestors, who acquired their French, like Chaucer's Prioress,

"After the schole of Stratford atte bowe,"

seems to have paid little or no attention to gender. We still call the parish of St. Mary *la bonne* as, grammatically, it owes to be, St. Mary *le bone*.

There is no head-title in the MS. but, at the end, is "*Explicit le bone Florence of Rome.*"

* This incident has, likewise, found its way into the *Histoire de Gerard conte de Nevert*; see *tome 2, C. 4.*

Whan the emperys was dedd,
The Emperowre was wylde of redd,
He gart crysten rhys chylde bryght,
And callyd hur Florens thys maydyn feyre,
Bothe hys doghtyr and hys heyre,

In thys worlde was not soche a wyght.
Wolde ye lythe y schoulde yow telle
Of the wondurs that there befelle

40

Abowte in cuntreys ryght :
For thre dayes hyt reyned blode,
And bestes faght as they were wode,
Bothe wylde and tame with myght ;

Fowlys in the fyrmament
Eyther odor in sondur rente,
And felle dedd to the grownde,
Hyt sygnyfyed that aftur come
Grete trybulacions unto Rome,

50

Schulde many a man confownde ;
As was for that maydyn small,
Owte-takyn Troy and Rownsevall,
Was never in thys worlde rownde.
Syr Otes, the nobull emperowre,
Gart norysch the chylde with honowre,
And kept hur hole and sownde.

He set to scole that damysell,
Tyll sche cowde of the boke telle,
And all thyng dyscrye,
Be that sche was fyftene yere olde,
Wel sche cowde, as men me tolde,

60

Of harpe and sawtrye ;
All hur bewteys for to nevyn
Myght no man undur hevyn,
For sothe no more may i.
To mykyll bale was sche borne,
And many a man slayn hur forne,
And in grete batels can dye.

When syr Garcy herde seye
That the emperowre of Rome had soche a may
To hys doghtur dere,

70

He waxe hasty as the fyre,
And gart sembyll the lordes of hys empyr,
That bolde and hardy were.
He seyde, Ofte have ye blamed me
For y wolde not weddyd bee,
Y have herde of a clere,
Florens that ys feyre and bryght,
In all thys worlde ys not soche a wyght, 80
Y wyll hur have to my fere.

As the romans trewly tolde,
He was a hundurd yerys olde,
And some boke seyth mare.
He was arayed in ryche parell,
Of sylke and golde wythowtyn fayle,
All whyte was hys hare.
He seyde, Syrs, wendyth ovyr the see,
And bydd the emperowre of Rome sende me
Hys doghtur swete and sware, 90
And yf he any gruchyng make,
Many a crowne y schall gar crake,
And bodyes to drowpe and dare.

Hys flesche trembylde for grete elde,
Hys blode colde, hys body unwelde,
Hys lyppes blo for-thy ;
He had more mystyr of a gode fyre,
Of bryght brondys brennyng schyre,
To beyke hys boones by,
A softe bath, a warme bedd, 100
Then any maydyn for to wedd,
And gode encheson why,
For he was bresyd and all to-brokyn,
Ferre travelde in harnes, and of warre wrokyn :
He tolde them redylde ;

When ye have the maydyn broght,
That ys so feyre and worthely wroght,
Sche schall lygg be my syde,
And taste my flankys with hur honde,
That ys so feyre y undurstonde, 110
Yn bedde be me to byde.

Sche schall me bothe hodur and happe,
 And in hur lovely arnes me lappe,
 Bothe evyn and morne tyde ;
 Byd hur fadur sende hur to me,
 Or y schall dystroye hym and his cytè,
 And thorow hys remes ryde.

A prowde garson that hyght Acwrye,
 He was borne in Utalye,
 The emperowre aftur hym sende ; 120
 And forty lordes wryttes withynne,
 That were comyn of nobull kynne,
 In message for to wende ;
 And forty stedes with them he sente,
 Chargyd with golde for a presente,
 “ And, say hym as my frende,
 That y grete wele sir Otes the graunt,
 And byd hym sende me his doghter avenaunt,
 That ys curtes and hende.

He cawsyd them to hye as they were wode, 130
 Wyth schyppes soone into the flode,
 They rechyd ovyr the depe ;
 Spaynysch stedys with them they ledd,
 And clothys of golde for back and hedd,
 That men myght undur slepe.
 Aye the wynde was in the sayle,
 Over fomes they flett withowtyn sayle,
 The wethur them forthe can swepe.
 The furste havyn that ever they hente
 Was a towne they calde Awtrement, 140
 That folke them feyre can kepe.

Soon ther tresowre up they drowe,
 And ther stedys strong ynowe,
 And made theyr schyppys tome ;
 They lefte a burges feyre and wheme,
 All theyr schyppys for to yeme,
 Unto ther gayne-come.
 They passed thorow Pole and Chawmpayn,
 Evyr speryng ther gatys gane
 Unto the cytè of Rome ; 150

They entyrde yn at the yatys wyde,
Full ryally thorow the cyté they ryde,
Ane dredyd no wrang dome.

The fourti messengerys, as y yow say,
Every oon rode in seyre array,
Ther sadyls schone full bryght ;
Ther brydyls glyteryng all of golde,
Ther was never frescher upon molde,
Made be day nor nyght.

A stede of Spayne, y undurstande, 160
Every lorde ledd in hys hande,
Bothe full prest and wyght ;
All was covyrde wyth redd sendell,
The caryage behynde, as y yow telle,
Came wyth the tresur ryght.

Thorow the towne the knyghtes sange,
And ever ther bryght brydyls range,
Makeyng swete mynstralcy ;
Lordys and ladyes of grete astate,
And odur many, well y wate, 170
At wyndows owt can lye ;
And ever the formast speryd the wayes
Unto the emperowrs paleys,
Full ryall was that crye ;
Feyre they were resseyvyd thore
Wyth him that was full wyse of lore,
Hys doghtur sate hym bye.

In a robe ryght ryall bowne,
Of a redd syclatowne,
Be hur fadur syde ; 180
A coronell on hur hedd sett,
Hur clothys wyth bestes and byrdes wer bete,
All abowte for pryde.
The lyghtnes of hur ryche perrè,
And the bryghtnes of hur blee,
Schone full wondur wyde.
There were kynges in that halle,
Erlys and dewkys, who rekenyth all,
Full a hundurd that tyde.

Thes fourti messengerys at ones 190
 Entyre into thes worthy wones,
 And came into the halle :
 Syr Acwryc haylsed the emperowre,
 And hys doghtyr, whyte as floure,
 That feyrest was of all.
 He askyd of whens that they myght bee.
 "Of Costantyne the nobull are we,"
 "Feyre, syrrys, mote yow befallle."*
 "A present we have broght in hye,
 Fro owre emperowre, syr Garcy, 200
 Stedys into thy stalle,

And fourty horsys chargyd ryght,
 Wyth clothys of golde, aud besawntes bryght,
 Into thy tresory.
 He byddyth, wythowte avysement,
 That thy doghtur be to hym sent,
 For to lygg hym by ;
 Hys body ys bresyd, hys bones are olde,
 That sche may kepe hym fro the colde,
 Have done now hastelye. 210
 In comely clothyng sche schall be cledde,
 I have grete hope he wyll hur wedde,
 Sche ys a feyre lady :

And yf thou sende hur not soone,
 Hastelye, wythowten wone,
 Then ryseth ther a stryfe :
 Ellys wyll he nygh the nere,
 Wyth hys ryche powere,
 And feche hur as hys wyfe.
 He wyll dystroye thy bygly landys, 220
 And flee all that before hym standys,
 And lose full many a lyfe.
 Have done, he seyde, hastelye in hye,
 An answeere muste we gyf Garcy,
 At home when we can ryve."

* This interruption in the ambassador's address seems to be a compliment, or welcome, on the king's part ; after which the ambassador proceeds.

The emperowre seyde, as a man hende,
 Ye schall have an answere or ye wende,
 And calde the steward hym tylle :
 "The yonder knyghtes to chawmbur ye lede,
 Of all thyng that they have nede 230
 Serve them at ther wylle ;
 They are syr Garcys messengerys,
 And go we to oure cowncell perys,
 And leve them bydyng styлле,
 To loke what beste ys for to doo,
 Soche tythyngys ys comyn us too,
 Loke whedur we wyll fulfylle."

The emperowre hys doghtur be the hande hent,
 And to a chaumber they wente,
 Hys cowncell aftur hym yede, 240
 And askyd yf sche wolde sent ther-tylle,
 For to be at syr Garcyes wylle,
 And sche seyde, Jhesu forbede !
 Sche seyde, Be god, that boght me dere,
 Me had levyr the warste bachylere
 In all my fadurs thede,
 Then for to lye be hys bresyd boones,
 When he coghyth and oldely grones,
 I can not on hys lede.

Hur fadur lykyd hur wordys wele, 250
 So dud hys cowncell every dele,
 And blessyd hur for hur sawe.
 They seyde, Yf that Garcy come,
 In evyll tyme he hedur nome
 Hedurward for to drawe.
 The garsons be not so doghtye,
 But mony of them soone schall dye,
 Yf we togedur plawe ;
 Go we hens, owre redd ys tane,
 Odur cowncell kepe we nane, 260
 Be ryght nodur be lawe.

The emperowre came into the halle,
 The messengerys had etyn all,
 And stode to byde an answare :

He ys bothe ware and wyse,
 And gevyth them gyftys of pryce.
 The certen sothe to telle ;
 And hys doghtur, the feyrest thyng,
 That ever was seen wolde or yynge,
 Made of flesche and felle.

Thogh a man sate on a wyght palfraye, 310
 All the longe somers-day,
 Avysyd myght he be
 For to ryde Rome abowte,
 And come yn wher he wente owt,
 Hyt were a grete yurnè.
 Every day in the yere
 The feyre ys there lyke playnere,
 Amonge the folke so free ;
 Syxty dewkys are calde hys perys,
 And twenty thousande bachyleres 320
 Longyth to that cytè.

Of the emperowrs pales y wyll yow say,
 Ther ys no soche in the worlde to-day
 Standyng undur hevyn ;
 The pyllers that stonde in the halle,
 Are dentyd wyth golde and clere crystalles,
 And therto feyre and evyn.
 They are fyllyd wyth sylver, as Criste me cover,
 And ther ys peynted wythynne and over,
 The dedly synnes sevn ; 330
 There was peyntyd wyth thynges sere,
 That men myght mewse on many a yere,
 Or he hyt scryed wyth stevyn.

There comyth watur in a condyte,
 Thorow a lyon rennyth hyt,
 That wrought ys all of golde,
 And that standyth in the myddys of the halle ;
 A hundurd knyghtes and ladyes smalle
 Myght wasche there and they wolde
 All at ones on that stone ; 340
 Many othur waturs come thorow the town,
 That fresche are upon folde ;

In myddys the cyté ys oon rennande,
 Tyger hyt hyght, y undurstande,
 As men there us tolde,

The effect of Rome y have yow tolde,
 And of the best barons bolde,

That lygge there-wythynne ;
 But of the feyrenes of the maye
 I can not telle mony a day,

350

Ne noght y wyll begynne,"
 But, sir, he seyde, al so mote y the,
 Thyn eyen mon sche never see,
 To welde yyt nodur to wyne.
 Full grete othys Garcy hath sworne :
 "Many a thousand schall dye therforne,
 Or y of my brethe blynne ;

Or thre monythys and a halfe be gone,
 I shall dystroye hys landys everychon,
 And wyne hys doghtur with were."
 Then he made to sende owt wryttes wyde,
 In hys londe on every syde,

360

Messengerys can them bere ;
 And Florence fadur at hame
 Ordeygned hys men on the same,
 With armowre, schylde, and spere :
 And thus begynneth a bale to brewe,
 Many a man therfore myght rewe,
 And wemen hyt dud grete dere.

Syxyt thousand sembelde then
 Of garsons, and of odur men

370

To Garcy in that stownde,
 They set up seylys, and forthe they rode,
 And ay hymselfe, wythowten bode,

The formaste forthe ean fownde.
 Syxyt myle fro Rome ryved they,
 Hyt went nere on the thrydd day,

Ther was not oon drowned ;
 They tyght ther pavylons in a stede,
 The brode felde waxe all redd,

380

So glemed golde on the grownde.

The medowe was called Narumpy, 380
 The water of Tyber rennyng by,
 There Garcyes pavylon stode ;
 All the clothys were of sylke,
 The ryche ropys were ryght swylke,
 The boosys were redd as blode.
 Ther was no beest that yede on fote
 Byut hyt was portreyed there, y wote,
 Nor fysches swymmyng in flode ;
 Fyftene pomels of golde there schoon,
 An egyll and a charbokull stone, 390
 Wyde the lyghtnes yode.

The emperowre of Rome lay on his walle,
 And hys doghtur gente and small,
 Florence the feyre sche hyght ;
 And sye the garsons assay ther stedys,
 Sterne men in stele wedys,
 The medow all can lyght.
 He seyde, Y have golde ynogh plentè,
 And sowdears wyll come to me,
 Bothe be day and nyght ; 400
 Now schall y never my golde spare,
 But faste upon thys warre hyt ware,
 God helpe me in my ryght.

The kynge of Hungary that tyme was dedd,
 And lefte hys sonnes wylde of redd,
 Syr Mylys and syr Emere ;
 Ther modur was weddyd to a stedd,
 Agenste all the baronage redd,
 As ye schall further here,
 To a lorde that wonnyd thereby, 410
 Syr Justamownde of Surry,
 That sterne was to stere.
 The kynge of Naverne toke thes chyldur two,
 And made them knyghtys bothe tho,
 And manhode can them lere ;

Tyll hyt felle oones on a day
 They wente to a medowe to playe,
 To lerne them for to ryde :

Syr Emere bare in hys schylde
A whyte dowve, whoso behelde, 420
A blakk lyon besyde :
The whyte dowve sygnyfied
That he was full of knyghthedd,
And mekeness, at that tyde ;
The lyon, that he was ferse and felle,
Amonge hys enmyes for to dwelle,
And durste beste in batell byde.

A wery palmer came them by,
And seyde, Syrrys, y have ferly
That ye wyll not fare. 430
I have bene at grete Rome,
To seke seynte Petur, and thens y come,
Straunge tythyngys harde y thare.
Ther ys an emperowre, that hyght Garcy,
Is logyd in the Narumpy,
Wyth sixty thousande and mare,
He seyth the emperowre of Rome schall not leve
But yf he to hym hys doghtur geve,
That ys so swete of sware.

Than syr Mylys, and sir Emere, 440
Toke wyth them forty in sere,
That were comyn of gentyll kynne,
To grete Rome evyn they rode,
And at a burges hows abode,
And there they toke ther ynne.
They speryd of ther oste and ther ostès,
Of ther tythyngys more and lesse,
Or evyr they wolde blynne.
They fownde hyt as the palmer tolde,
They seyde with Otes dwelle they wolde, 450
Whedur hyt were to lose or wynne.

Fyve thousande on the morne Garcy sent
Of hys men verament,
Wele arayed in ther gere ;
As nere as they durste for dowte,
Fyfty of them yssewed owte,
For to juste in werre.

That sawe syr Mylys and Emere,
 Wyth ther ferys bothe in fere,
 They thocht them for to feere ; 460
 They passyd owt at a posterne,
 Os men that schoulde of batayle lerne,
 Wyth armowre schylde and spere.

Thes fyfty had forjusted soone,
 And slewe them down withowten mone,
 All that wolde abyde ;
 Oon came prekyng owt of the prees,
 To syr Emere evyn he chese,
 But soone was fellyd hys pryde.
 Syr Emere reysyd hys spere on hyght, 470
 Thorow the body he bare the knyght,
 And downe he felle that tyde.
 Than they faght hand ouyr hed,*
 Many oon there ther lyvys levydd,
 That came on Garces syde.

The emperowre of Rome lay on hys wall,
 And hys doghtur gent and small,
 Florence feyre and free ;
 Sche seyde, Fadur, with mylde stevyn,
 To us ys comyn helpe fro hevyn, 480
 Fro god in magestè ;
 Yondur ys a nobull knyght,
 That styrryth hym styfly in the fyght,
 Beholde and ye may see ;
 Wyth the whyte dowve and the blak lyon,
 The beste that cometh he stryketh down,
 Helpe that he rescowde be.

'The emperowre calde syr Egravayne,
 Add syr Sampson, that was hym gayne,
 Armed well and ryght, 490
 A hundurd men with them he toke,
 Up they lepe, so seyth the boke,
 On stedys stronge and wyght.
 All that were lefte onslayne,
 Fledd unto ther strenkyth agayne,
 Hyt was a semely syght.

* Conjectural Emendation : *hevydd*.

Then swere Garcy, in full grete yre,
 That he wolde brenne all Rome with fyre,
 On the morne yf that he myght.

Then syr Mylys and syr Emere, 500
 Wyth ther forty felows in fere,
 Come the emperowre beforne ;
 They salutyd hym full ryally,
 And hys doghtur that stode hym by :
 He askyd where they were borne.
 They answeyrd hym full curteslye,
 We were the kynges sonnes of Hungary,
 Owre fadur hys lyfe hath lorne,
 And hedur are we come to the,
 As sowdears, yf mystyr bee ; 510
 We speke hyt not in skorne.

God, and seynt Petur of Rome,
 Yylde yow yowre hedur-come,
 The emperowre can sey ;
 So doghtely as ye have begonne,
 Was never men undur the sonne
 So lykyng to my paye.
 Then the maydyn thankyd them efte,
 He them wythhelde with them they lefte,
 To mete then wente thay ; 520
 The emperowre set syr Mylys hym by,
 Emere cowde more of curtesye,
 And he ete with the maye.

Sche thoght hym a full curtes knyght,
 Feyre, yonge, semely, and wyght,
 Hur harte to hym can yylde.
 Syr Mylys seyde the emperowre too,
 And ye wolde at my counsell doo,
 Ye schoulde not fyght in fylde,
 But close the yatys, and the brygges up drawe, 530
 And kepe us clene owt of ther awe,
 And owre wepons wyghtly welde :
 And kepe the town bothe nyght and day,
 Tyl they be wery and wende away :
 Syr Emere hym behelde.

Emere seyde Mylys unto,
 So myght a sympull grome do,
 Kepe an holde wythynne ;
 But we wyll manly to the felde,
 And syr Garcy batell yelde, 540
 To morne or that we blynne.
 Then they made crye thorow the cytè,
 That no man schoulde so hardy bee,
 That waryson wolde wynne.
 But folowe the standard wher hyt goys,
 And freschly fyght upon owre foys,
 Bothe the more and the mynne.

Than syr Garcy, wyth mekyll pryde,
 Made to crye the same on hys syde,
 Amonge the barons bolde ; 550
 The kynge of Turkey he seyde than,
 Thou art a fulle madde man,
 And fayleste wyt for elde ;
 Syr Otes the graunt hath noght gylte,
 Let therfore no blode be spylte,
 For hym that all schall welde ;
 Nay he warnyd me hys doghtur schene,
 And that hath tymberde all my teene,
 Full dere hyt schall be selde.

A Roman stode besyde and harde, 560
 To the towne full soone he farde,
 And tolde the emperowre ;
 The maydyn mylde up sche rase,
 With knyghtes and ladyes feyre of face,
 And wente unto a towre.
 There sche sawe ryght in the feldys
 Baners brode and bryght scheldys
 Of chevalry the flowre,
 They nowmberde them forty thousand men,
 And a hundurd moo then hur fadur had then, 570
 That were ryght styffe in stowre.

Allas! seyde that maydyn clere,
 Whedur all the yonde folke and there
 Schoulde dye for my sake,

And y but a sympull woman !
 The terys on hur chekys ranne,
 Hur ble beganne to blake,
 "Put me owt to olde Garcy,
 Yf all thes men schulde for me dye,
 Hyt were a dolefull wrake." 580
 Hur fadur seyde hyt schulde not bee ;
 Hors and armowre askyd hee,
 And soone hys swyrde can take.

He lepe on hys stede Bandynere,
 And in hys honde he hente a spere,
 And rode abowte all nyght.
 To the lordys of the towne,
 And bad they schulde be redy bowne,
 Tymely to the fyght.
 They set ther standard in a chare, 590
 And feele folke with hyt can fare,
 That hardy were and wyght,
 Syxe lordys and syr Egravayne
 To be all ther chefetayne,
 And kepe hyt well and ryght.

The standarde was of whyte yvore,*
 A dragon of golde ordeygnd therfore,
 That on the ovyr ende stode ;
 That sygnyfyed that Otes ware
 In the felde as bolde as any bare, 600
 And a sterne man of mode.
 The vawe-warde and the myddyll soone,
 And the rere-warde owte of Rome
 The grete oost removyd and yode ;
 Be then had Garcy takyn hys place,
 And soone wythynne a lytyll space,
 Ranne bowrnes all on blode.

Than syr Otes the graunt can calle
 On herawde and hys knyghtys all,
 In myddys of the prees, 610
 Whoso beryth hym beste to-day,
 Ageyne syr Garcy, as y yow say,
 That wyrkyth me thys unpees,

* Original reading : *ywar*.

I schall geve hym a feyre flowre,
 Of grete Rome to be emperowre,
 Aftur my dyssees,
 And wedde Florens my doghtur bryght,
 As y am trewe crysten knyght,
 Certen wythowtyn lees.

Syr Emere askyd hys lorde the kyng, 620
 Yf he myght have the furste rydyng,
 And he grauntyd hym tylle.
 Owt of Garcyes oost came oon,
 A prowde garson, hyght Bresebon,
 A wykkyd man of wylle ;
 When syr Emere with hym mett,
 A stronge dynte on hym he sett,
 Thorow hys armowre styлле.
 He fonde no socowre at hys schylde,
 But dedd he felle downe in the fylde, 630
 Hys harte blode can owte spyлле.

Be that the grete oost began to sembyll,
 Trumpes to blowe, and stedys to trembyll,
 Harde togedur they yede.
 Ryche harburgens all to-rusched,
 And stele helmes all to-dusched,
 And bodyes brake owt to blede ;
 Hedys hopped undur hors fete,
 As haylestones done in the strete,
 Styckyd was many a stede. 640
 For Florence love, that feyre maye,
 Many a doghty dyed that day,
 In romance as we rede.

Then syr Garcy, with mekyll pryde,
 Made knyghtys on hys own syde,
 Syxty yonge and feyre ;
 The warste of ther fadurs were barons,
 And oght bothe towres and townes,
 And all were they ryght heyre.
 When Emere and hys men with them mett, 650
 Stronge dyntys on them he sett,
 Among them can they store ;

At the furste wynnynge of ther schone,*
 So tye of lyvys were they done,
 That all deryd not a pere.

Then Garcy yede nere wode for yre,
 And arayed hys batels in that bere,
 And fared as he wolde wede ;
 He bad ther dyntes schulde be wele wared,
 That no Roman on lyve be spared, 660
 Thowe they wolde rawnsome bede:
 Ageyne hym came syr Otes the graunt,
 A doghty knyght and an aveaunt,
 On Bondenore hys stede ;
 When Garcy sye that hyt was hee,
 He seyde, Syrrys, al so mote y the,
 We two muste do owre dede.

Thou art wele strekyn in age, y trowe,
 But y am ferre elder then thou,
 We two muste juste in werre ; 670
 Hyt ys sethyn y armyd ware

* A young or new-made knight was said to *win his spurs* when he first achieved some gallant action. To *win his shoes* is a phrase of similar import, but of less dignity. It occurs again, in *The Squire of low degre* :

“For, and ye my love should wyne,
 With chyvalry ye must begynne,
 And other dedes of armes to done,
 Through which ye may wyne your shone :”

Again :

“And whan ye, syr, thus have done,
 Than are ye worthy to were your shone.”

At the battle of Cressy, the prince, Edward, being hard beset, “sent a messenger to the king, who was on a lytell winde-mill-hill ; then the knyghte sayd to the king, Sir, therle of Warwike, and therle of Camfert, sir Reynolde Cobham, and other suche as be about the prince your son, are fiersly fought withal, and are sore handled ; wherfore they desyre you that you and your bataile wold come and aide them, for if the Frenchmen encrease, as they dout they wyll, youre sonne and they shall have muche ado. Then the kyng sayde, Is my sonne dead, or hurt, or on the earth felle? No, syr, quod the knight, but he is hardely matched, wherfore, he hath nede of your ayde. Well, sayde the king, retourne to him, and to them that sent you hither, and say to them, that they sende no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my sonne is alyve ; and also say to them, that they suffer him this day TO WINNE HIS SPURRES ; for, yf god be pleased, i will this journey be his, and the honour therof, and to them that be about hym.”—(*Froissart's Cronycles*, by Sir John Bouchier, Lord Berners, 1525, P. 65. See also *Fabliaux ou contes*, D. 107.)

Sevyn yere and some dele mare :
 And eyther toke a spere.
 So harde togedur can they ryde,
 Out of ther sadyls they felle besyde,
 And graspyd to odur gere ;
 With scharpe swyrdys faght they then,
 They had be two full doghty men,
 Gode olde fyghtyng was there.

Garcy hyt Otes on the helme, 680
 That upon hys hedd hyt can whelme,
 Hyt sate hym wondur sare.
 "Syr, with thys dynte y chalenge Rome,
 And thy doghtur bryght as blome,
 That brewyd hath all thys care.
 When that y have leyn hur by,
 And done hur schame ane vylenye,
 Then wyll y of hur no mare,
 But geve hur to my chaumburlayne."
 Tho wordys made Otes unfayne, 690
 And tyte he gaf an answare :

God and seynt Petur of thys towne,
 Let never Rome come in thy bandounne,
 And save my doghtur sownde ;
 Owre fyghtyng ys not endyd yyt.
 On the helme Garcy he hyt,
 That he felle to the grownde.
 There had syr Garcy bene tane,
 But ther came garsons many oon,
 And rescowd hym in that stownde. 700
 Syr Emere horsyd hys lorde agayne,
 And loovyd god he was not slayne,
 And faste to fyght they sownde.

Syr Emere lokyd a lytyll hym fro,
 And sawe hys brodur suffer woo,
 In a stowre fyghtande :
 The Grekys had fyred hym abowte,
 That he myght on no syde owte,
 But styfely can he stande.

He rescowde hym full knyghtly ;
 Many a doghty made he to dye,
 That he abowte hym fande ;
 Evyll quytt he hym hys mede,
 For Mylys was the falsyst lede
 That evyr levyd in lande. 710

When he had rescowde hys broder Mylon,
 Of hys fomen camem thretty bowne,
 Stelyng on hym styllle ;
 All ther sperys on hym they sett,
 He drewe hys swyrde, wythouten let, 720
 And Mylys fledde to an hylle.
 He seyde, Brodur, al so mote y the,
 Thou schalt not be rescowde for me,
 Loke whedur that he dud ylle.
 But stryked yn at a nodur stowre,
 And mett hys lorde the emperowre,
 Layeng on wyth gode wylle.

Mylys, he seyde, where ys thy broder ?
 At the devyll, quod the todur,
 I trowe beste that he bee. 730
 He ys belefte wyth syr Garcy
 Ageyn yow, he tolde me why,
 He myght geve more then ye.
 Be god, he seyde, that all may,
 He ys false, that dare y lay,
 Trewly trowe ye me.
 The emperowre lykyd hyt ylle,
 And leyde upon with gode wylle,
 Tyll he myght the sothe see ;

Forthen then lokyd the emperowre,
 And saw syr Emere in a stowre, 740
 Fyghtyng agenste hys foys ;
 He strode the stede with the spurrys,
 He spared noder rygge nor forows,
 But evyn to hym he goys ;
 All that he abowte hym fonde
 He and hys men broght to grownde,
 That nevyr oon up rose ;

And there was Mylys prevyd false,
 Wyth hym and odur lordys also, 750
 And loste all hys gode lose.

Than Emere toke harte hym too,
 Full doghtely then can he doo,
 Florence hym behelde,
 And tolde hur maydyns bryght of ble,
 In the felde best doyth he,
 Wyth the whyte dowve yn hys schylde,
 Aud thereto the black lyoun.
 Sche cryed to hym, wyth grete sowne,
 Thou be my fadurs belde, 760
 And thou schalt have all thy desyre,
 Me, and all thys ryche empyre,
 Aftur my fadur to welde.

When he harde the maydyn bryght,
 Hys hedd he lyfte upon hyght,
 The wedur wax full hate ;
 Hur fadur nere hande can talme,
 Soche a sweme hys harte can swalme,
 For hete he wax nere mate.
 When that they had so done, 770
 A quarell came fleying soone,
 And thorow the hed hym smate,
 They sende aftur the pope Symonde,
 And he schrove hym and hoselde on that grounde,
 And assoyled him, wel y wate.

As soone as the emperowre yyldyd the gast,
 A prowde garson came in haste,
 Syr Synagote hyght hee,
 And broght an hundurd helmes bryght
 Of hardy men that cowde well fyght, 780
 Of felde wolde never oon flee.
 Emere stroke in to that stowre,
 And many oon made he for to cowre,
 And slewe them be two and thre ;
 Soone theraftur was he tane,
 And knyghtes kene wolde hym have slayne,
 But ther sovereygn bad let bee,

"Unto syr Garcy have hym seen,
 I trowe his lyfe he wyll hym lecn,
 He ys so feyre a knyght." 790
 Leve we syr Emere in the stowre,
 And speke more of the emperowre,
 How they on a bere hym dyght,
 And how they broght hym to the towne,
 Wythowten belle or procescoun,
 Hyt was a drery fyght.
 They layned hyt fro ther enmyes whyll they myght,
 And fro Florence that worthy wyght,
 Hys own dere doghtur bryght.

Soone the standard yn they dud lede, 800
 And baners bryght that brode dud sprede,
 The Romans lyked ylle.
 And seyde they schulde upon the morne
 Fyght wyth Garcy yf he had sworne,
 That hyely was on hylle.
 Florence lay in a cornell,
 And hur maydyns, as y yow telle,
 That was curtes of wylle ;
 They seyde men brynge yn a bere,
 And that wyth a full mornyng chere, 810
 But all was hoscht and style.

Then can feyre Florence sayne,
 Yondur ys be gonne an evyll bargayn,
 Y see men brynge a bere,
 And a knyght in handys leede,
 Bondynowre my fadurs stede,
 Then all chawngyd hur chere.
 Sche and hur maystres Awdygon
 Went into the halle allone,
 Allone wythowten fere, 820
 And caste up the clothe, then was hyt so,
 The lady swowned, and was full woo,
 There might no man hur stere.

Allas, sche seyde, that y was borne !
 My fadur for me hys lyfe hath lorne,
 Garcy may have hys wylle,

All my brode landys and me,
 That y welde yn Crystyante !
 Ther myght no man hur stylle.
 Lordys and ladyes that there ware 830
 Tyll hur chambur can they fare,
 Lorde that them lykyd ylle ;
 Knyghtes and squyers that there was
 Wrangle ther hondys and seyde, allas !
 For drede sche schulde hur spylle.

Dewkys and erles ther hondys wronge,
 And lordys sorowe was full stronge,
 Barons myght have no roo :
 " Who shall us now geve londes or lythe,
 Hawkys, or howndes, or stedys stythe, 840
 As he was wont to doo ?"
 Syr Garcy went crowlande for fayne,
 As rampande eyen do in the rayne,
 When tythynges came hym too,
 He bad hys men schulde make them bowne,
 And hastelye go stroye up the towne,
 " My byddyng that ye doo :

Slo them down where ye them mete,
 Ann fyre fasten in every strete,
 Loke now that taste : 850
 I shall wyrke, as have y yoye,
 As kyng Maynelay dud be Troye,
 And stroye hyt at the laste."
 When they harde that were wythynne,
 To the yatys can they wyne,
 And barryd them full faste,
 And they wythowte yngynes bende,
 And stones to the walles they sende,
 And quarels wyth alablaste.

They wythynne wolde have gone owte, 860
 Ther sovereygn marred them for dowte,
 And made them to kepe ther holde,
 They sygned to the yatys of the towne,
 An hundred men in armes bowne,
 That hardy were and bolde.

The pope came wythowten delyte,
 And entered the emperowre tyte,
 They wepte both yonge and olde.
 The boke seyth, god that us boght
 Many myrakyls for hur he wroght,
 Many a oon and thyck folde. 870

So longe logyd the sege there,
 That they wythynne nere famysched were,
 Evyll lyfe can they lede ;
 They were not ordeygned therfore,
 They had golde in warme store,
 But mete was them full nede.
 All they cowncelde Florence to take
 Oon of thes lordys to be hur make,
 That doghty were of dede ; 880
 For to mayntene and upholde
 Agayne syr Garcy that burne bolde,
 The towne levyth all in drede,

And Awdegone hur cowncelde soo
 Oon of thes lordys for to too,
 Syr Mylys or syr Emere ;
 "And let hym wedde yow wyth a rynge ;
 Ther fadur was a ryche kyng,
 Knowyn both farre and nere."
 Ye, but now ys syr Emere tane, 890
 And Garcys men have hym slayne,
 Seyde that maydyn clere.
 "Ye behove to have a nodur,
 Take Mylys, that ys hys eldyst brodur,
 Hyt ys my cowncell wythowten were."

To syr Mylys Awdegon went,
 And askyd yf he wolde assent
 To wedde that maydyn free,
 That ys whyte as lylly-flowre,
 And be lorde and emperowre, 900
 The grettyst yn Crystyante.
 "But god forbede, and seynt Myghell,
 That thou undurtake hyt but thou do well,
 And trewe man thynke to bee."

To hys speche answeyrd he noght,
But styll he stode and hym be thoght,
And seyde, Y schall avyse me.

Avyse the, seyde that maydyn feyre,
For to be my fadurs heyre ?

Lyghtly may y thynke. 910

Be hym that suffurde woundys fyve,
I schall nevyr be thy wyfe,

To suffur dethys dynte.

Kyngys and dewkys have me askyd,
Their londes wolde have geve me at the laste,

And many a ryall thynke.

Forthe he yede wyth syghyng and care,
That he had gevyn that fowle answare,

For sorowe nere wolde he synke.

Thys whyle had Synagot takyn Emere, 920

And broght hym before syr Garcy in fere,

And seyde, We have tane a knyght

Agenste yow fyghtyng in the stowre,

We refte hym hors and armowre,

But he ys an hardy wyght.

Felowe, he seyde, what dyd thou there ?

"Syr, wyth my lorde on the to were,

That now to dedd ys dyght ;

As sowdears, my brodur and y,

We have noght ellys to leve by, 930

Owre fadur fordyd owre ryght.

Syr Phelyp of Hungary owre fadur was,

Now ys he dedd, therefore alas !

Owre modur weddyd ys newe,

In to Surry to syr Justamownde,

That ys abowte us to confownde,

And owre bytter bales to brewe.

He hath dysheryted us, wythowt lces,

That we had levyr warre nor pecs,

Per chawnce that may hym rewe."

Syr Synagot cowncelde syr Garcy soo, 940

Syr, delyver hym qwyte, and let hym goo,

He semyth covenawnt and trewe.

Than answered syr Garcy,
 When y toke trewage of Turkey
 Thy fadur in stede stode me,
 Therfore y schal let the goo,
 And geve hym all ye toke hym fro.

Emere knelyd on hys knee :
 "Syr, when y come into the towne,
 I and my men must be bowne
 To greve both thyn and thee."
 Ye, godys forbode that thou spare,
 But of thy warste wyllle ever mare :
 Garcy, thus sayde he. 950

"What wenyst thou wyth thy bragg and boost
 For to dystroye me and myn hoost?"

He toke his leve and yede ;
 Syr Synagot gave hym all togedur,
 Be the lefte thonge that he bare thedur, 960
 Emere lepe on his stede.
 He ledd hym thorow the pavyllons all,
 Till he came nere to Romes walle,
 And paste the moost drede.
 Than they wythynne were full fayne,
 That they had getyn the gome a gayne,
 Ther blysse be ganne to brede ;

And agayne syr Emere they went,
 And broght hym before that lady gentre,
 And askyd yf he wolde 970
 Wedde the best of hur elde,
 And all hur londys for to welde,
 Agayne Garcy to holde ;
 And helpe to venge hur fadurs dedd.
 He dud ryght as the lady bedd,
 That hardy was and bolde.
 He seyde, Prevely muste me do,
 Tyll the baronage be sworne us to,
 Bothe the yonge and the olde.

Syr Sampson, and syr Egravayne, 980
 Syr Clamadore, and syr Alayne,
 Wyste of that bargaen newe.

They went aftur syr Geffrey of Pyse,
 And syr Barnard of Mownt-devyse,
 Tho syxe were gode and trewe ;
 They made them to swere they schulde be lele,
 And syr Emers counsell heyle,
 And Florence feyre of hewe :
 Thus he tylleth them be fowre and fyve,
 All they had sworne to hym be lyve, 990
 Then Mylys hymselfe can rewe.

The pope came, as ye may here,
 For to crowne syr Emere,
 And [wedd] them wyth a rynge.
 Sche seyde, Now are ye emperowre of Rome,
 The grettyst Lorde in Crystendome,
 And hedd of every kynge ;
 Yyt schall ye never in bedde me by,
 Tyl ye have broght me syr Garcy,
 For no maner of thyng ; 1000
 Or lefte hym in the felde for dedd,
 Be hym y sawe in forme of bredd,
 When the preest can synge.

Emere the emperowre can say,
 I shall do all that I may,
 But charge me wyth no mare,
 Then they wysche, and to mete be gone :
 "Of mynstralcy we kepe none,
 We have no space to spare ;
 Nodur harpe, sedyll, nor geest, 1010
 But ordeygn yow wyth moost and leest,
 That wyth me wyll fare ;
 And brynge my stede Bondynere,
 And feche me forthe bothe schylde and spere :"
 Full tyte then were they thare.

Than was there no lenger bode,
 But up they lepe and forthe they rode,
 To preke after ther praye.
 When worde came to syr Garcy,
 A sory man was he forthy, 1020
 That weddyd was that may,

That was whyte as lylly-flowre,
 And syr Emere crowned emperowre,
 Allas ? then can he say,
 That ever y let that traytur goo,
 When he was in my bandoune soo,
 Me dawyd a drery day !

Ther was lefte no man in that town
 To kepe the lady of renowne,
 That was of temporaltè, 1030
 That myght wyth ony wepon wyrke,
 Owt-takyn men of holy kyrke,
 At home they let them bee.
 They beganne at the nerre syde,
 And slewe downe all that wolde abyde,
 Trewly trowe ye me ;
 On felde they faght as they were wode,
 Ovyr the bentys ranne the blode,
 All tho dyed that wolde not flee.

Then on the felde they freschely faght, 1040
 Many oon ther dethe there caght,
 That came on Garcyes syde.
 Syr Garcy toke hym to the fyght,
 Wyth an hundurd in harnés bryght,
 He durste no lenger byde ;
 Of all the men he thedur broght,
 Many on lyve levyd he noght,
 To schypp went they that tyde ;
 They set up sayle and forthe are gone,
 To Constantyne the nobull towne. 1050
 Al so faste as they myght glyde.

Al so soone as syr Emere wyste
 Wel nere for sorowe hys herte breste,
 That he in schyppe can lende,
 He bad syr Nylys turne agayne,
 Syr Sampson and syr Egravayne,
 “ For y wyll aftur wende :
 Take an hundurd men of armes bryght,
 And kepe my lady day and nyghl,
 That ye curtes and hende ; 1060

Say to hur y am on the see,
 Chasyng after myn old enmye,
 That slewe hur derrest freende."

Syr Mylys seyde to thes hundurd all,
 Thys herytage to me wyll falle,
 My brodur comyth never a gayne.
 I wyll wedde the yonge bryde,
 He stlepyd nevyr be hur syde,
 Nor hath hur not by layne.

All that wyll assent to me 1070
 Grete lordys schall they bee :
 To graunt hym they were fayne.
 Sampson seyde, That wyll y never doo,
 Falsehedd my lorde unto ;
 The same seyde Egravayne.

All they assentyd but they two,
 The todur parte was the moo.
 And that was there well seen.
 Soche wordys among them can falle,
 They preysed abowte syr Sampson all, 1080
 And slewe hym in that tene.
 They made syr Egraveyne to swere soon,
 Or they wolde wyth hym the same have done,
 To wote wythowten wene ;
 Sone a bere have they ordeygned,
 And the dedd corse theon leyde,
 The sorte was false and kene ;

And sethyn to Rome they hym broght,
 And told Florence worthyly wroght,
 That Emere laye there dedd ; 1090
 When that sche had swowned twyes,
 And thereaftur syghed thryes,
 Sche wepyd in that stedd.
 Mylys seyde, My lady fre,
 Thy councell wyll that y wedd the,
 Hyt was my brodurs redd.
 Sche seyde, Y wyll weddyd bee
 To a lorde that never schall dye,
 That preestys schewe in forme of bredd.

Furste then was my fadur slayne, 1100
 And now my lorde ys fro me tane,
 Y wyll love no ma,
 But hym that boght me on the rode,
 Wyth hys swete precyus blode,
 To hym I wyll me ta.
 Then Mylys made seven armed knyghtes
 To kepe the pales day and nyghtes,
 She myght not come them fra,
 And also swythe syr Egravayne,
 Went to the pope, that sothe to sayne, 1110
 To telle he was full thra,

How that Emere was ovyr the see,
 Chasing Garcy to hys cuntre,
 And Mylys wolde have hys wyfe,
 He had a hundurd to hys assent,
 And hyght them londys, lythys, and rente ;
 But Sampson hath loste hys lyfe,
 And broght hym home upon a bere,
 And tolde Florence hyt was Emere,
 All Rome he hath made ryse ; 1120
 And certys y am sworne them too :
 Holy fadur, what schall y do,
 That turned were all thys stryfe ?

Then the pope was not lothe
 To assoyle hym of hys othe,
 For hyt to falsehed can clyne :
 "Syr, y schall telle the a sekyr tale,
 Hyt ys bettur brokyn then hale,
 I set my sowle for thyne."
 Than he gart arme of the spyrytualte, 1130
 And of the seculors hundurdys thre,
 Or evyr wolde he blynne ;
 To the palés he made them to brynge,
 For to dystroye that false weddyng,
 The matrymony was not fyne.

All that they wyth false Mylys fonde
 They bonde them bothe fote and honde,
 But they wolde flee not ane ;

Mylys set hys backe to a pyllere,
 And seyde all schulde dye that came hym nere ; 1140
 But smartely was he tane,
 And put in an hye towre,
 Be the reverence of the emporowre,
 That was made of lyme and stane ;
 And twenty of thes odor ay in a pytt,
 In strokkes and feturs for to sytt,
 Or evyr pope Symonde blanne.

Than the pope and Egravayne 1150
 To telle the lady were full fayne
 Hur lord was on the see,
 To Constantyne the nobull strekk ;
 All the lasse can sche recke,
 Tho all bryghtenyd hur blee.
 They went to the bere wythowten wone,
 And caste up the clothe and sye Sampson,
 That semely was to see ;
 They dud wyth hym as wyth the dedd,
 They beryed hym in a ryall stedd, 1160
 Wyth grete solempnyte.

All thys while was syr Emere
 Chasyng Garcy, as ye schall here,
 As the romans tolde ;
 But Garcy had getyn hys palés before,
 And vetayly hyt wyth warme store,
 Hys wyls were full olde.
 Syr Emere set hys sege therto,
 Full doghtely there can he doo.
 That hardy was and bolde, 1170
 Wyth men of armes all abowte,
 That he myght on no syde owte,
 But hamperde hym in hys holde :

And thus they segyd Garcy wyth strenkyth,
 In hys palés large of lenkyth,
 The Romaince had ther wylle
 Of Costantyne the noble cytè
 In ther poscescon for to bee,
 That many oon lykyd ylle,

Syr Emere comawndyd every man 1180
 To brooke wele the tresur that they wan,
 So myght they ther cofurs fylle.
 When syr Garey sawe all yede to schame,
 He callyd to Emere be hys name,
 Downe at a wyndowe styll :

Syr, he seyde, al so mote y the,
 Thou holdyst full wele that thou hyghtyst me,
 When y let the goo,
 Ayeyn to Rome as men may lythe,
 Had y wetyn what schulde be sythe, 1190
 Thou schuldyst not have skapyd soo ;
 But syn y qwyte-claymed the thore,
 Yyt muste thou be of mercy more,
 Thou graunt that hyt be soo.
 Nine thowsand pownde y schall geve the
 To wende home to thy cuntre,
 And wyrke me no more woo.

"Nay, be hym that lorde ys beste,
 Tyll y have thys londe conqueste,
 And efte be crowned newe ; 1200
 And yf my men wyll so als,
 For y trowe ther be noon fals,
 And yf ther be themselfe schall rewe."
 Synagot seyde, Be godys wayes,
 He wyll holde that he says,
 He ys hardy and trewe :
 I rede we do us in hys wylle,
 And yylde thys empyre hym tylle,
 Or he us more bale brewe.

Ther ys not, undurstonde, 1210
 An hundurd knyghtys in thy londe
 Moo then thou haste here,
 Slewe he them not up at Rome ?
 In evyll tyme we thedur come,
 Or that thy lore can lere.
 When that thou went Florence to wowe,
 Ovyr the streames thou madyste us to rowe,
 And boght thy pride full dere ;

Many a chylde left thou thore
Fadurles for evyrmore, 1220
And wedows in cuntreys sere.

There they openyd ther yatys wyde,
Syr Garcy came down that tyde,
Wyth a drawyn swyrde in hys hande,
And wyth a keye of golde clere,
And yeldyd unto syr Emere,
Hyt sygnfyed all the lande.
They ledd yn hys baner wyth honowre,
And sett hyt on the hiest towre,
That they [in] castell fande ; 1230
And soone upon that odor day,
They crowned hym emperowre, y saye,
Ther durste no man agenste hym stande.

Then he gaye londys to knyghtys kydde,
And newe men in offyce dydd,
The land to stabull and stere :
He seyde unto syr Garcy,
Syr, ye muste wende home wyth me,
Yf that yowre wylle were,
For to see Rome wythynne, 1240
That ye wende some tyme to wynne,
And Florence that ys to me dere ;
Hyt schall turne yow to no grefe.
Whether he were lothe or lefe,
Forth they wente in fere.

Soche a navé as ther was oon
Was never seen but that allone,
When hyt was on the see ;
Then Emere thoght on Mylys hys brodur,
And on Florence feyreste of odor, 1250
At them then wolde he bee.
He seyde unto syr Garcy,
And to odyr lordys that stode hym by,
To Hungary soone wyll wee,
Justamownde for to forfare,
And crowne Mylys my brodur thare,
For kyndyst heyre ys hee.

When Mylys sawe the emperowre,
He felle downe in a depe fowre,
Fro hys hors so hye.
Emere, seyde Mylys, what eylyth the ? 1300
“Syr, thus thy wyfe hath dyght me,
For y seyde y schulde hur bewrye,
When y fonde Egravayne lygyng hur by,
In preson yut sche me forthy,
And sorowe hath made me to drye.”

The emperowre smote down wyth hys hevydd,
All hys yoye was fro hym revydd
Of Florence that he hadd,
All the lykyng of hys longe travayle
Was away wythowten fayle,
In sorowe was he stadde.
All the lordys that were hym by,
Recowmforde hym full kyndely,
And bad hym not be adradd
Tyll we the sothe have enqueryd,
Bothe of lewde and of lernydd ;
Thes wordys yyt made hym gladd.

Then came Egravayne, wythowten lees,
Faste prekyng into the prees,
The sothe he wolde have tolde, 1320
But Mylys owte wyth a swyrde kene,
And wolde Egravayne tene,
But he a mantell can folde
Ofte sythys abowte hys arme.
And kepyd hym wele fro any harme,
That hardy was and bolde.
The emperowre bad put them in sondur,
And of yow schall bye thys blundur
Whych hath the wronge in holde.

Syr Egrawayne seyde, Syr, now y schall
Tell yow a full sekyr tale,
And ye wyll here hyt wele.
Syr, when he went uuto the see,
Ye lefte an hundurd men, and us thre,
Armed in yron and stele,

To kepe Florence tyll ye came agayne ;
 And that made my brodur Sampson slayne,
 And wroght hath myn unhele.*

Unnethe were ye on the see
 When Mylys seyde, here standyth he, 1340
 That ye for evyr were gone.
 He seyde he wolde be emperowre,
 And wedde yowre lady whyte as flowre,
 That worthy ys yn wone ;
 He had an hundurd at hys assente,
 And hyght them londys and ryche rente ;
 That made syr Sampson slone :
 And broght him home on a bere-tree,
 And tolde Florence that hyt was ye,
 Thon made sche full grete moone ; 1350

And when he wolde hur have wedde,
 Faste away fro hym sche fledde,
 And wolde have stolyn awaye.
 Then Mylys made to arme twelve knyghtes,
 To kepe the place day and nyghtys,
 And watch abowte hur lay ;
 And certys y was to them sworne,
 And ellys had my lyfe be lorne,
 The certen sothe to saye.
 I went to the pope and tolde hym sa 1360
 And he assoyled me *a pena et culpa*
 Wythowtyn any delay.

Then he gart ame an hundurd clerkys,
 Doghty men and wyse of werkys,
 To the palés he can them brynge,
 They bonde the false bothe hond and fote,
 And in pryson caste them, god hyt wote,
 And ther yn can them thrynge ;
 And Florence let owt Mylys nowe,
 For to wende agenste yow, 1370
 Be Jhesu, hevyn kynge ;

* The three last lines of this stanza are apparently missing : every other consisting of twelve, of which the rhyme of every third line is uniform.

Thys wyll wytnes pope Symond,
He wolde not for a thousand pownde,
Telle yow a lesyng ;

Ye schall come home, as y yow say,
Be to-morne that hyt be day,

And thys was at the none.
The emperowre in thys whylys,
Drewe a swyrde to syr Mylys,

But lordys helde hym soone ; 1380
He badd, False traytur, flee !

That thou nevyr thy brodur see,
For wykkydly hast thou done.

Evyn to Rome ageyne he rode,
Hastely wythowten bode,
Or evyr he wolde away gone,

To feyre Florence can he saye,
A lesying that hur wele can paye,

My lorde byddyth that ye schall 1390
Come agayne hym in the mornynge.

Blythe therof was that maydyn yyngre,
And trowed hys false tale.

Sche sente to the pope over nyght,
And bad he schulde be tymely dyght,

Wyth mony a cardynale ;
And sche ordeygned hur meyné als,

And went wyth hym that was false,
And passyd both downe and dale.

When they came wythowte the cytè
Myls seyde, My lady free, 1400

We two muste ryde faste,
And let the pope and hys meynè

Come behynde the and me,

For thus then ys my caste ;

That thou may speke wyth my lorde thy fylle,

And wyth Garcy wykkyd of wylle,

And be nothyng agaste.

For when the emperowre the pope can see,

Mekyll speche wyll ther bee,

And that full longe wyll laste. 1410

Mylys, sche seyde, god yylde hyt the,
That y soone my lorde may see,

Thou makyst me full fayne.

The ryght wey lay evyn este,
And he lad hur sowthe-weste,

And thus he made hys trayne,
Tyll they came downe in a depe gylle ;
The lady seyde, We ryde ylle,

Thes gates they are ungayne ;
I rede we lyght unto the grownde,
And byde owre sadur the pope a stownde.

1420

He seyde, Nay, be goddys payne,
Thou schalt hym sec nevyr mare.
Tho the lady syghed wondur sare,
And felle off on hur palflay.

He bete hur wyth hys nakyd swyrde,
And sche caste up many a rewfull rerde.

And seyde ofte Wele a saye !
Schall y nevyr my lorde see ?

No, be god that dyed on tre,

1430

The false traytur can saye.
Up he hur caste, and forthe they rode,
Hastely wythowten any abode,
Thys longe somers day.

They were nyghted in a wode thyck,
A logge made that traytur wyck,
Undurnethe a tree.

Then he wolde have layn hur by,
And sche made hur preyer specyally,

To god and Mary free,
Let nevyr thys false fende
My body nodur schame nor schende,
Myghtfull in magestè !

1440

Hys lykyng vanysched all away.
On the morne, when it was day,
Ther horsys bothe dyght hec,

Up he hur caste, and forthe they rode,
Thorow a foreste longe and brode,
That was feyre and grene.

Tyll eyder odur mekyll care, 1450
 The lady hungurd wondur sare,
 That was bryght and schene ;
 She had levyr a lofe of bredd
 Then mekyll of the golde redd
 That sche before had seen,
 So hyt drewe to the evenynge,
 Then they herde a belle ryng,
 Thorow the grace that godd can lene,

A holy armyte fownde he there,
 To greve god full lothe hym were, 1460
 For he had servyd hym aye.
 Thedur they wente to aske mete.
 The armyte seyde, Soche as y ete
 Ye schall have, dere damysell, y say.
 A barly lofe he broght hur too,
 And gode watur : full fayne was scho,
 That swete derworthe maye.
 Therof the yonge lady ete,
 Sche thoght never noon so swete,
 Be nyght nodur be day. 1470

Mylys ete ther of als,
 He seyde, Hyt stekyth in my hals,
 I may not gete hyt downe.
 Chorle, god yf the schames dedd,
 Brynge us of thy bettur bredd,
 Or y schall crake thy crowne.
 Be god, he seyde, that boght me dere,
 I had no bettur thys seven yere.
 The wykkyd man tho made hym bowne,
 In at the dore he hym bete, 1480
 And sethyn fyre upon hym sete,
 Ferre fro every towne.

The holy armyte brente he thare,
 And lefte that bygly hows full bare,
 That semely was to sec.
 The lady beganne to cry and yelle,
 And sayde, Traytur, thou schalt be in helle,
 There evyr to wonne and bec.

He made the lady to swere an othe,
 That sche schoulde not telle for lefe nor lothe, 1490
 Nevyr in no cuntre,
 Fro whens thou came, nor what thou ys,
 Nor what man broght the fro thy blysse,
 Or here y schall brenne the.

To make that othe the lady was fayne,
 And there he wolde by hur have layne,
 But she preyed god to be hur schylde ;
 And ryght as he was assaye
 Hys lykyng vanyscht all awaye,
 Thorow the myght of Mary mylde. 1500
 Tymely as the day can dawne,
 He led her thorow a feyre schawe,
 In wodes waste and wylde ;
 Evyn at undurne lyghtyd he
 Downe undur a chesten tre,
 That feyrest in that fylde.

He seyde, Thou haste wychyd me,
 I may not have to do with the,
 Undo or thou schalt abyce.
 She answeryd hym wyth mylde mode, 1510
 Thorow grace of hym that dyed on rode,
 False traytur, thou schalt lye.
 He bonde hur be the tresse of the heere,
 And hangyd hur on a tre there,
 That ylke feyre bodye ;
 He bete hur wyth a yerde of byrke,
 Hur nakyd flesche, tyll he was yrke,
 Sche gaf many a rewoffull crye.

There was a lorde that hyght Tyrry
 Wonned a lytyll there by, 1520
 In a foreste syde,
 Thedur was he comyn that day,
 Wyth hawkys and howndys hym for to play,
 In that wode so wyde.
 He harde the crye of that lady free,
 Thedur he went and hys meynè,
 Al so faste as they myght ryde ;

When Mylys was warre of ther comyng,
He lepe on hys hors and forthe can spryng,
And durste no lenger byde. 1530

The feyrest palfrey lefte he there,
And hurselſe hangyd be the heere,
And hur ryche wede,
Hur sadull and hur brydull schone,
Set wyth mony a precyus stone,
The feyrest in that thede.
Sche was the feyrest creature,
And therto whyte as lylly flowre,
In romance as we rede ;
Hur feyre face hyt schone full bryght, 1540
To se hyt was a semely syght,
Tyll hur full faste they yede.

Then they lowsyd hur feyre faxe,
That was yelowre as the waxe,
And schone also as golde redd.
Sche myght not speke, the romance seyde,
On a lyter they hur leyde,
And to the castell hur ledd.
They bathyd hur in erbys ofte,
And made her sore sydes softe, 1550
For almoste was sche dedd :
They fed hur wyth full ryche fode,
And all thyng that hur nede stode,
They servyd hur in that stedd.

The lorde comawndyd hys men everychon
That tythynges of hur they shulde sper noon,
Nor ones aske of whens sche were.
Unto the stabull they ledd hur stede,
And all hur odor gere they dud lede,
Unto a chaumbur dere. 1560
The lorde had a doghtur feyre
That hyght Betres, schulde be hys heyre,
Of vysage feyre and clere ;
To Florence they can hur kenne,
To lerne hur to behave hur among men,
They lay togedur in fere,

In bedd togedur, wythowte lesynge.
 Florence that was feyre and yyng,
 Yf any man hur besoght
 Of love, sche gaf them soche answare 1570
 That they wolde never aske hur mare,
 That was so worthely wrought.
 Sche preyed to god that boght hur dere,
 To sende hur sownde to syr Emere,
 That hur full dere had boght.
 Be that he was comyn to Rome,
 He thocht hyt a full carefull come,
 Where sche was he wyste noght.

Off Garcy y wyll telle yow mare,
 That was cawser of hur evyll fare, 1580
 And cawsyd hur fadur to be slayne,
 Emere vengyd well hys dedd,
 And broght hym fro hys strenkyth full stedd,
 To grete Rome agayne.
 There lykyd hym noght to bee,
 And soone there-aftur dyed he,
 The sothe ys not to layne ;
 Sche sawe hym never wyth hur eye,
 That cawsyd hur all that sorowe to drye,
 Of hur have we to sayne. 1590

Wyth syr Turry dwellyd a knyght
 That hardy was, and Machary he hyght,
 He was bolde as any bare :
 To hys lemman he wolde have had that bryght,
 And spyed hur bothe day and nyght,
 Therof came mekyll care.
 Tyll hyt befelle upon a day,
 In hur chaumbur stode that maye,
 To hur than can he fare ;
 He leyde hur downe on hur bedd, 1600
 The lady wepyd sore for dredd,
 Sche had no socowre thare.

Before hur bedd lay a stone,
 The lady toke hyt up anon,
 And toke hyt yn a gethe,

On the mowthe sche hym hyt,
 That hys for tethe owte he spytt,
 Above and also benethe.
 Hys mowthe, hys nose, braste owt on blood,
 Forthe at the chaumbur dore he yode, 1610
 For drede of more wrethe ;

And to his chaumber he hyed hym ryght,
 And dwellyd forthe a fowrtenyght,
 And then he came agayne,
 And tolde hys lorde that he was schent,
 Evyll betyn in a turnement,
 The sothe ys not to layne :
 The tethe be smetyn owt of my mowthe,
 Therfore my sorowe ys full cowthe,
 Me had levyr to be slayne. 1620
 He wolde have be vengyd of that dede,
 Florence myght full sore hur drede,
 Had sche wetyn of hys trayne ;
 A scharpe knyfe he had hym boght,
 Of yron and stele well ywroght,
 That bytterly wolde byte.

And evyn to hur chaumbur he yode,
 And up behynde a curten he stode,
 Therof came sorowe and syte ;
 When he wyste they were on slope 1630
 To Betres throte can he grope,
 In sonder he schare hyt tyte.
 And yyt the thefe, or he wolde leeve,
 He put the hafte in Florence neeve,
 For sche schulde have the wyte.

Forthe at the chaumber dore he yode,
 And Betres lay burlyng in hur blode,
 And Florence slepyd faste.
 Hur fadur thocht in a vysyon,
 Hys doghtur schulde be strekyn downe, 1640
 Wyth a thonder blaste ;
 And as a thyck leyghtenyng aboute hur ware :
 Up he starte wyth mekyll care,
 And a kyrtell on he caste ;

A candyll at a lawmpe he lyght,
 And to hur chaumber reykyd he ryght,
 Thorowly on he thraste ;

And fonde Betres hys doghtur dedd,
 The bedd was full of blode redd,
 And a knyfe in Florence hande. 1650
 He callyd on Eglantyne hys wyfe,
 Knyghtys and ladyes came belyfe,
 Wondur sore wepeande ;
 Gentyll wemen sore dud wepe,
 And evyr can feyre Florence slepe,
 That was so feyre to fande.
 Sche glyste up wyth the hedeows store,
 A sorowfull wakenyng had she thore,
 Soche a nodur was nevyr in lande ;

Abowte the bedd they presyd thyck, 1660
 Among them came that traytur wyck,
 The whych had done that dede.
 He seyde, Syr, y schall fet a stake.
 Wythoute the towne a fyre to make,
 And Florence thedur lede.
 Ye myght see, be hur feyre clothyng,
 That sche was no erthely thyng,
 And be hur grete feyre-hede.
 But some false fende of helle
 Ys comyn thy doghtur for the qwelle. 1670
 Let me quyte hur hur mede.

They dyght hur on the morne in sympull atyr,
 And led hur forthe unto the fyre,
 Many a oon wyth hur yede ;
 Sche seyde, God, of myghtys moost,
 Fadur and sone, and holy goost,
 As y dud nevyr thys dede,
 Yf y gyltles be of thys,
 Brynge me to thy bygly blys,
 For thy grete godhede. 1680
 All that ever on hur can see,
 Wrangle ther hondes for grete pytè,
 And farde as they wolde wede.

The lorde, that had the doghtur dedd,
Hys herte turned in that stedd,

To wepe he can begynne.

He seyde, Florence, al so mote y the,
I may not on thy dethe see,

For all the worlde to wyne.

To hur chaumbur he can hur lede, 1690

And cled hur in hur own wede,

And seyde, Y hold hyt synne.

They set hur on hur own palfraye,

In all hur nobull ryche arraye,

Or evyr wolde he blyne ;

And gaf hur the brydull in hur hande,

And broght hur to the wode ther he hur fand.

And than he lefte hur thare.

And betaght hur god and gode day,

And bad hur wende on hur way, 1700

And then she syghed sare ;

Syr, sche seyde, for charytè,

Let none of thy men folowe me

To worche me no more care.

Nay for god, he seyde, noon schulde

For nyne tymes thy weyght of golde :

Home then can he fare.

Thorow the foreste the lady rode,

All glemed there sche glode

Tyll sche came in a felde. 1710

Sche sawe men undur a galows stande,

Thedur they ledd a thefe to hange,

To them then sche helde ;

And haylesed them full curteslye.

They askyd fro whens sche came in hye,

That worthy was to welde.

Sche seyde ye schall wete of me no mare

But as a woman dyscownfortyd sare

Wythowten bote or belde ;

No levyng lefe wyth me y have, 1720

Wolne ye graunt me to be my knave,

The thefe that yee thynke to hyne.

The more buxum wyll he bee,
 That be were borowyd fro the galow tree,
 I hope be hevyn kynge.
 Then ther counsell toke thay,
 They were lothe to seye hur nay,
 Sche was so feyre a thyng.
 They gaf hym to hur of ther gyfte,
 He was full lothe to leewe hys thefte ;
 Sche thankyd them olde and yynge. 1730

Sche seyde, Wolde thou serve me wele,
 I schulde the quyte every dele.
 He seyde to hur, Yaa,
 Ellys were y a grete fole,
 And worthy to be drowned in a pole,
 The galowse thou delyvyrd me fra.
 Sche thynkyth, Myght y come ovyr the see,
 At Jerusalem wolde y bee,
 Thedur to ryde or ga ; . 1740
 Then myght y spyr tythandes of Rome,
 And of my lordys home come ;
 But now wakenyth hur waa.

A burges that was the thefys reyset,
 At the townes end he them mett,
 The lady rode ovyr an hylle,
 I wende thou hadyst be hangyd hye,
 And he twynkylde wyth hys eye,
 As who seyth, holde the styлле :
 Thys gentyll woman hath borrowed me, 1750
 For y schulde hur knave bee,
 And serve hur at hur wylle ;
 And sythyn he rowned in his eere,
 I behete the all thys ryche gere,
 Thy hows y wyll brynge hur tylle.

He led hur up into the towne,
 At thys burges hows he toke hur downe,
 There was hur harburgerye.
 On the hye deyse he hur sett,
 And mete and drynke he hur sett, 1780
 Of the wyne redd as cherye.

The burges wyfe welcomed hur ofte,
 Wyth mylde wordys and wyth softe,
 And bad hur ofte be merye.
 Tho two false wyth grete yre,
 Stode and behelde her ryche atyre,
 And beganne to lagh and flerye.

The burges wyfe wyste ther thoght,
 And seyde in feythe we do for noght,
 Yf so be that y may.

1770

At nyght to chaumbur sche hur ledd,
 And sparryd the dore and went to bedd,
 All nyght togedur they laye.
 Sche calde on Clarebolde hur knave,
 A lytyll errande for sothe y have,
 At the see so graye ;
 Yf any schepe wend ovyr the streme
 To the cyté of Jerusalem,
 Gode sone wytt me to saye.

Clarebolde seyde the burges tylle,
 Thys nyght had we not owre wylle,
 We muste caste a nodur wyle.
 To the see they went in fere,
 And sold her to a marynere,
 Wythynne a lytyll whyle ;
 On covenawnt sche ys the feyrest thyng,
 That evyr ye sye olde or yynge,
 And he at them can smyle.
 So mekyll golde for hur he hyght,
 That hyt passyd almoost hur weyght,
 On eyther parte was gyle.

1780

1790

“ Take here the golde in a bagg,
 I schall hyt hynge on a knagg,
 At the schypp borde ende ;
 When ye have broght that clere,
 Put up yowre hand and take hyt here : ”
 Aftur her can they wende.

They seyde a schypp ys hyred to the,
 That wyll to Jerusalem ovyr the see,
 Sche thankyd them as sche was hende,

1800

Sche gaf the burges wyfe hur palfray,
 Wyth sadyll and brydyll, the sothe to say,
 And kyste hur as hur frende.

Alther furste to the kyrke sche went,
 To here a masse verament,
 And preyed god of hys grace,
 That he wolde bryng hur to that ryke,
 That evyr more ys yoye in lyke,
 Before hys worthy face ;
 And or sche dyed Emere to see, 1810
 That hur own lorde schulde bee,
 In Rome that ryall place.
 To the schypp they went in fere,
 And betoke hur to the marynere,
 That lovely undur lace.

They toke the bagg, they went hyt had be golde,
 And had hyt home into ther holde,
 They lokyd and then hyt was ledd ;
 The burges seyde to Clarebalde,
 Thou haste made a sory frawde, 1820
 God gyf the schames dedd :
 For certenly, wythowten wene,
 Thou hast begyled a lady schene,
 And made hur evyll of redd.
 To the see hyed they faste,
 The sayle was up unto the maste,
 And remevydd was fro that stedd.

All men that to the schypp can longe,
 They went Florence to leman have fonge,
 Ylke oon aftur odur had done ; 1830
 But they faylyd of ther praye,
 Thorow grace of god that myghtes may,
 That schope bothe sonne and moone.
 Sche calde on Clarebalde hur knave,
 The marynere seyde, Y hope ye rave,
 And tolde how he hade doone :
 Sche prayde god schulde hym forgeve,
 A dreryer woman myght noone leeve,
 Undur hevyn trone.

The maryner set hur on hys bedd, 1840
 Sche hadd soone oftur a byttur spredd,
 The schypp sayled belyve ;
 He seyde, Damysell, y have the boght,
 For thou art so worthely wrought,
 To wedde the to my wyve.
 Sche sayde, Nay that schall not bee,
 Thorow helpe of hym in trynyte
 That suffurde woundys fyve ;
 In hys armes he can hur folde,
 Hur rybbes crakyd as they breke wolde, 1850
 In struglynge can they stryve.

Sche seyde, Lady Mary free,
 Now thou have mercy on me,
 Thou faylyst me nevyr at nede ;
 Here my errande, as thou well may,
 That y take no schame to-day,
 Nor lose my maydynhede.
 Then beganne the storme to ryse,
 And that upon a dolefull wyse,
 The marynere rose and yede. 1860
 He hyed to the toppe of the maste,
 They stroke the sayle, the gabuls braste,
 They hyed them a bettur spede.

He seyde but yf thys storme blynne,
 All mun be drowned that be hereynne,
 Then was that lady fayne ;
 Sche had levyr to have be dedd
 Then there to have loste hur maydynhedd,
 Or he had hur by layne.
 Then the schypp clave in sondur, 1870
 All that was yn hyt soone went undur,
 And drowned both man and swayne.
 The yonge lady in that tyde,
 Fleytyd forthe on the schypp syde,
 Unto a roche ungayne ;

The marynere sat upon an are,
 But nodur wyste of odur fare,
 The todur wère drowned perdcé.

The lady steppyd to a ston,
 Sche fonde a tredd and forthe ys gon, 1880
 Loudyng the trynytè,
 To a noonre men calle Beverfayre,
 That stondyth on the watur of Botayre,
 That rennyth into the Grekys see.
 A stepull then the lady syc,
 Sche thoght the wey thedur full drye,
 And thereat wolde sche bee.

Syr Lucyus Ibarnyus was fownder there,
 An hundurd nonnes theryn were,
 Of ladyes wele lykeande. 1890
 When that sche came nere the place,
 The bellys range thorow godys grace,
 Wythowten helpe of hande.
 Of seynt Hyllary the churche ys,
 The twenty day of yowle y wys,
 As ye may undurstande.
 They lokyd and sawe no levyng wyght,
 But the lady feyre and bryght
 Can in the cloystur stande.

The abbas be the honde hur toke, 1910
 Annd ladd hur forthe, so seyth the boke,
 Sche was redd for ronne.
 Sche knelyd downe before the crosse,
 And looveyd god wyth mylde voyce,
 That sche was thedur wonne.
 They askyd hur yf sche had ony fere.
 Sche seyde, Nay, now noon here
 Leveyng undur the sonne.
 Sche askyd an hows for charytè,
 They broght an habyte to that fre, 1910
 And there sche was made nonne.

The lady that was bothe gode and feyre,
 Dwellyd as nonne in Beverfayre,
 Loveyng god of hys loone,
 And hys modur, Mary bryght,
 That safe and sownde broght her ryght
 Unto the roche of stone.

And yyt for all ther mekyll fare,
 Hyt was a grete whyle or they came thare,
 Thogh all they hastyd yerne.

The emperowre toke hys ynne thereby, 1960
 Alther next the nonnery,

For there then wolde he dwelle ;
 And Mylys hys brodur, that graceles fole,
 Dwellyd wyth oon Gyllam of Pole,
 And was woxyn a fowle meselle.

He harde telle of that lady lele,
 And thedur was comyn to seeke hys hele,

The certen sothe to telle ;
 He harberde hym far therefro
 All behynde men, y telle yow soo, 1970
 Hys skenes was so felle ;

And Machary was comyn alse,
 Agenste the lady that was so false,

That slewe Betres and put hyt hur too.
 God had sende on hym a wrake,
 That in the palsye can he schake,

And was crompylde and crokyd therto.

He had geten syr Tyrry thedur,
 And hys wyfe bothe togedur,

Dame Eglantyne hyght schoo, 1980
 The holy nonne for to praye,
 For to hele hym and sche maye,
 That oght sche evyll to doo.

Syr Tyrrye the chastlayne

Harbarde the emperowre full gayne,

On the todur syde of the strete ;

And the marynere that hur boght,

That wolde have had hur hys leman to a wroght,

That on the ore can flete,

He came thedur wyth an evyll 1990

Hyppying on two stavys lyke the devyll,

Wyth woundys wanne and wete ;

And Clarebalde, that was the thefe,

Came wyth an evyll that dud hym grefe ;

Thes four there all can meete.

The emperowre to the church went,
 To here a masse in gode entent,
 Hende, as ye may here ;
 When that the masse was done,
 The abbas came and haylesyd hym soone, 2000
 On hur beste manere,
 The emperowre seyde, Well tbou bee,
 The holy nonne wolde y see,
 That makyth the syke thus fere ;
 An evyll in my hedd smetyn ys,
 That y have loste all odor blys ;
 They sente after that clere.

At hur preyers there as sche ware,
 When sche sawe hur owne lorde thare,
 Sche knewe hym wele ynogh :
 So dud he hur he wolde not so saye, 2010
 Abowte the cloystur goon are thay,
 Spekyng of hys woghe.
 Then was sche warre of the four thare,
 That had kyndylde all hur care,
 Nere to them sche droghe.
 They knew hur not be no kyns thyng,
 Thereof thankyd sche hevyn kyng,
 And lyghtly at them loghe.

Mylys that hur aweye ledd, 2020
 He was the fowlest mesell bredd,
 Of pokkys and bleynes bloo ;
 And Machary, that wolde hur have slayne,
 He stode schakyng, the sothe to sayne,
 Crokyd and crachyd thertoo.
 The maryner, that wolde have layne hur by,
 Hys yen stode owte a strote for thy,
 Hys lymmes were roton hym froo.
 They put Clarebalde in a whelebarowe,
 That strond thefe, be stretys narowe, 2030
 Had no fote on to goo.

Sche seyde, Ye that wyll be hale,
 And holly brought owt of yowre bale
 Of that ye are ynne,

Ye must schryve yow openlye,
And that wyth a full lowde crye,
 To all that be here bothe more and mynne.
That they thoght full lothe to doo,
Myls seyde, Syth hyt muste be soo,
 Soone schall y begynne. 2040
I lykyd never wele, day nor nyght,
Syth y ledd away a lady bryght,
 From kythe and all hur kynne.

Then he seyde to them verament,
How he the lady wolde have schent,
 And tolde them to the laste ;
And that he wolde have be emperowre,
And weddyd the lady whyte as flowre,
 And all hys false caste ;
And sythe away he can hur lede, 2050
“ For y wolde have refte fro hur hur maydynhede,
 That sche defendyd faste.
I had never wyth hur to doo,
For y myght not wyne hur to,
 But clene fro me sche paste : ”

And sythyn he tolde them of the barley bredd,
And how he brent the armyte to dedd,
 And hangyd hur up be the hare :
“ Then y sye men and howndys bathe,
And to the wode y went for wrathe.” 2060
 There Tyrry gaf answare :
Then came y and toke hur downe,
And had hur wyth me unto the towne,
 And that rewyd me full sare ;
Sche slewe Betres my doghter schene,
That schulde my ryght heyre have bene,
 And yyt let y hur fare.

For she was so bryght of blee,
And so semely on to see,
 Therfore let y hur goo. 2070
Then Machary, for he muste nede,
“ Sche dyd me oonys an evyll dede,
 My harte was wondur throo.

When y wolde have leyn hur by,
My for tethe smote sche owt for thy,
That wakenyd all my woo ;
I slewe Betres wyth a knyfe,
For y wolde sche had loste hur lyfe,
Trewly hyt was soo."

Thou Tyrry farde as he wolde wede, 2080
And seyde, False traytur, dyd thou that dede ?
Then wepyd dame Eglantyne,
And seyde, Allas that we came here,
Thys false traytur for to fere,
That wroght us all thys pyne.
Yyt y am warse for that feyre maye
That was so unfrendely fliemed away,
And was gyltles therynne.
Clarebalde seyde, Sche came be me,
I stode undur a galowe tree, 2090
And a rope abowte hals myne ;

Fro the galowse sche borrowed me,
For y schulde hur knave have bee,
And serve hur to hur paye.
We were togedur but oon nyght,
At the see y solde that bryght,
On the seconde day.
Then spake the marynere that hur boght,
When y wolde hur to wyfe have wroght
Soone sche seyde me naye ; 2100
Sche brake my schypp wyth a tempeste,
Sche fletyd sowthe and y north-weste,
And syth ye sawe y never that maye.

Upon an ore to londe y wanne,
And ever syth have be a drery man,
And nevyr had happe to hele ;
And syth y have be in sorowe and syte,
Me thynkyth we four be in febull plyte,
That cawsyd hur to wante hur wyll.
She handyld them wyth hur hande, 2110
Then were they hoole, y understande,
And odor folke full feele.

Hur own lorde, alther laste,
 The venom owt of hys hedd braste,
 Thus can sche wyth them dele ;

The venome braste owt of hys ere.
 He seyde, Y fynd yow four in fere.

Hys herte was full throo.
 He made to make a grete fyre,
 And caste them yn wyth all ther tyre, 2120
 Then was the lady woo.

The emperowre took dame Eglantyne,
 Tyrre, and Florence, feyre and fyne,
 And to the halle can goo,
 They looveyd god, lesse and more,
 That they had fownde the lady thore,
 That longe had be them froo.

Such a feste as there was oon,
 In that lande was never noon,
 They gaf the nonnes rente, 2130
 And all ther golde, wythowt lesynge,
 But unnethys that that myght them home brynge,
 And thankyd them for that gente.
 Florence seyde, Syr, wyth yowre leeve,
 Tyrre some thyng muste yow geve,
 That me my lyfe hath lente.
 He gaf hym the cyté of Florawnce.
 And bad hym holde hyt wythout dystawnce :
 They toke ther leve and wente.

Tyrre wente home to hys cuntrè, 2140
 And the Emperowr to Rome hys ryche cytè,
 As faste as evyr they maye.
 When the pope harde telle of ther comyng,
 He went agayne them wythowt lesynge,
 In full ryall arraye.
 Cardynals were somthe be ther names,
 And come syngyng *Te deum laudamus*,
 The certen sothe to saye ;
 They loovyd god bothe more and lesse,
 That they had getyn the emperes, 2150
 That longe had been awaye.

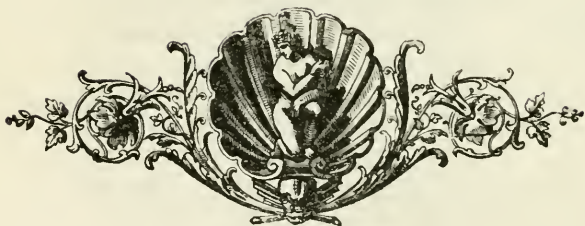
Soche a brydale as there was oon
 In that lande was nevyr noon,
 To wytt wythowten wene ;
 There was grete myrthe of mynstrals stevyn,
 And nobull gyftys also gevyn,
 Bothe golde and robys schene ;
 Soone aftur, on the fowretenyth day,
 They toke ther leve and went ther way,
 And thankyd kynge and quene. 2160
 They loovyd god wyth myght and mayne
 That the lady was comyn agayne,
 And kept hur chaste and clene.

They gate a chylde the furste nyght,
 A sone that syr Otes hyght,
 As the boke makyth mynde ;
 A nobull knyght, and stronge in stowre,
 That after hym was emperowre,
 As hyt was full gode kynde,
 Then the emperowre and hys wyfe, 2170
 In yoye and blysse they lad ther lyfe,
 That were comyn of gentyl strynde.
 Pope Symonde thys story wrate,
 In the cronykyls of Rome ys the date,
 Who sekyth there he may hyt fynde.*

For thy schulde men and women als
 Them bethynke or they be false,
 Hyt makyth so fowie an ende.
 Be hyt nevyr so slylye caste,
 Yyt hyt schamyth the maystyr at the laste, 2180
 In what londe that ever they lende.

* In the introductory note to this quaint romance, Ritson ascribes the original manuscript, which is in the University Library of Cambridge, to the reign of Edward VI. I feel great diffidence in venturing an opinion at variance with so learned an authority's;—still, I cannot help antedating the manuscript full fifty years. The orthography too, I contend, supports my hypothesis. I must acknowledge, however, that of several learned friends whom I have consulted, one half were of my way of thinking, while the remainder inclined to Ritson's view. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"—E. G.

I meene be thes four fekyll.
That harmed feyre Florence so mykyll,
The trewest that men kende :
And thus endyth thys romance gode.
Jhesu, that boght us on the rode,
Unto hys blysse us sende.





THE ERLE OF TOLOUS.

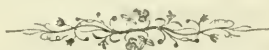


THIS romance is printed from a transcript made for the editor by his amiable and accomplished friend the late John Baynes, from the MS. in the public library of the university of Cambridge already described. There is another copy of it in the Ashmolean museum (45, 4to), of which Dr. Percy got a transcript, and a third (imperfect) in the library of Lincoln Cathedral. This last is entitled as follows: "Here begynnes the romance of Dyocleciane the emperour, and the erle Berade of Tholous, and of the emprice Beaulilione;" and commences, unmetrically,

"Jhu Criste god and lorde in trynnte."

No French original is known: the *Roman de Diocletien* (as it is occasionally called) being that of *The seven wise masters of Rome*: neither has the story itself been met with, though incidents of a similar nature are not uncommon.

Warton thinks he has "seen some evidence to prove, that Chestre [the author of *Sir Launfal*] was also the author of the metrical romance called *The erle of Tholouse*." (*H. E. P.* II, 103): it is a pity he could not recollect where or what, as no one, it is believed, has been equally fortunate.



THE ERLE OF TOLOUS.

JHESU Cryste, yn trynyte,
Oonly god and persons thre,
 Graunt us wele to spede,
And gyf us grace so to do,
That we may come thy blys unto,
 On rode as thou can blede !
Leve lordys, y schall you telle,
Of a tale some tyme befelle,
 Farre yn unknowthe lede ;
How a lady had grete myschefe,
And how sche covyrd of hur grefe ;
 Y pray you take hede.

10

Some tyme ther was in Almayn
An emperroure of moche mayn,
 Syr Dyaclysyon he hyght ;
He was a bolde man and a stowte,
All Crystendome of hym had dowte,
 So stronge he was yn fyght.
He dyssheryted many a man,
And falsely ther londys wan.
 Wyth maystry and wyth myght ;
Tyll hyt be felle, upon a day,
A warre wakenyd, as y yow say,
 Betwene hym and a knyght ;

20

The erle of Tollous, syr Barnard,
The emperroure wyth hym was harde,
 And gretly was hys foo ;
He had rafte owt of hys honde
Thre hundurd poundys worth be yere of londe,
 Therfore hys herte was woo.
He was an hardy man and a stronge,
And sawe the emperour dyd hym wronge,
 And other men also ;
He ordeyned hym for batayle,
Into the emperours londe saunfayle,
 And there he began to brenne and sloo.

30

Thys emperour had a wyfe,
 The fayrest oon that evyr bare lyfe,
 Save Mary mekyll of myght ;
 And therto gode in all thyng, 40
 Of almesdede and gode berynge,
 Be day, and eke by nyght.
 Of hyr body sche was trewe,
 As evyr was lady that men knewe,
 And therto moost bryght ;
 To the emperour sche can say,
 My dere lorde, y you pray,
 Delyvyr the erle hys ryght.

Dame, he seyde, let that bee,
 That day schalt thou nevyr see, 50
 Yf y may ryde on ryght ;
 That he schall have hys londe agayne,
 Fyrste schall y breke hys brayne,
 Os y am trewe knyght.
 He warryth faste on my londe,
 I schall be redy at hys honde,
 Wythyn thys fowretenyght.
 He sent abowte every whare
 That all men schulde make them yare,
 Agayne the erle to fyght. 60

He let crye in every syde,
 Thorow hys londe ferre and wyde,
 Bothe in felde and towne,
 All that myght wepon bere,
 Sworde, alablast, schylde, or spere,
 They schoulde be redy bowne.
 The erle on hys syde also,
 Wyth forty thousand and moo,
 Wyth spere and schylde browne.
 A day of batayle there was sett, 70
 In felde when they togedur mett,
 Was crakydd many a crowne.

The emperour had bataylys sevyn,
 He spake to them wyth sterne stevyn,
 And sayde, so mote he thryve,

Be ye now redy for to fyght,
 Go ye and bete them downe ryght,
 And leeveth non on lyve.
 Loke that none raunsomyd bee,
 Nothyr for golde ne for fee, 80
 But sle them wyth swerde and knyfe :
 For all his boste he faylyd yyt,
 The erle manly hym mett,
 Wyth strokys goode and ryfe.
 They reryd batayle on every syde,
 Bodely* togedur can they ryde,
 Wyth schylde and many a spere :
 They leyde on faste, as they were wode,
 Wyth swerdys and axes that were gode,
 Full hedeous hyt was to here. 90
 There were schyldys and schaftys schakydd,
 Hedys thorogh helmys crakydd,
 And hawberkys all to tere ;
 The erle hymselfe an axe drowe,
 An hundurd men that day he slowe,
 So wyght he was yn were.
 Many a stede there stekyd was,
 Many a bolde baron in that place
 Lay burland yn hys own blode ; †
 So moche blode there was spylte 100
 That the felde was ovyr hylte,
 Os hyt were were a flode.
 Many a wyfe may sytt and wepe,
 That was wonte softe to slepe,
 And now can they no gode ;
 Many a body and many a hevyd.
 Many a doghty knyght there was levyd,
 That was wylde and wode.
 The erle of Tollous wan the felde,
 The emperour stode and behelde, 110
 Wele faste can he flee,
 To a castell there besyde,
 Fayne he was hys hedd to hyde,
 And wyth hym erlys thre :

* Conjectural emendation—*Boldely*.

† Conjectural emendation—*Hys blode*.

No moo forsothe scapyd away,
But they were slayn and takyn that day,
 Hyt myght non othyr bee ;
The erle tyll nyght folowed the chace,
And sythen he thanked god of hys grace,
 That syttyth in trynyte. 120

There were slayne in that batayle,
Syxty thousand wythowte fayle,
 On the emperours syde ;
Ther was takyn thre hundurd and fyfty,
Of grete lordys sekyrly,
 Wyth woundys grymly wyde.
On the erlys syde ther wer slayne,
But twenty, sothely to sayne,
 So boldely they can abyde ;
Soche grace god hym sende, 130
That false quarell cometh to evell ende,
 For oght that may betyde.

Now the emperour ys full woo,
He hath loste men and londe also,
 Sore then syghed hee ;
He sware, be hym that dyed on rode,
Mete nor drynke schulde do hym no gode
 Or he vengedd bee.
The emperes seyde, Gode lorde,
Hyt ys better ye be acorde, 140
 Be oght that y can see ;
Hyt ys grete parell, sothe to telle,
To be agayne the ryght quarell,
 Be god thus thynketh me.

Dame, seyde the emperoure,
Y have a grete dyshonoure,
 Therfore myn herte ys woo ;
My lordys be takyn, and some dede,
Therfore carefull ys my rede,
 Sorowe nye wyll me sloo. 150
Then seyde dame Beulybon,
Syr, y rede, be seynt John,
 Of warre that ye hoo ;

Ye have the wronge, and he the ryght,
And that ye may see in syght,
Be thys and othyr moo.

The emperour was evyll payde,
Hyt was sothe the lady sayde,
Therefore hym lykyd ylle ;
He wente away, and syghed sore, 160
Oon worde spake he no more,
But held hym wonder styлле.
Leve we now the emperour in thoght,
Game ne gle lyked hym noght,
So gretly can he grylle,
And to the erle turne we agayn,
That thankyd god wyth all hys mayn,
That grace had sende hym tylle.

The erle Barnard of Tollous,
Had fele men chyvalrous 170
Takyn to hys preson,
Moche gode of them he hadd,
Y can not tell, so god me gladd,
So grete was ther raunsome.
Among them had he oon
Was grettest of them everychon,
A lorde of many a towne,
Syr Trylabas of Turkey,
The emperour hym lovyd sekurly,
A man of grete renowne. 180

So hyt befelle upon a day
The erle and he went to play,
Be a rever syde,
The erle seyde to Trylabas,
Tell me, syr, for goddys grace,
Of a thyng that spryngyth wyde ;
That youre emperour hath a wyfe,
The fayrest woman that is on lyfe,
Of hewe and eke of hyde :
Y swere by boke and by belle, 190
Yf sche be so feyre as men telle,
Mekyll may be hys pryde.

Then sayde that lord anon ryght,
Be the ordre y bere of knyght,
 The sothe y schall telle the,
To seeke the worlde more and lesse,
Bothe crystendome and hethynnesse,
 Ther ys none so bryght of blee :
Whyte as snowe ys hur coloure,
Hur rudde ys radder then the rose flour, 200
 Yn syght who may hur see ;
All men that evyr god wrought
Myght not thynke nor caste in thoght
 A fayrer for to bee.

Then seyde the erle, Be goddes grace
Thys worde in mornyng me mas,
 Thou seyest sche ys so bryght ;
Thy raunsom here y the forgeve,
My helpe my love whyll y leve,
 Therto my trowthe y plyght, 210
So that thou wylt brynge me
Yn safe garde for to bee
 Of hur to have a syght,
An hundurd pownde wyth grete honoure,
To bye the horses and ryche armoure,
 Os y am trewe knyght.

Than answeyrd syr Trylabas,
Yn that covenaut in thys place
 My trowthe y plyght thee,
Y schall holde thy forward gode, 220
To brynge the, wyth mylde mode,
 Yn syght hur for to see ;
And therto wyll y kepe counsayle,
And never more, wythowte fayle,
 Agayne yow to bee ;
Y schall be trewe, be goddys ore,
To lose myn own lyfe therfore,
 Hardely tryste to mee.

The erle answeyrd wyth wordys hende,
Y tryste to the as to my frende, 230
 Wythowte any stryfe ;

Anon that [we] were buskyd yare,
 On owre journey for to fare,
 For to see that wyfe.
 Y swere be god and seynt Andrewe,
 Yf hyt be so y fynde the trewe
 Ryches schall be to the ryfe,
 They lettyd nothyr for wynde nor wedur,
 But forthe they wente bothe togedur,
 Wythowte any stryfe.

240

These knyghtes never stynte nor blanne
 Tyll to the cyté that they wan,
 There the emperes was ynne,
 The erle hymselfe for more drede
 Cladd hym in armytes wede,
 Thogh he were of ryche kynne ;
 For he wolde not knowen bee,
 He dwellyd there dayes three,
 Aud rested hym in hys ynne.
 The knyght bethoght hym on a day
 The gode erle to betray
 Falsely he can begynne.

250

Anone he went in a rese
 To chaumbur to the emperes,
 And sett hym on hys knee ;
 He seyde, Be hym that harowed helle,
 He kepe yow fro all parelle,
 Yf that hys wyll be.
 Madam, he seyde, be Jhesus,
 Y have the erle of Tollous,
 Our moost enemye ys hee.
 Yn what manere, the lady can say,
 Ys he comyn ? y the pray,
 Anone telle thou me.

260

“ Madam, y was in hys preson,
 He hate forgevyn me my raunsom,
 Be god full of myght ;
 And all ys for the love of the,
 The sothe ys he longyth yow to see,
 Madam, onys in syght.

An hundurd pownde y have to mede,
 And armour for a nobull stede ;
 For sothe y have hym hyght,
 That he schall see yow at hys fylle,
 Ryght at hys owne wylle,
 Ther to my trowthe y plyght.

Lady, he ys to us a foo,
 Therfore y rede that we hym sloo,
 He hath done us grete grylle." 280
 The lady seyde, So mut y goo,
 Thy soule ys loste yf thou do so,
 Thy trowthe thou schalt fulfyllle.
 Sythe he forgaf the thy raunsom,
 And lowsydd the owt of prison,
 Do away thy wyckyd wylle ;

To-morne, when they rynge the mas-belle,
 Brynge hym into my chapelle,
 And thynke thou on no false slouthe.
 There schall he see me at hys wylle.
 Thy covenaut to fulfyllle, 290
 Y rede the holde thy trowthe.
 Certys, yf thou hym begyle,
 Thy soule ys in grete peryle,
 Syn thou hast made hym othe ;
 Certys hyt were a traytory,
 For to wayte hym velany,
 Me thynkyth hyt were rowthe.

The knyght to the erle wente,
 Yn herte he helde hym foule schente,
 For hys wyckyd thoght ; 300
 He seyde, Syr, so mote y the,
 To-morne thou schalt my lady see,
 Therefore dysmay the noght.
 When ye here the mas-belle,
 Y schall hur brynge to the chapelle,
 Thedur sche schall be broght.
 Be the oryall-syde stonde thou styлле,
 Then schalt thou see hur at thy wylle,
 That ys so worthyly wroght.

The erle seyde, Y holde the trewe,
And that schall the nevyr rewe,

310

As farre forthe as Y may.
Yn hys herte he waxe gladd,
Fylle the wyne, wyghtly he badd,
Thys goyth to my pay.

There be restyd that nyght,
On the morne he can hym dyght,

Yn armytes array ;
When they ronge to the masse,
To the chapell conne they passe,
To see that lady gay.

320

They had stonden but a whyle,
The mowntaunse of halfe a myle,

Then came that lady free ;
Two erlys hur ladd,

Wondur rychely sche was cladd,
In gold and ryche perrè.

Whan the erle sawe hur in syght,
Hym thocht sche was as bryght

Os blossome on the tree :
Of all the syghtys that ever he sye
Raysyd never none hys herte so hye,
Sche was so bryght of blec.

330

Sche stode styлле in that place,
And schewed opynly hur face,

For love of that knyght ;
He behelde yuly hur face,
He sware there, be goddys grace,

He sawe never none so bryght.
Hur eyen were gray as any glas,
Mowthe and nose schapen was

340

At all maner ryght ;
Fro the forhedd to the too,
Bettur schapen myght non goo,
Nor none semelyer yn syght.

Twyes sche turnyd hur abowte,
Betwene the erlys that were stowte,
For the erle schulde hur see ;

When sche spake wyth mylde stevyn,
 Sche semyd an aungell of hevyn, 350
 So feyre sche was of blee.
 Hur syde longe, hur myddyll small,
 Schouldurs, armes, therwythall,
 Fayrer myght non bee ;
 Hur hondys whyte as whallys bonne*
 Wyth fyngurs longe and ryngys upon
 Hur nayles bryght of blee.

When he had beholden hur welle,
 The lady wente to hur chapell
 Masse for to here ; 360
 The erle stode on that odor syde,
 Hys eyen fro hur myght he not hyde
 So lovely sche was of chere.
 He seyde, Lorde god, full of myght,
 Leve y were so worthy a knyght
 That y myght be hur fere ;
 And that she no husbonde hadd,
 All the golde that evyr god made
 To me were not so dere.

When the masse come to ende, 370
 The lady, that was feyre and hende,
 To the chaumbur can sche fare ;

* This allusion is not to what we now call *whalebone*, which is well known to be *black*, but to the *ivory* of the horn or tooth of the *Narwhal*, or *sea-unicorn*, which seems to have been mistaken for the *whale*. The simile is a remarkable favourite: Thus, in *Syr Eglamour of Artoys* :—

“The erle had no chylde but one,
 A mayden as white as *whalës bone*.”

Again, in *Syr Isebras* :—

His wyfe as white as *whalës bone*.”

Again, in *The Squyr of low degree* :—

“Lady as white as *whalës bone*.”

It even occurs in Skelton's and Surrey's Poems, and, what is still more extraordinary, in Spenser's *Fairie Queene*, and Shakspeare's *Love's Labour Lost* (if, in fact, that part of it ever received the illuminating touch of our great dramatist). Steevens, in his note on the last instance, observes that *whales* “is the Saxon genitive case,” meaning that it requires to be pronounced a *sa* dissyllable (thus, *whalës*, or, more properly, *whaleës*), which it certainly is in every instance.

The erle syghed, and was full woo,
 Owt of hys syght when sche schulde goo,
 Hys mornyng was the mare.
 The erle seyde, So god me save,
 Of hur almes he wolde crave,
 Yf hur wyllle ware ;
 Myght y gete of that free
 Eche a day hur to see,
 Hyt wolde covyr me of my care.

380

The erle knelyd down anon ryght,
 And askyd gode for god allmyght,
 That dyed on the tree,
 The emperes callyd a knyght :
 Fourty floranse, that ben bryght,
 Anone brynge thou mee.
 To that armyte sche hyt payde,
 Of on hyr fyngyr a rynge she layde
 Amonge that golde so free ;
 He thankyd hur ofte, as y yow say,
 To the chaumbyr wente that lady gay,
 There hur was leveste to bee.

390

The erle went home to hys ynnys,
 And grete yoye he begynnys.
 When he founde the rynge ;
 Yn hys herte he waxe blythe,
 And kyssyd hyt fele sythe,
 And seyde, My dere derlynge,
 On thy fyngyr thys was,
 Wele ys me y have thy grace,
 Of the to have thys rynge ;
 Yf evyr y gete grace of the quene,
 That any love betwene us bene,
 Thys may be oure tokenyng.

400

The erle, al so soone os hyt was day
 Toke hys leve, and wente hys way,
 Home to hys cuntrè ;
 Syr Trylabas he thanked faste,
 Of thys dede thou done me haste,
 Well qwytt schall hyt bee.

410

They kyssyd togedur as gode frende,
Syr Trylabas home can wende,

There evell mote he thee !

A traytory he thoght to doo,

Yf he myght come thertoo,

So schrewde in herte was hee.

Anon he callyd two knyghtys,

Hardy men at all syghtys,

Bothe were of hys kynne ;

420

Syrs, he seyde, wythowt fayle,

Yf ye wyl do be my counsayle,

Grete worschyp schulde ye wynne.

Knowe ye the erle of Tollous ?

Moche harme he hath done us,

Hys boste y rede we blynne ;

Yf ye wyll do aftur my redd,

Thys day he schall be dedd,

So god me save fro synne.

That oon knyght Kamiters, that odor Kaym

430

Falser men myght no man rayme,

Certys then were thoo ;

Syr Trylabas was the thrydde,

Hyt was no mystur them to bydd

Aftur the erle to goo.

At a brygge they hym met,

Wyth harde strokes they hym besett,

As men that were hys foo ;

The erle was a man of mayn,

Faste he faght them agayne,

440

And soon he slew twoo.

The thrydd fledd, and blewe out faste,

The erle ovyrtoke hym at the laste,

Hys hedd he clofe in three ;

The cuntrey gedyrd abowte hym faste,

And aftur hym yorne they chaste,

An hundurd there men myght see.

The erle of them was agaste,

At the laste fro them he paste,

Fayne he was to flee ;

450

From them he went into a waste,
To reste hym there he toke hys caste,
A wery man was hee.

All the nyght in that foreste
The gentyll erle toke hys reste,
He had no nodur woon ;
When hyt dawed he rose up soone,
And thankyd god that syttyth in trone,
That he had scapyd hys foon.
That day he travaylyd many a myle,
And ofte he was in grete parylle,
Be the way os he can gone,
Tyll he come to [a] fayre castell,
There hym was levyst to dwelle,
Was made of lyme and stone.

460

Of hys comyng, hys men were gladd,
Be ye mery, my men, he badd,
For nothyng ye spare ;
The emperour, wythowte lees,
Y trowe wyll let us be in pees,
And warre on us no mare.
Thus dwellyd the erle in that place,
Wyth game myrthe and grete solase,
Ryght os hym levyst ware.
Let we now the erle alloon,
And speke we of dame Beulyboon,
How sche was caste in care.

470

The emperour lovyd hys wyfe,
Al so moche os hys own lyfe,
And more yf he myght ;
He chose two knyghtys that were hym dere,
Whedur that he were ferre or nere,
To kepe hur day and nyght.
That oon hys love on hur caste,
So dud the todur at the laste,
Sche was feyre and bryght ;
Nothyr of othyr wyste ryght noght,
So derne love on them wroght,
To dethe they were nere dyght.

480

So hyt befelle upon a day 490
 That ~~oon~~ can to that othyr say,
 Syr, al so muste y thee,
 Methynkyth thou fadyst all away,
 Os man that ys clongyn in clay,
 So pale waxeth thy blee.
 Then seyde that other, Y make a vowe,
 Ryght so methynkyth fareste thou,
 Why so evyr hyt bee ;
 Telle me thy cause, why hyt ys,
 And y schall telle the myn, y wys, 500
 My trouthe y plyght to thee.

Y graunte, he seyde, wythowt fayle,
 But loke hyt be trewe counsayle.
 Therto hys trowthe he plyght.
 He seyde, My lady the emperes,
 For love of hur y am in grete dystresse,
 To dethe hyt wyll me dyght.
 Then seyde the othyr, Certenly,
 Wythowte drede, so fare y
 For that lady bryght ; 510
 Syn owre love ys on hur sett,
 How myght owre bale beste be bett ?
 Canste thou rede on ryght ?

Then seyde that othyr, be seynt John,
 Bettur counsayle can y noon
 Methynkyth then is thys ;
 Y rede that oon of us twoo
 Prevely to hur goo,
 And pray hur of hur blys ;
 Y myselfe wyll go hur tylle, 520
 Yn case y may gete hur wylle,
 Of myrthe schalt thou not mys ;
 Thou schalt take us wyth the dede,*
 Leste thou us wrye sche wyll drede,
 And graunte thy wylle, y wys.

* That is, *with the manner* (a law-phrase, *cum manu opere, ovesque le main œuvre*), *flagrante delicto*, or in the very act, and, in what the Scots called, in respect of their deer-stealers, the *reid*, or *bluidy*, hand.

Thus they were at oon ascent,
 Thys false thefe forthe wente,
 To wytt the ladyes wylle ;
 Yn chaumbyr he founde hyr so free,
 He sett hym downe on hys knee, 530
 Hys purpose to fulfyll.
 Than spake that lady free,
 Syr, y see now well be the,
 Thou haste not all thy wylle ;
 On thy sekenes now y see,
 Tell me now thy prevytè,
 Why thou mornyst so styлле.

Lady, he seyde, that durste y noght,
 For all the gode that evyr was wroght,
 Be grete god invysybylle ; 540
 But on a booke yf ye wyll swere
 That ye schull not me dyskere,
 Then were hyt possybyll.
 Then seyde the lady, How may that bee,
 That thou durste not tryste to mee ?
 Hyt ys full orybylle :
 Here my trowthe to the y plyght,
 Y schall heyle the day and nyght,
 Al so trewe as boke or belle.

“Lady, in yow ys all my tryste, 550
 Inwardely y wolde ye wyste,
 What payne y suffur you fore ;
 Y drowpe, y dare, nyght and day,
 My wele, my wytt, ys all away,
 But ye lene on my lore.
 Y have yow lovyd many a day,
 But to yow durste y nevyr say,
 My mornyng ys the more ;
 But ye do aftur my rede,
 Certenly y am but dede, 560
 Of my lyfe ys no store.”

Than answeryd that lovely lyfe,
 Syr, wele thou wottyst y am a wyfe,
 My lorde ys emperoure,

He chase the for a trewe knyght,
 To kepe me bothe day and nyght,
 Undur thy socowre.
 To do that dede yf y assente
 Y were worthy to be brente,
 And broght in grete doloure ; 570
 Thou art a traytour in thy sawe,
 Worthy to be hanged and to-drawe,
 Be Mary that swete floure.

A, madam, seyde the knyght,
 For the love of god almyght,
 Hereon take no hede,
 Yn me ye may full wele tryste ay,
 Y dud nothyng but yow to affray,
 Al so god me spede.
 Thynke, madam, your trowthe ys plyght, 580
 To holde counsayle, bothe day and nyght,
 Fully wythowte drede ;
 Y aske mercy for goddys ore,
 Hereof yf y carpe more
 Let drawe me wyth a stede.

The lady seyde, Y the forgeve,
 Al so longe os y leve,
 Counsayle schall hyt bee ;
 Loke thou be a trewe man,
 In all thyng that thou can, 590
 To my lorde so free.
 "Yys, lady, ellys dyd y wronge,
 For y have servyd hym longe,
 And wele he hath qwytt mee."
 Here of spake he no mare,
 But to hys felowe can he fare,
 There evyll must they the.

Thus to hys felowe ys he gon,
 And he hym frayed anon,
 Syr, how haste thou spedd ? 600
 Ryght noght, seyde that othyr,
 Syth y was borne, lefe brothyr,
 Was y nevyr so adredd.

Certys hyt ys a boteles bale
 To hur to touche soche a tale,
 At borde or at bedde.
 Then sayde that odor, Thy wytt ys thynne,
 Y myselfe schall hur wynne,
 Y lay my hedd to wedde.

Thus hyt passyd ovyr, os y you say, 610
 Tyl aftur, on the thrydde day,
 Thys knyght hym bethoght,
 Certys, spede os y may,
 My ladyes wyll that ys so gay,
 Hyt schalle be thorowly soght.
 When he sawe hur in beste mode,
 Sore syghyng to hur he yode,
 Of lyfe os he ne roght :
 Lady, he seyde, wythowte fayle,
 But ye helpe me wyth yowre counsayle, 620
 Yn bale am y broght.

Sche answeryd full curtesly,
 My counsayle schall be redy,
 Telle me how hyt ys.
 When y wott worde and ende,
 Yf my counsayle may hyt mende,
 Hyt schall, so have y blysse.
 Lady, he seyde, y undurstonde
 Ye muste holde up yowre honde
 To holde counsayle, y wys. 630
 Yys, seyde the lady free,
 Therato my trouthe here to the,
 And ellys y dude amys.

Madam, he seyde, now y am in tryste,
 All my lyfe thogh ye wyste,
 Ye wolde me not dyskere ;*
 For you y am in so grete thoght,
 Yn moche bale y am broght,
 Wythowte othe y swere :
 And ye may full wele see 640
 How pale y am of blec,
 Y dye nere for dere ;

* Original reading : *dyskever*.

Dere lady, graunt me youre love,
For the love of god that sytteth above,
That stongen was wyth a spere.

Syr, sche seyde, ys that youre wyll ?
Yf hyt were myne then dyd y ylle ;
What woman holdyst thou me ?
Yn thy kepeyng y have ben,
What haste thou herde be me or sene 650
That touchyth to any velanye ?
That thou in herte art so bolde,
Os y were a hore, or a scolde :
Nay that schall nevyr bee.
Had y not hyght to holde counsayle,
Thou schouldest be honged, wythowt fayle,
Upon a galowe-tree.

The knyght was never so sore aferde,
Syth he was borne in myddyllerd,
Certys os he was thoo : 660
Mercy, he seyde, gode madam !
Wele y wott y am to blame,
Therefore myn herte ys woo ;
Lady, let me not be spylte,
Y aske mercy of my gylte,
On lyve ye let me goo.
The lady seyde, Y graunte wele
Hyt schall be counseyle every dele,
But do no more soo.

Now the knyght forthe yede, 670
And seyde, Felowe, y may not spede,
What ys thy beste redd ?
Yf sche telle my lorde of thys,
We be but dedd, so have y blys,
Wyth hym be we not fedd :
Womans tongue ys evell to tryste,
Certys and my lorde hyt wyste,
Etyn were all owre bredd.
Felow, so mote y ryde or goo,
Or sche wayte us wyth that woo, 680
Hur selfe schall be dedd.

How myght that be? that othur sayde,
Yn herte y wolde be wele payde,

Myght we do that dede.

Yys, syr, he seyde, so have y roo,
Y schall brynge hur wele thertoo,

Therof have thou no drede ;

Or hyt passe dayes three

In mekyll sorowe schall sche bee,

Thus y schall qwyte hur hur mede. 690

Now are they bothe at oon assente,
In sorow to brynge that lady gente ;

The devell mote them spede !

Sone hyt drowe toward nyght,
To soper they can them dyght.

The emperes and they all.

The two knyghtys grete yapys made,
For to make the lady glade,

That was bothe gentyll and small ;

When the soper tyme was done, 700

To the chaumbyr they went soone,

Knyghtys cladd in palle.

They daunsed and revelyd os they noght dredd
To brynge the lady to hur bedde,

There foule must them falle.

That oon thefe callyd a knyght,
That was carver to that lady bryght,

An erleys sone was hee,

He was a feyre chylde, and a bolde,

Twenty wyntur he was oolde, 710

In londe was none so free.

“Syr, wylt thou do os we the say ?

And we schall ordeygne us a play,

That my lady may see ;

Thou schalt make hur to lagh soo,

Thogh sche were gretly thy foo,

Thy frende schuld sche bee.”

The chylde answeyrd anon ryght,
Be the ordur y bere of knyght,

Therof wolde y be fayne ; 720

And hyt wolde my lady plese,
 Thogh hyt wolde me dysese,
 To renne yn wynde and rayne.
 "Syr, make the naked, save thy breke,
 And behynde the yondur curtayn thou crepe,
 And do os y schall sayne ;
 Then schalt thou see a yoly play."
 Y graunte, thys yong knyght can say,
 Be god and seynt Jermayne.

Thys chylde thoght on no ylle, 730
 Of he caste hys clothys styлле,
 And behynde the curtayn he went ;
 They seyde to hym, what so befallе,
 Come not owt tyll wee thee calle ;
 And he seyde, Syrs, y assente.
 They revelyd forthe a grete whyle,
 No man wyste of ther gyle,
 Save they two veramente ;
 They voyded the chaumber sone anon,
 The chylde they lafte syttyng alone, 740
 And that lady gente.

Thys lady lay in bedd on slepe,
 Of treson toke sche no kepe,
 For therof wyste sche noght ;
 Thys chylde had wonder ever among
 Why these knyghtys were so longe,
 He was in many a thoght :
 " Lorde, mercy, how may thys bee !
 Y trowe they have forgeton me
 That me hedur broght ; 750
 Yf y them calle sche wyll be adredd,
 My lady lyeth here in hur bedde,
 Be hym that all hath wroght."

Thus he sate styлле as any stone,
 He durst not store, nor make no mone,
 To make the lady afryght ;
 Thes false men, ay worthe them woo ?
 To hur chambur can they goo,
 And armyd them full ryght.

Lordys owte of bedd can they calle, 760
 And badd arme them grete and smalle;
 "Anone that ye were dyght;
 And helpe to take a false traytour,
 That with my lady, in hur boure,
 Hath playde hym al thys nyght."

Sone they armyd everychone,
 And with these traytours can they gone,
 The lordys that there wore;
 To the emperes chaumber they cam ryght,
 Wyth torchys and wyth swerdys bryght, 770
 Brennyng them before.
 Behynde the curtayne they wente,
 The yong knyght, verrament,
 Nakyd found they thore;
 That oon thefe wyth a swerde of were
 Thorow the body he can hym bere,
 That worde spake he no more.

The lady woke, and was afryght,
 Whan sche sawe the grete lyght,
 Before hur beddys syde, 780
 Sche seyde, *Benedycyte!*
 Syrs, what men be yee?
 And wonder lowde sche cryedd.
 Hur enemyes mysansweryd thore,
 We are here, thou false hore,
 Thy dedys we have aspyedd;
 Thou haſte betrayed my lorde,
 Thou schalt have wonduryng in thys worde,
 Thy loos schall sprynge wyde.

The lady seyde, Be seynte John, 790
 Hore was y nevyr none,
 Nor nevyr thought to bee.
 Thou lyest, they seyde, thy love ys lorne,
 The corse they leyde hur beforne;
 Lo here ys thy lemman free:
 Thus we have for the hym hytt,
 Thy horedam schall be wele qwytt,
 Fro us schalt thou not flee.

They bonde the lady wondyr faste,
 And in a depe preson hur caste, 800
 Grete dele hyt was to see.

Leve we now thys lady in care,
 And to hur lorde wyll we fare,
 That ferre was hur froo :
 On a nyght, wythowt lette,
 In hys slepe a swevyn he mett,
 The story telleth us soo :
 Hym thocht ther come two wylde berys,
 And hys wyfe al to-terys,
 And rofe hur body in twoo ; 810
 Hymselfe was a wytty man,
 And be that dreme he hopyd than
 Hys lady was in woo.

Yerly when the day was clere,
 He bad hys men all in fere,
 To buske and make them yare ;
 Somer-horsys he let go before,
 And charyettys stuffud wyth store,
 Wele twelve myle and more.
 He hopud wele in hys herte 820
 That hys wyfe was not in querte,
 Hys herte therfore was in care ;
 He stynted not tyll he was dyght,
 Wyth erlys, barons and many a knyght,
 Homeward can they fare.

Nyght ne day nevyr they blanne,
 Tyll to that cyté they came
 There the lady was ynne,
 Wythowt the cyté lordys them kepyd,
 For wo in herte many oon wepyd, 830
 There teerys myght they not blynne.
 They supposyd wele yf he hyt wyste
 That hys wyfe had seche a bryste
 Hys yoye wolde be full thynne.
 They ladden stedys to the stall,*
 And the lorde into the halle,
 To worschyp hym wyth wyne.

* Original reading: *stebyll*.

Anon to the chaumbur wendyth he,
 He longyd hys feyre lady to see,
 That was so swete a wyght ; 840
 He callyd them that schoulde hur kepe,
 Where ys my wyfe ? ys sche on slepe ?
 How fareth that byrde bryght ?
 The two traytours answeyrd anon,
 Yf ye wyste how sche had done,
 To dethe sche schulde be dyght.

A, devyll ! he seyde, how soo ?
 To dethe that sche ys worthy to goo,
 Telle me in what manere.
 Syr, he seyde, be goddys ore, 850
 The yonge knyght, syr Antore,
 That was hur kervere,
 Be that lady he hath layne,
 And therfore we have him slayne,
 We founde them in fere.
 Sche ys in preson, verrament,
 The lawe wyll that sche be brente,
 Be god that boght us dere.

Allas ! seyde the emperoure,
 Hath sche done me thys dyshonoure, 860
 And y lovyd hur so wele ?
 Y wende, for all thys worldys gode
 That sche wolde not have turned hur mode ;
 My yoye begynnyth to keele.*
 He hente a knyfe wyth all hys mayn,
 Had not a knyght ben he had hym slayn,
 And that traytour have broght owt of heele ;
 For bale hys armes abrode he bredd,
 And fell in swowne upon hys bedd ;
 There myght men see grete dele. 870

On the morne, be oon assent,
 On hur they sett a parlyament,
 Be all the comyn rede ;
 They myght not finde in ther counsayle,
 Be no lawe, wythowt fayle,
 To save hur fro the dede.

* Original reading : *k. ke.*

Then bespake an olde knyght,
 Y have wondur, be goddys myght,
 That syr Antore thus was bestedd ;
 In chaumbyr thogh they naked were, 880
 They let hym gyf none answeere,
 But slowe hym, be my hedd.

Ther was nevyr man, sekurly,
 That be hur founde any velany,
 Save they two, y dar wele say ;
 Be some hatered hyt may be,
 Therefore doyth aftur me,
 For my love y yow pray.
 No mo wyll prove hyt but they twoo,
 Therefore we may not save hur fro woo, 890
 For sothe, os y yow say,
 In hyr quarell but we myght fynde
 A man that were gode of kynde,
 That durst fyght agayn them tway.

All they assentyd to the sawe,
 They thocht he spake reson and lawe,
 Then answeyrd the kyng wyth crowne,
 Fayre falle the for thyn avyse ;
 He callyd knyghtys of nobyll pryce,
 And badd them be redy bowne, 900
 For to crye, thorow all the londe,
 Bothe be see, and be sonde,
 Yf they fynde mowne
 A man that ys so moche of myght
 That for that lady dar take the fyght,
 He schall have hys wareson.

Messangerys, y undurstonde,
 Cryed thorow all the londe,
 In many a ryche cytè,
 Yf any man durste prove hys myght, 910
 In trewe quarell for to fyght,
 Wele avaunsed schulde he be.
 The erle of Tullous harde thys telle,
 What anger the lady befelle,
 Thereof he thocht grete pytè ;

Yf he wyste that sche had ryght,
 He wolde aventure hys lyfe ro fyght
 For that lady free.

For hur he morned nyght and day,
 And to hymselfe can he say 920
 He wolde aventure hys lyfe :
 "Yf y may wytt that sche be trewe,
 They that have hur accused schull rewe,
 But they stynte of ther stryfe."
 The erle seyde, Be seynte John,
 Ynto Almayn wyll y goon,
 Where y have fomen ryfe ;
 I prey to god full of myght,
 That y have trewe quarell to fyght,
 Owt of wo to wyne that wyfe. 930

He rode on huntyng on a day,
 A marchand mett he be the way,
 And asked hym of whens he was.
 Lorde, he seyde, of Almayn.
 Anon the erle can hym frayne
 Of that ylke case :
 "Wherefore ys yowre emperes
 Put in so grete dystresse ?
 Telle me for goddys grace ;
 Ys sche gylté, so mote thou the ?" 940
 "Nay, be hym that dyed on tree,
 That schope man aftur hys face."

Then seyde the erle, wythowte lett
 When ys the day sett
 Brente that sche schulde bee ?
 The marchande seyde, Sekyrlyke,
 Evyn thys day thre wyke,
 And therfore wo ys mee.
 The erle seyde, Y schall the telle,
 Gode horsys y have to selle, 950
 And stedys two or thre ;
 Certys, myght y selle them yare,
 Thedur wyth the wolde y fare,
 That syght for to sec.

The marchand seyde wordys hende,
 Into the londe yf ye wyll wende,
 Hyte wolde be for yowre prowre;
 There way ye selle them at your wyll.
 Anon the erle seyde hym tylle,
 Syr, herken me now; 960
 Thys yurney wyll thou wyth me dwelle?
 Twenty pownde y schall thee telle,
 To mede y make a vowe.
 The marchand grauntyd anon.
 The erle seyde, Be seynt John,
 Thy wyll y allowe.

The erle tolde hym in that tyde
 Where he schulde hym abyde,
 And homeward wente hee;
 He busked hym that no man wyste, 970
 For mekyll on hym was hys tryste:
 He seyde, Syr, go wyth mee.
 Wyth them they toke stedys sevyne,
 Ther were no fayrer* undyr hevyn,
 That any man myght see:
 Into Almayn they can ryde;
 As a coresur of mekyll pryde
 He semyd for to bee.

The marchand was a trewe gyde,
 The erle and he togedur can ryde, 980
 Tyll they came to that place;
 A myle besyde the castell
 There the emperour can dwelle
 A ryche abbey ther was.
 Of the abbot leve they gatt
 To soyerne, and make ther horsys fatt;
 That was a nobyll cas:
 The abbot was the ladyes eme,
 For hur he was in grete wandreme,
 And moche mornyng he mase. 990

So hyt be felle upon a day
 To churche the erle toke the way,
 A masse for to here;

* Original reading: *fayre*.

He was a fayre man and an hyc,
 When the abbot hym syc,
 He seyde, Syr, come nere ;
 Syr, when the masse ys done,
 Y pray yow etc wyth me at noone,
 Yf youre wylle were.
 The erle grauntyd all wyth game,
 Afore mete they wysche all same,
 And to mete they wente in fere.

1000

Aftur mete, as y yow say,
 Into an orchard they toke the way,
 The abbot and the knyght ;
 The abbot seyde, and syghed sare,
 Certys, syr, y leve in care
 For a lady bryght.
 Sche ys accusyd, my herte ys woo,
 Therefore sche schall to dethe goo,
 All agayne the ryght ;
 But sche have helpe, verrament,
 In fyre sche schall be brente,
 Thys day sevenyght.

1010

The erle seyde, So have y blysse,
 Of hyr methynkyth grete rewthe hyt ys,
 Trewe yf that sche bee.
 The abbot seyde, Be seynte Poule,
 For hur y dar ley my soule,
 That never gylté was sche ;
 Soche werkys new sche wroght,
 Neythyr in dede, nor in thoght,
 Save a rynge so free,
 To the erle of Tullous sche gafe hyt wyth wyne,
 Yn ese of hym, and for no synne,
 In schryfte thus tolde sche me.

1020

The erle sayde, Syth hyt ys soo,
 Cryste wreke hur of hur woo,
 That boght hur wyth hys bloode !
 Wolde ye sekyr me, wythowt fayle,
 For to holde trewe counsayle,
 Hyt myght be for youre gode.

1030

The abbot seyde, be bokes fele,
 And be hys professyon, that he wolde hele,
 And ellys he were wode.
 "Y am he that sche gaf the rynge,
 For to be oure tokenynge,
 Now heyle hyt for the rode.

Y am comyn, lefe syr,
 To take the batayle for hyr, 1040
 There to stonde wyth ryght.
 But fyrste myselfe y wole hur schryve,
 And yf y fynde hur clene of lyve,
 Then wyll my herte be lyght.
 Let dyght me in monkys wede,
 To that place that men schulde hyr lede,
 To dethe to be dyght ;
 When y have schrevyn hyr wythowt fayle,
 For hur y wyll take batayle,
 As y am trewe knyght." 1050

The abbot was never so gladd,
 Nere for yoye he waxe madd,
 The erle can he kysse ;
 They made meré, and slewe care,
 All that sevenyght he dwellyd thare,
 Yn myrthe wythowt mysse.
 That day that the lady schulde be brent
 The erle wyth the abbot wente,
 In monkys wede, y wys ;
 To the emperour he knelyd blyve, 1060
 That he myght that lady schryve,
 Anon receyved he ys.

He examyned hur wyttyrly,
 As hyt seythe [in] the story,
 Sche was wythowte gylte,
 Sche seyde, Be hym that dyed on tree,
 Trespas was never none in me,
 Wherefore y schulde be spylte ;
 Save oonys, wythowte lesynge,
 To the erle of Tollous y gafe a rynge ; 1070
 Assoyle me yf thou wylte ;

But thus my destanye is comyn to ende,
 That in thys fyre y muste be brende,
 There godd wylle be fulfyllyt.

The erle assoyled hur wyth hys honde,
 And sythen pertely he can up stonde,
 And seyde, Lordyngys pese !
 Ye that have accused thys lady gente,
 Ye be worthy to be brente.

That oon knyght made a rees, 1080
 Thou carle monke, wyth all thy gynne,
 Thowe youre abbot be of her kynne,
 Hur sorowe schalt thou not cees ;
 Ryght so thou woldest sayne,
 Thowe all youre covent had be hyr layn,
 So are ye lythyr and lees.

The erle answeyrd, wyth wordys free,
 Syr, that oon y trowe thou bee
 Thys lady accused has ;
 Thowe we be men of relygon, 1090
 Thon schalt do us but reson,
 For all the fare thou mas.
 Y prove on hur thou sayst not ryght,
 Lo here my glove wyth the to fyght,
 Y undyrtake thys case ;
 Os false men y schall yow kenne,
 Yn redd fyre for to brenne,
 Therto god gyf me grace.

Al that stoden in that place
 Thankyd god of hys grace, 1100
 Wythowte any fayle.
 The two knyghtys were full wrothe,
 He schulde be dedd they swere grete othe :
 But hyt myght not awayle.
 The erle wente there-besyde,
 And armyd hym wyth mekyll pryde,
 Hys enemyes to assayle ;
 Manly when they togedur mett,
 They hewe thorow helme and basenet,
 And martyrd many a mayle. 1110

They redyn togedur wythowt lakk,
That hys oon spere on hym brakk,
 That othyr faylyd thoo ;
The erle smote hym wyth hys spere,
Thorow the body he can hym bere,
 To grounde can he goo.
That sawe that odyr, and faste can flee,
The erle ovyrtok hym undyr a tre,
 And wrought hym mekyll woo.
There thys traytour can hym yyldē, 1120
Os recreaunt yn the fylde,
 He myght not fle hym froo.

Before the emperour they wente,
And ther he made hym, verrament,
 To telle for the noonys ;
He seyde, We thoght hur to spylle,
For sche wolde not do oure wylle,
 That worthy ys in wonnys.
The erle answeyrd hym then,
Therefore, traytours, ye schall brenne 1130
 Yn thys fyre, bothe at onys.
The erle anon hym hente,
And in the fyre he them brente,
 Flesche, felle, and boonys.

When they were brent bothe twoo,
The erle prevēly can goo
 To that ryche abbaye,
Wyth yoye and processyon
They fett the lady into the towne,
 Wyth myrthe, os y telle may. 1140
The emperoure was full gladd,
Fette me the monke, anon he badd,
 Why wente he so awaye ?
A byschoperyke y wyll hym geve,
My helpe, my love, whyll y leve,
 Be god that owyth thys day.

The abbot knelyd on hys knee,
And seyde, Lorde, gone ys hee
 To hys owne londe ;

He dwellyth wyth the pope of Rome,
He wyll be gladd of hys come,

1150

Y do yow to undurstonde.
Syr, quod the emperoure,
To me hyt were a dyshonoure,
Soche wordes y rede thou wonde ;
Anone yn haste that y hym see,
Or thou schalt nevyr have gode of me,
And therto here myn honde.

Lorde, he seyde, sythe hyt ys soo,
Aftur hym that y muste goo,

1160

Ye muste make me sewrtè,
Yn case he have byn youre foo,
Ye schall not do hym no woo,
And then, al so mote y thee,
Aftur hym y wyll wynde,
So that ye wyll be hys frende,
Yf youre wylle bee.
Yys, seyde the emperoure full fayne,
All my kynne thogh he had slayne,
He ys welcome to mee.

1170

Then spake the abbot wordys free,
Lorde, y tryste now on thee,

Ye wyll do os ye sey ;
Hyt ys syr Barnard of Tollous,
A nobyll knyght and a chyvalrous,
That hath done thys journey.
Now certys, seyde the emperoure,
To me hyt ys grete dyshonoure ;
Anon, syr, y the pray,
Aftur hym that thou wende,
We schall kysse and be gode frende,
Be god that owyth thys day.

1180

The abbot seyde, Y assente ;
Aftur the erle anon he wente,
And seyde, Syr, go wyth mee ;
My lorde and ye, be seynt John,
Schull be made bothe at oon,
Goode frendys for to bee.

Thereof the erle was full fayne,
 The emperoure came hym agayne, 1190
 And sayde, My frende so free,
 My wrath here y the forgeve,
 My helpe, my love, whyll y leve,
 Be hym that dyed on tree.

Togedur lovely can they kysse,
 Therof all men had grete blysse,
 The romaunse tellyth soo;
 He made hym steward of hys londe,
 And sesyd agayne into hys honde
 That he had rafte hym froo. 1200
 The emperoure levyd but yerys thre,
 Be alexcion of the lordys free
 The erle toke they thoo,
 They made hym ther emperoure,
 For he was styffe yn stoure,
 To fyght agayne hys foo.

He weddyd that lady to hys wyfe,
 Wyth yoye and myrthe they ladd ther lyfe,
 Twenty yere and three ;
 Betwene them had they chylder fyftene 1210
 Doghty knyghtys all bedene,
 And semely on to see.
 Yn Rome thys geste ys cronycglyd, y wys,
 A lay of Bretayne callyd hyt ys,*
 And evyr more schall bee.
 Jhesu Cryste to hevyn us brynge,
 There to have owre wonnyng :
 Amen, amen, for charytee !

* See *Emare*, *V.* 103c, and the note upon that passage.





THE SQUYR OF LOWE DEGREE.

THIS strange and whimsical, but genuine English, performance is here given from a copy in quarto and black letter, without date "Imprinted at London by me Wylliam Copland," extant among Garrick's old plays, now in the British Museum (K. vol. 9). That it was printed before 1575 is evident from Laneham's "Letter," already mention'd ; and in fact, as Copland died in 1568, or 1569, could not be later than one of those years. It was, moreover, licensed to John Kynge, on the 10th of June 1560 ; and, from the apparent modernisation of the printed copy, seems of much greater antiquity. Spenser, in his "Faery quene," has introduced "The squire of lowe degree ;" and, in Shakspeare's play of King Henry the Fifth, Captain Fluellan says to ancient Pistol, "You call'd me yesterday mountain squire, but i wil make you to-day a squire of lowe degre" (Act V., scene 1). These allusions prove, at least, the popularity of the poem ; its age, however, cannot be easily ascertained ; for though it has been thought even anterior in point of date to the time of Chaucer, it is never mentioned by any one writer before the sixteenth century ; nor is it known to be extant in manuscript ; and, in fact, the Museum copy is the only one that exists in print.



THE SQUYR OF LOWE DEGRE.



It was a squyer of lowe degré *
 That loved the kings doughter of Hungrè.
 The squir was curteous and hend,
 Ech man him loved and was his frend ;
 He served the kyng, her father dere,
 Fully the tyme of seven yere ;
 For he was marshall of his hall,
 And set the lords both great and smal.
 An hardy man he was, and wight,
 Both in batayle and in fyght ; 10
 But ever he was styll mornyng,
 And no man wyste for what thyng ;
 And all was for that lady,
 The kynges doughter of Hungry.
 There wyste no wyghte in Christentè
 Howe welle he loved that lady fre.
 He loved her more then seven yere,
 Yet was he of her love never the nere.
 He was not ryche of golde and fe,
 A gentyll man forsoth was he. 20
 To no man durst he make his mone,
 But syghed sore hym selfe alone.
 And evermore, whan he was wo,
 Into his chambre would he goo ;
 And through the chambre he toke the waye,
 Into the gardyn, that was full gaye ;

* A squire was a state or condition inferior and, generally speaking, preparatory to that of a knight, upon whom the squire attended in the nature of a servant ; having the care of his horse and armour, dressing and undressing him ; and carving his meat and serving him with bread and wine at table. See "*Memoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie*," tome I., p. 11, &c. A most curious and interesting account of the education, employments, and progress of a page, varlet, or squire, will be found in "*L'Histoire et Plaisante Cronicque du Petit Jehan de Saintrè*," an excellent romance of the fifteenth century (Paris, 1523, 1724).

And in the garden, as i wene,
 Was an arber fayre and grene,
 And in the arber was a tre,*
 A fayrer in the world might none be ; 30
 The tre it was of cypresse,
 The fyrst tre that Jesu chese ;

* Warton, who conjectures this poem to be "coëval with Chaucer," says, in a note, "From this passage, and another of the same sort, an ingenious correspondent¹ has taken occasion to consider Chaucer's "Rime of Sir Thopas" in a new light ; and transcribes his words. "The rhyme of Sir Thopas was intended by Chaucer as a kind of burlesque on the old ballad-romances ; many of which he quotes. . . . Now, in these old romances nothing is so common as impertinent digressions, containing affected enumerations of trees, birds, &c. There is a specimen of the former in an old romance, intituled 'The squyer of lowe degre ;'² where it is remarkable that the author has reckoned the lily, the piany, the sother-wood, &c., as trees. With the same accuracy the pie, the popinjay, the sparrow, &c., are classed among the singing birds in the lines which immediately follow the list of trees. . . . From these lines we shall easily perceive the drift of Chaucer's humour in the following stanzas of Sir Thopas :—

There springen herbes grete and smal,
 The lycores and the setuall,
 And many a clove gelofer,
 And nutmeges to put in ale,
 Whether it be new or stale,
 Or for to lie in cofer.

The birdes singen. it is no naie,
 The sperhawke and the popinjaye,
 That joye it was to here ;
 The throstell eke made his laye,
 The wood-cocke upon the spraye,
 She song full loud and clere.

The "ingenious correspondent" adds that Speght and Urry have "substituted woodelarke instead of wood-cock, not considering that Chaucer is jocose." Tyrwhitt's edition, however, indisputably the best, reads wood dove ; and as Lybeaus Disconus, one of the romances enumerated by Chaucer, is alluded to in "The squyr of lowe degre," it is not, probably, also of his age. (See "Observations on the Fairy queen," J., 139).

Bottom, the weaver, in Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," after he

¹ This ingenious correspondent turns out to be Mr., afterwards Dr. Percy, since Dean of Carlisle, and Bishop of Dromore. See a note in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," London, 1794, III., xxiii.

² Though this "ingenious correspondent" has already said that, in what he pleased to call "the old ballad romances," nothing is so common as these impertinent digressions and enumerations, he was not able to produce a single instance, except "The Squyr of lowe degre," which, after all, is not proved to be one of these "old ballad-romances;" none of which, in fact, contains any such imperlinences.

The sother-wood, and sykamoure,*
 The reed rose, and the lyly-floure,
 The boxe, the beche, and the larel-tre,
 The date, also the damysè,
 The fylbyrdes hangyng to the ground,
 The fygge-tre, and the maple round,
 And other trees there was mané ane,†
 The pyany, the popler, and the plane, 40
 With brode braunches all abowte,
 Within the arbar, and eke withoute ;
 On every braunche sate byrdes thre,
 Syngyng with great melody,
 The laviorocke, and the nyghtyngale,
 The ruddocke, the woodwale,
 The pee, and the popinjaye,
 The thrustele sange‡ both nyght and daye,
 The marlyn, and the wrenne also,
 The swalowe whippyng to and fro, 50
 The jaye jangled them amonge,||
 The larke began that mery songe,
 The sparowe spredde her on her spraye,
 The mavys songe with notes full gaye,
 The nuthake with her notes newe,
 The sterlynge set her notes full trewe,

has received Robin Goodfellow's favour of an ass's head, sings part of one of these "old ballad-romances," to convince his companions, whom he supposes to be within hearing, that he is not afraid—

"The woosel cocke, so blacke of hew,
 With orange-tawny bill,
 The throstle, with his note so true,
 The wren with little quill ;
 The finch, the sparrow, and the larke,
 The plainsong cuckow grey ;
 Whose note full many a man doth marke,
 And dares not answer, nay.'

During the performance of this singular melody, the Queen of the Fairies, allured out of her nap by such harmonious strains, exclaims,

"What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed."

* Original reading : *lycamoure*.

† Original reading : *one*.

‡ Original reading : *saynge*.

|| Thus in *The Cherrie and the Slae* :

"The jargon of the jangling jays."

The goldefynche made full mery chere,
 Whan she was bente upon a brere,
 And many other foules mo,
 The osyll, and the thrusshe also ; 60
 And they sange wyth notes clere,
 In confortyng that squyere ;
 And evermore, whan he was wo,
 In to that arber wolde he go,
 And under a bente he layde hym lowe,
 Ryght even under her chambre wyndowe ;
 And lened hys backe to a thorne,
 And sayd, Alas, that i was borne !
 That i were ryche of gold* and fe,
 That i myght wedde that lady fre ! 70
 Of golde good, or some treasure,
 That i myght wedde that lady floure !
 Or elles come of so gentyll kynne,
 The ladyes love that i myght wyne !
 Wolde god that i were a kynges sonne,
 That ladyes love that i myght wonne !
 Or els so bolde in eche fyght,
 As was syr Lybius that gentell knyght,
 Or els so bolde in chyvalry,
 As syr Gawayne, or syr Guy ! 80
 Or els so doughty of my hande
 As was the gyaunte syr Colbrande ! †

Again, in *The Houlate*, a still more ancient poem, by Holland :

“ Thus jowkit with juxters the *janglane ja*.”

Again, in Wedderburn's *Complainte of Scotland*, St. Andrews, 1549; “ the jargolyne of the suallou gart the *jay jangil*.”

* Original reading: *goldy*.

† This Colbrond was a Danish giant, whom Sir Guy, earl of Warwick, like another David, fought in single combat, defeated, and slew. The combat is elaborately described by Robert of Gloucester, and Henry de Knyghton, the historians, and Michael Drayton, the poet, each of whom, no doubt, was indebted to the old English romance of “ Sir Guy,” or the Latin one of a certain imaginary *Girardus Cornubiensis*, for whom see Hearne's appendix to the *Chronicon de Dunstaple*, Num. XI. and who was translated, in drawling stanzas of *balade royal*, by Dan John Lydgate, monk of Bury; though it happens not to be mentioned by any historical writer of or near the time of action. Warton, indeed, an admirable judge, to be sure, of literary antiquities! seems to have no doubt of both Bevis and Guy being “ English heros,” and actually refers, for the latter, to “ *Will. Malmess. Gest Angl.* ii. 6.” where it would, probably, be somewhat difficult to find him. Camden, indeed, a professed antiquary, and even the more learned Selden, are nearly as credulous as “ honest Tom.”

And [it] were put in jeoperdè,*
 What man shoulde wynne that lady fre,
 Than should no man have her but i,
 The kinges doughter † of Hungry.
 But ever he seyde, Wayleawaye !
 For poverte passeth all my paye !
 And, as he made thys rufull chere,
 He sowned downe in that arbere. 90
 That lady herde his mournyng all,
 Ryght under the chambre wall ;
 In her oryall there she was,
 Closed well with royall glas,
 Fulfilled it was with ymagery,
 Every wyndowe by and by,
 On eche syde had there a gynne,
 Sperde with many a dyvers pynne.
 Anone that lady, fayre and fre,
 Undyd a pynne of yverè, 100
 And wyd the wyndowes she open set,
 The sunne shone in at her closet,
 In that arber fayre and gaye
 She sawe where that squyre lay.
 The lady said to hyn anone,
 Syr, why makest thou that mone ?
 And whi thou mournest night and day ?
 Now tell me, squyre, i thee pray ;
 And, as i am a true lady,
 Thy counsayl shall i never dyscry ; 110
 And, yf it be no reprefe to thee,
 Thy bote of bale yet shall i be :
 And often was he in wele and wo,
 But never so well as he was tho.
 The squyer set hym on hys kne,
 And sayde, Lady, it is for thee,
 I have thee loved this seven yere,
 And bought thy love, lady, full dere.
 Ye are so ryche in youre aray,
 That one word to you i dare not say, 120
 And come ye be of so hye kynne,
 No worde of love durst i begynne.

* Original reading : *ieopede*.† Original reading : *goughter*.

My wyll to you yf i had sayde,
 And ye therwith not well apayde,
 Ye might have bewraied me to the kinge,
 And brought me sone to my endyng.
 Therefore, my lady, fayre and fre,
 I durst not shewe my harte to thee ;
 But I am here, at your wyll,
 Whether ye wyll me save or spyll ; 130
 For all the care i have in be
 A worde of you might comfort me ;
 And, yf ye wyll not do so,
 Out of this land i must nedes go ;
 I wyll forsake both lande and lede,
 And become an hermyte in uncouth stede ;
 In many a lande to begge my bread,
 To seke where Christ was quicke and dead ;
 A staffe i wyll make me of my spere,
 Lyncn cloth i shall none were ; * 140
 Ever in travayle i shall wende,
 Tyll i come to the worldes ende ;
 And, lady, bnt thou be my bote,
 There shall no sho come on my fote ;
 Therefore, lady, i the praye,
 For hym that died on good frydaye,
 Let me not in daunger dwell,
 For his love that harowed hell. †

* He means, in fact, to become a pilgrim, not "an hermyte," the former being a vagabond, the latter stationary ; and, instead of a linen shirt, would wear one of hair or woollen ; as such like ignorant and despicable enthusiasts were wont to do. Thus, Sir Armado, in *Love's Labour Lost*, says, "The naked truth of it is, I have *no shirt* ; I go *woolward* for penance."

Again, in *Ywaine and Gawain*, V. 267 ;

"It was a wonder wede,
 That the cherle yn yede,
 Nowther of wol, ne of line."

† This means Jesus Christ, who, in the interval between his crucifixion and ascension, is said, in the apostles' creed, to have "descended into hell." This visitation is related, most at large, in *Nichodemus's Gospel*. In Hearne's appendix to Fordun's *Scotichronicon* (p. 1482-3), is a singular engraving from an old illumination, in which "*Ihesus Christus (resurgens a mortuis spoliat infernum,*" not Saint Patrick, as Dr. Johnson mistakes) "is represented," as he says, "visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion...of whom one...[with a prong and a horn] has a label issuing out of his mouth, with these words, "*Out out aronngt!*" (Note in *Shakespeare*, 1793, VII. 342.) The *harowing of hel* (which seems to mean *sacking* or *plundering*, as Christ

Than sayd that lady, milde of mode,
 Ryght in her closet* there she stode, 150
 By hym that dyed on a tre,
 Thou shalt never be deceyved for me ;
 Thou i for thee should be slayne,
 Squyer, i shall the loye agayne.
 Go forth, and serve my father the kynge,
 And let be all thy styl mournynge ;
 Let no man wete that ye were here,
 Thus all alone in my arbere ;
 If ever ye wyll come to your wyll,
 Here and se, and holde you styl. 160
 Beware of the stewarde, i you praye,
 He wyll deceyve you and he maye ;
 For, if he wote of your woyng,
 He wyl bewraye you unto the kynge ;
 Anone for me ye shall be take,
 And put in pryson for my sake ;
 Than must ye nedes abyde the lawe,
 Peraventure both hanged and drawe ;
 That syght on you i would not se,
 For all the golde in Christentè. 170
 For, and ye my love should wynne,
 With chyvalry ye must begynne,†

goes armed with his cross and releases Adam, his children and all the saints) is frequently mentioned in the ancient mysteries. In one of *The Coventry Corpus Christi plays* (Cotton MSS. Vespasian, D. VIII, fo. 185-6) "Belyall crys when Chrsits soul is at the gates of hell,"

"Alas, alas, out and harrowe !"

In one of *The Chester Whitsun plays* (Harley MSS. Num. 2015), called *The Harrowing of Hell* (fo. 5), the second demon exclaims,

"Out harrowe ! where is our mighte ?"

"Haro," according to Warton, "is a form of exclamation anciently used in Normandy [*clameur de Haro*], to call for help, or to raise the *Hue and cry* [erroneously supposed by some, on that account, to be a corruption of *Ha, Rou!* i.e. Rollo, D. of Normandy]. (*Ob. on the F. Q.* I, 171.) In fact, however, *Pharrok* was the old war-cry of the Irish (see Camden's *Brittannia*, 1695, P. 1047 ; and Spenser's *View of Ireland*, P. 39). The word, too, or *cri de guerre*, of Joan of Arc, "was *Hara, ha!*" (Howell's Letters, P. 113.)

* Original reading : *closed*.

† In like manner Horn Child, before he will agree to marry Rymenild, thinks it necessary to spend seven years in knightly adventures. See also, the advice given to *Petit Jehan de Saintre*, by *la jeune dame des belles confines* (P. 169, &c.) and his subsequent conduct.

And other dedes of armes to done,
 'Through whiche ye may wynne your shone ; *
 And ryde through many a peryllous place,
 As a venterous man to seke your grace,
 Over hylles and dales, and hye mountaines,
 In wethers wete, both hayle and raynes,
 And yf ye may no harbroughe se,
 Than must ye lodge under a tre, 180
 Among the beastes wyld and tame,
 And ever you wyll gette your name ;
 And in your armure must ye lye,
 Every nyght than by and by ;
 And your meny everychone,
 Til seven yere be comen and gone ;
 And passe by many a peryllous see,
 Squyer, for the love of me,
 Where any war begynneth to wake,
 And many a batayll undertake, 190
 Throughout the land of Lumbardy,
 In every cytie by and by ;
 And be avised, when thou shalt fight,
 Loke that ye stand aye in the right ;
 And, yf ye wyll take gode hede,
 Yet all the better shall ye spede ;
 And, whan the warre is brought to ende,
 To the Rhodes then must ye wende ;
 And, syr, i holde you not to prayes,
 But ye there fyght thre good frydayes ; 200
 And if ye passe the batayles thre,
 Than are ye worthy a knyght to be.
 And to bere armes than are ye able,
 Of gold and goules sete with sable ;
 Then shall ye were a shelde of blewe,
 In token ye shall be trewe,
 With vines of golde set all aboute
 Within your shelde, and eke without,
 Fulfylled with ymagery,
 And poudred with true loves by and by. 210
 In the myddes of your sheld ther shal be set
 A ladyes head, with many a frete,

* See *Le bone Florence of Rome*, V. 656 ; and the note upon that passage.

Above the head wrytten shall be
 A reason, for the love of me,
 Both O and R shall be therin,
 With A and M it shall begynne.*
 The baudryke, that shall hange therby,
 Shall be of white, sykerly,
 A crosse of reed therin shall be,
 In token of the trynyte. 220
 Your basenette shall be burnysshed bryght,
 Your ventall shal be well dyght,
 With starres of gold it shall be set,
 And covered with good velvet.
 A coronall clene corven newe,
 And oystryche † fethers of dyvers hewe.
 Your plates unto your body shal be enbraste,
 Sall syt full semely in your waste.
 Your cote armoure of golde full fyne,
 And poudred well with good armyne. 230
 Thus in your warres shall you ryde,
 With syxe good yemen by your syde,
 And whan your warres are brought to ende,
 More ferther behoveth to you to wende,
 And over many perellous streme,
 Or ye come to Jerusalem,
 Through feytes, and feldes, and forestes thicke,
 To seke where Christe were dead and quycke;
 There must you drawe your swerde of were,
 To the sepulchre ye must it bere, 240
 And laye it on the stone,
 Amonge the lordes everychone;
 And offre there florences fyve,
 Whyles that ye are man on lyve;
 And offre there florences thre,
 In tokenyng of the trynyte;
 And whan that ye, syr, thus have done,
 Than are ye worthy to were your shone;

* His device would resemble that of Chaucer's Prioress :

"Of smale coral about her arm she bare
 A pair of bedes, gauded alle with grene,
 And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene,
 On which there was first ywriten a crowned A,
 And after, *AMOR vincit omnia*."

† Original reading: *oytriche*.

Than may ye say, syr, by good ryght,
That you ar proved a venturous knyght. 250
I shall you geve to your rydinge
A thousande pounde to your spendinge ;
I shall you geve hors and armure,
A thousande pounde of my treasure ;
Wherethrough that ye may honoure wynn,
And be the greatest of your kynne.
I pray to god and our lady,
Sende you the whele of vyctory,
That my father so fayne may be,
That he wyll wede me unto thee, 260
And make the king of this countrè,
To have and holde in honestè,
Wyth welth and wyne to were the crowne,
And to be lorde of toure and towne ;
That we might our dayes endure
In parfyte love that is so pure ;
And if we may not so come to,
Otherwyse then must we do ;
And therfore, squyer, wende thy way,
And hye the fast on thy journey, 270
And take thy leve of kinge and quene,
And so to all the courte bydene.
Ye shall not want at your goyng
Golde, nor sylver, nor other thyng.
This seven yere i shall you abyde,
Betyde of you what so betyde ;
Tyll seven yere be comen and gone
I shall be mayde all alone.
'The squyer kneled on his kne,
And thankyd that lady fayre and fre ; 280
And thryes he kyssed that lady tho,
And toke his leve, and forth* gan go.
'The kinges steward stode full nye,
In a chambre fast them bye,
And hearde theyr wordes wonder wele,
And all the woyng every dele.
He made a vowe to heaven kyng,
For to bewraye that swete thyng,

* Original reading : *he gan go.*

And that squyer taken shoulde be,
 And hanged hye on a tree ; 290
 And that false stewarde full of yre,
 Them to betraye was his desyre ;
 He bethought hym nedely,
 Every daye by and by,
 How he myght venged be,
 On that lady fayre and fre,
 For he her loved pryvely,
 And therfore dyd * her great envye.
 Alas ! it tourned to wroth her heyle
 That ever he wyste of theyr counsayle. 300

Bnt leve we of the stewarde here,
 And speke we more of that squyer,
 Howe he to his chambre wente,
 Whan he past from that lady gente.
 There he araied him in scarlet reed,
 And set his chaplet upon his head,†
 A belte aboute his sydes two,
 With brode barres to and fro ;
 A horne about his necke he caste ;
 And forth he went, at the last, 310
 To do hys office in the hall,
 Among the lordes both great and small.
 He toke a white yeard in his hande,
 Before they kynge than gane he stande,
 And sone he sat hym on his knee,
 And served the kynge ryght royally,
 With deynty meates that were dere,
 With partryche, pecoke, and plover,
 With byrdes in bread ybake,
 The tele, the ducke and the drake, 320
 The cocke, the curlewe, and the crane,
 With fesauntes fayre, theyr were no wane,
 Both storkes and snypes ther were also,
 And venyson freshe of bucke and do,
 And other deyntés many one,
 For to set afore the kynge anone :
 And when the squyer had done so,
 He served the hall to and fro,

* Original reading : *he dyd*.

† A chaplet, it is presumed, was a garland of flowers.

Eche man hym loved in honestè,
 Hye and lowe in theyr degrè, 330
 So dyd the kyng full sodenly,
 And he wyst not wherfore nor why.
 The kynge behelde the squyer wele,
 And all his rayment every dele,
 He thought he was the semlyest man
 That ever in the worlde he sawe or than.
 Thus sate the kyng and eate ryght nought,
 But on his squyer was all his thought.
 Anone the stewarde toke good hede,
 And to the kyng full soone he yede, 340
 And soone he tolde unto the kynge
 All theyr words and theyr woyng;
 And how she hyght hym lande and fe,
 Golde and sylver great plentye,
 And how he should his leve take,
 And become a knight for her sake :
 "And thus they talked both in fere,
 And i drewe me nere and nere,
 Had i not come in, verayly,
 The squyer had layne her by, 350
 But whan he was ware of me,
 Full fast away can he fle ;
 That [this] is sothe here my hand
 To fight with him while i may stand."
 The kyng sayd to the steward tho,
 I may not beleve it should be so ;
 Hath he be so bonayre and benynge,†
 And served me syth i was yynge,
 And redy with me in every nede,
 Bothe true of word, and eke of dede, 360
 I may not beleve, be nyght nor daye,
 My doughter dere he wyll betraye,
 Nor to come her chambre nye,
 That fode to longe with no foly ;
 Though she would to hym consente,
 That lovely lady fayre and gente,
 I truste hym so well, withouten drede,
 That he would never do that dede ;

* Original reading : *benynge*.

But yf he myght that lady wyne,
 In wedlocke to welde withouten synne, 370
 And yf she assent hym tyll,
 The squyer is worthy to have none yll.
 For i have sene that many a page
 Have become men by mariage ;
 Than it is semely that the squyer
 To have my doughter by this manere,
 And eche man in his degre,
 Become a lorde of ryaltie,
 By fortune and by other grace,
 By herytage and by purchase : 380
 Therfore, stewarde, beware hereby,
 Defame hym not for no envy :
 It were great reuth he should be spylte,
 Or put to death withouten gylte ;
 And more ruthe of my doughter dere,
 For chaungyng of that ladyes chere ;
 I woulde not, for my crowne so newe,
 That lady chaunge hyde or hewe,
 Or for to put thyselfe in drede,
 But thou myght take hym with the dede : * 390
 For yf it may be founde in thee,
 That thou them fame for enmyte,
 Thou shalt be taken as a felon,
 And put full depe in my pryson,
 And fetered fast unto a stone,
 Tyl twelve yere were come and gone,
 And drawen wyth hors throughe the cytè,
 And soone hanged upon a tre ;
 And thou may not thyselfe excuse,
 This dede thou shalt no wise refuse ; 400
 And therfore, steward, take good hed,
 How thou wilt answeere to this ded.
 The stewarde answered, with great envy,
 That i have sayd that i wyll stand therby ;
 To suffre death and endlesse wo,
 Syr kynge, i wyl never go therfro ;
 For, yf that ye wyll graunt me here
 Strength of men and great power,

* Unless, that is, thou shouldest take him *with the manner*. See before, *The erle of Tolous*, V. 522 ; and the note on that line.

I shall hym take, this same nyght,
In the chambre with your doughter bright ; 410
For i shall never be gladde of chere,
Tyll i be venged of that squyer.
Than sayd the kynge, full curteysly,
Unto the stewarde, that stode hym by,
'Thou shalte have strength ynough with the,
Men of armes thirty and thre,
To watche that lady, muche of pryce,
And her to kepe fro her enemyes.
For there is no knyght in Chrystentè,
That wold betray that lady fre, 420
But he should dye under his shelde
And i myght se hym in the feldde ;
And therfore, stewarde, i the pray,
Take hede what i shall to the say ;
And if the squiere come not to-night,
For to speke with that lady bryght,
Let hym say whatsoever he wyll,
And here and se and holde you styll ;
And herken well what he wyll say ;
Or thou with him make any fray ; 430
So he come not her chambre within,
No bate on hym loke thou begyn,
Though that he kysse that lady fre,
And take his leave ryght curteysly,
Let hym go, both hole and sounde,
Without wemme or any wounde ;
But yf he wyl her chamber breke,
No worde to hym that thou do speke,
But yf he come with company,
For to betraye that fayre lady. 440
Loke he be taken soone anone,
And all his meyné everychone,
And brought with strength to my pryson,
As traytour, thefe, and false felon ;
And yf he make any defence,
Loke that he never go thence ;
But loke thou hew hym al so small,
As flesshe whan it to the potte shall :
And yf he yelde hym to thee,
Brynge him both saufe and sounde to me. 450

I shall borowe for seven yere
 He shall not wedde my doughter dere :
 And therfore, stewarde, i thee praye,
 Thou watche that lady nyght and daye.
 The stewarde sayde the kynge untill,
 All your byddyng i shall fulfyll.
 The stewarde toke his leave to go,
 The squyer came fro chambre tho,
 Downe he went into the hall,
 The officers sone can he call, 460
 Both ussher, panter, and butler,
 And other that in office were ;
 There he them warned, sone anone,
 To take up the bordes everychone.
 Than they dyd his commaundement,
 And sythe unto the kyng he went ;
 Full lowe he set hym on his kne,
 And voyded his borde full gentely ;
 And whan the squyre had done so,
 Anone he sayde the kynge unto, 470
 As ye are lorde of chyvalry,
 Geve me leve to passe the sea,
 To prove my strenthe with my ryght hande,
 On godes enemyes in uncouth land ;
 And to be knowe in chyvalry,
 In Gascoyne, Spayne, and Lumbardy ;
 In eche batayle for to fyght,
 To be proved a venterous knyght.
 The kyng sayd to the squyer tho,
 Thou shalt have good leve to go ; 480
 I shall the gyve both golde and fe,
 And strength of men to wende with thee ;
 If thou be true in worde and dede,
 I shall thee helpe in all thy nede.
 The squyer thanked the kyng anone,
 And toke his leve and forth can gone ;
 With joye, and blysse, and much pryde,
 With all his meyny by his syde.
 He had not ryden but a whyle,
 Not the mountenaunce of a myle, 490
 Or he was ware of a vyllage,
 Anone he sayde unto a page,

Our souper soone loke it be dyght,
 Here wyll we lodge all to-nyght.
 They toke theyr ynnys in good intente,
 And to theyr supper soone they wente,
 Whan he was set, and served at meate,
 Than he sayd he had forgete
 To take leve of that lady fre,
 The kynges doughter of Hungre. 500
 Anone the squyer made him ayre,
 And by hym selfe forth can he fare,
 Without strength of his meynè,
 Unto the castell than went he.
 Whan he came to the posterne-gate,
 Anone he entred in thereat,
 And his drawen swerd in his hande,
 There was no more with him wolde stande :
 But it stode with hym full harde
 As ye shall here nowe of the stewarde. 510
 He wende in the worlde none had be*
 That had knowen of his pryvitè,
 Alas ! it was not as he wende,
 For all his counsayle the stewarde [kende].
 He had bewrayed him to the kyng
 Of all his love and his woynge ;
 And yet he laye her chambre by,
 Armed with a great company,
 And beset it one eche syde,
 For treason walketh wonder wyde. 520
 The squyer thought on no mystruste
 He wende no man in the worlde had wyste,
 But yf he had knowen, ne by saynt John
 He had not come thedur by his owne ;
 Or yf that lady had knowen his wyll,
 That he should have come her chamber tyll,
 She would have taken hym golde and fe,
 Strength of men and royaltè ;
 But there ne wyst no man nor grome
 Where that squyer was become ; 530
 But forth he went hymselfe alone
 Amonge his servauntes everychone.

* Original reading : *bene*.

Whan that he came her chambre to,
 Anone, he sayde, Your dore undo !
 Undo, he sayde, nowe, fayre lady !
 I am beset with many a spy.
 Lady, as whyte as whalës bone,
 There are thyrtty agaynst me one.
 Undo thy dore ! my worthy wyfe,
 I am besette with many a knyfe. 540
 Undo your dore ! my lady swete,*
 I am beset with enemyes great ;
 And, lady, but ye wyll aryse,
 I shall be dead with myne enemyes.
 Undo thy dore ! my frely floure,
 For ye are myne and i am your.
 That lady with those wordes awoke,
 A mantell of golde to her she toke ;
 She sayde, Go away, thou wicked wyght,
 Thou shalt not come here this nyght : 550
 For i wyll not my dore undo
 For no man that cometh therto.
 There is but one in Christentè
 That ever made that forwarde with me ;
 There is but one that ever bare lyfe,
 That ever i hight to be his wyfe ;
 He shall me wedde, by Mary bryght,
 Whan he is proved a venterous knyght ;
 For we have loved this seven yere,
 There was never love to me so dere. 560
 There lyeth on me both kyng and knyght,
 Dukes, erles, of mucche might.

* From this repeated exclamation of the poor terrified squire, he seemed to have acquired it as a nickname, the printer's colophon being—"Thus endeth *Undo your dore*, otherwise called the squyr of lowe degre." To *Undo your door* is to open it. Thus Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, fo. 41 :

"This Geta cam than at laste
 Unto the *dore*, and saide *Undo !*"

So, likewise, in *Kynge Horn* :

"Horn bed *Undo*, wel softe,
 Monityme and ofte."

This sense of the word, however, would seem to have been obsolete in the time of Shakspeare, who, in the fragment of an old song, supposed to be sung by Ophelia, has

"—*dupt* the chamber-doore."

Wende forth, squyer, on youre waye,
 For here ye gette none other praye ;
 For i ne wote what ye should be,
 That thus besecheth love of me.
 I am your owne squyr, he sayde,
 For me, lady, be not dysmayde.
 Come i am full pryvely
 To take my leave of you, lady. 570
 Welcome, she sayd, my love so dere,
 Myne owne dere heart, and my squyer ;
 I shall you geve kysses thre,
 A thousande pounce unto your fe,
 And kepe i shall my maydenhede ryght
 Tyll ye be proved a venturous knyght.
 For yf ye should me wede anone,
 My father wolde make slee you soone.
 I am the kynges doughter of Hungre,
 And ye alone that have loved me, 580
 And though you love me never so sore,
 For me ye shall never be lore.
 Go forth, and aske me at my kynne,
 And loke what graunt you may wyne;
 Yf that ye gette graunte, in faye,
 Myselfe therto shall not say nay;
 And yf ye may not do so,
 Otherwyse ye shall come to.
 Ye are bothe hardy, stronge, and wight,
 Go forth, and be a venterous knight. 590
 I pray to god, that our lady,
 To send you the whele of Victory,*
 That my father so leve he be
 That wyll profer me to thee.
 I wote well it is lyghtly sayd,
 Go forth, and be nothyng afrayde.
 A man of worshyp may not do so,
 He must have what nedis him unto ;
 He must have gold, he must have fe,
 Strength of men and royaltè. 600

* This couplet has already occurred. This illustrious princess, however, is here made to confound the wheel of Fortune with that of Victory, a goddess who had no wheel.

Golde and sylver spare ye nought,
 Tyll to manhode ye be brought ;
 To what batayll soever ye go,
 Ye shall have an hundreth pounce or two ;
 And yet to me, syr, ye may saye,
 That i woulde fayne have you awaye,
 That profered you golde and fe,
 Out of myne eye-syght for to be.
 Neverthelesse it is not so,
 It is for the worshyp of us two, 610
 Though you be come of symple kynne,
 Thus my love, syr, may ye wyne,
 Yf ye have grace of victory,
 As ever had syr Lybyus, or syr Guy,
 Whan the dwarfe, and mayde Ely,*
 Came to Arthoure kyng so fre,
 As a kyng † of great renowne
 That wan the lady of Synadowne.
 Lybius was graunted the batayle tho,
 Therfore the dwarfe was full wo, 620
 And sayd, Arthur, thou art to blame ;
 To bydde this chylde go sucke his dame,
 Better hym semeth, so mote i thryve,
 Than for to do these batayles fyve,
 At the chapell of Salebraunce.
 These wordes began great distaunce,
 They sawe they had the victory,
 They kneled downe and cryed mercy;
 And afterward, syr, verament
 They called hym knyght absolent. 630
 Emperours, dukes, knyghtes, and quene,
 At his commaundement for to bene,
 Suche fortune with grace now to you fall,
 To wyne the worthyest within the wall,
 And thynke on your love alone,
 And for to love that ye chaunge none.
 Ryght as they talked thus, in fere,
 Theyr enemyes approached nere and nere,

* See *Lybeaus Disconus*, V. 110, &c. where, however, the dwarf says nothing at all; so that, it is probable, there has either been a different edition of *Lybeaus* in French or English, or the present minstrel has mis-recited the one we have.

† Conjectural emendation: *knyght*.

Foure and thyrtty, armed bryght,
The steward had arrayed hym to fyght. 640
The steward was ordeyned to spy,
And for to take then utterly.
He wende to death he should have gone,
He felled seven men agaynst hym one ;
Whan he had them to grounde brought,
The stewarde at hym full sadly fought,
So harde they smote together tho,
The stewardes throte he cut in two,
And sone he fell downe to the grounde,
As a traitour untrewed with many a wound. 650
The squyer sone in armes they hente,
And of they dyd his good garmente,
And on the stewarde they it dyd,
And sone his body therin they hydde,
And with their swordes his face they share,
That she should not knowe what he ware,
They cast hym at her chambre-dore,
The stewarde that was styffe and store.
Whan they had made that great affraye,
Full pryvely they stale awaye ; 660
In arme they take that squyer tho,
And to the kynges chambre can they go,
Without wemme or any wounde,
Before the kyng bothe hole and sounde.
As soone as the kyng him spyed with eye,
He sayd, Welcome, sonne, sykerly ;
Thou hast cast thee my sonne to be,
This seven yere i shall let thee.
Leve we here of this squyer wight,
And speake we of that lady bryght, 670
How she rose, that lady dere,
To take her leave of that squyer ;
Al so naked as she was borne,
She stod her chambre-dore before.
Alas ! she sayd, and wcaleaway !
For all to long now have i lay ;
She sayd, Alas ! and all for wo !
Withouten men why came ye so ?
Yf that ye wolde have come to me,
Other werninges there might have be. 680

Now al to dere my love is bought,
 But it shall never be lost for nought ;
 And in her armes she toke hym there,
 Into the chamber she dyd hym bere ;
 His bowels soone she dyd out-drawe,
 And buryed them in goddes lawe.
 She sered that body with specery,
 With wyrgin waxe and commendry ;
 And closed hym in a maser-tre,
 And set on hym lockes thre. 690
 She put him in a marble-stone,
 With qnaynt gynnes many one ;
 And set hym at hir beddes head,
 And every day she kyst that dead.
 Soone at morne, whan she uprose,
 Unto that dead body she gose,
 Therfore wold she knele downe on her kne,
 And make her prayer to the trynite,
 And kysse that body twyse or thryse,
 And fall in a swowne or she myght ryse. 700
 Whan she had so done,
 To chyrche than wolde she gone,
 Than would she here masses fyve,
 And offre to them whyle she myght lyve :
 " There shall none knowe but heven kyng
 For whom that i make myne offrynge,"
 The kyng her father anone he sayde
 My doughter, wy are you dysmayde ?
 So feare a lady as ye are one,
 And so semely of fleshe and bone, 710
 Ye were whyte as whalës bone,
 Nowe are ye pale as any stone ;
 Your ruddy read as any cherry,
 With browes brent, and eyes full mery ; *

* The printed copy reads "browes bent : " the emendation is founded on the authority of an old Scottish song :

" In January last
 On munanday at morn,
 As through the fields i past,
 To view the winter corn,
 I looked me behind,
 And saw come o'er the know
 Ane glancing en her apron,
 With a bonny brent brow."

Ye were wont to harp and syng,
 And be the meriest in chambre comyng ;
 Ye ware both golde, and good velvet,
 Clothe of damaske, and saphyres set ;
 Ye ware the pery on your head,
 With stones full oryent, whyte, and read ; 720
 Ye ware coronalles of golde,
 With diamoundes set many a foulde ;
 And nowe ye were clothes of blacke,
 Tell me, doughter, for whose sake ?
 If he be so poore of fame,
 That ye may not be wedded for shame,
 Brynge him to me anone ryght,
 I shall hym make squyer and knyght,
 And, yf he be so great a lorde.
 That your love may not accorde, 730
 Let me, doughter, that lordynge se,
 He shall have golde ynoughe with thee.
 "Gramercy, father, so mote i thryve,
 For i mourne for no man alyve.
 Ther is no man, by heven kyng,
 That shal knowe more of my mournynge."
 Her father knewe it every deale,
 But he kept it in counsele :
 "To-morowe ye shall on hunting fare,
 And ryde, my doughter, in a chare, 740
 It shal be covered with velvet reede,
 And clothes of fyne golde al about your hed,
 With damaske white,* and asure blewe,
 Wel dyapred with lyllyes newe ;
 Your pomelles shal be ended with gold,
 Your chaynes enameled many a folde ;
 Your mantel of ryche degre,
 Purpyl palle, and armyne fre ;
 Jennettes of Spayne, that ben so wyght,
 Trapped to the ground with velvet bright ; 750

Again, in *The Silken Snooded Lassie* :

"Fair her hair, and brent her brow."

In a Glossary to Ramsay's Poems *brent brow* is explained "smooth high forehead."

* Original reading : *damaske*.

Ye shall have harp, sautry and songe,
 And other myrthés you amonge ;
 Ye shall have rumney and malmesyne.
 Both ypocrasse, and vernage wyne,
 Mount rose and wyne of Greke,
 Both algrade, and respice eke,
 Antioche, and bastarde,
 Pymment, also, and garnarde ;
 Wyne of Greke, and muscadell,
 Both claré, pymment, and Rochell. 760
 The reed your stomake to defye,
 And pottes of osey set you by.
 You shall have venison ybake,
 The best wylde foule that may be take.
 A lese of grehound with you to stryke,
 And hert and hynde and other lyke,
 Ye shal be set at such a tryst
 That herte and hynde shall come to your fyst.
 Your dysease to dryve you fro,
 To here the bugles there yblow, 770
 With theyr begles in that place,
 And sevenscore raches at his rechase.
 Homward thus shall ye ryde,
 On haukyng by the ryvers syde,*
 With goshauke, and with gentyll fawcon,
 With eglehorne, and merlyon.
 Whan you come home, your men amonge,
 Ye shall have revell, daunces, and songe ;
 Lytle chyldren, great and smale,
 Shall syng, as doth the nyghtyngale. 780
 Then shall ye go to your evensong,

* This is an ordinary pastime in the old romances. Thus Adam Davie in his *Lyf of Alysaunder* :

"In green wood and of huntynge,
 And of ryver of haukyng."

So, likewise, Chaucer, in his *Rime of sire Thopas* :

"He couth hunt al the wild dere,
 And ride an hawking by the riwere."

Again, in *The frankleins tale* :

"These fauconers upon a faire riwere,
 That with the hawkis han the heron slain."

With tenours and trebles among ;
 Threscore of copes, of damaske bryght,
 Full of perles they shal be pyght ;
 Your aulter clothes of taffata,
 And your sieles all of taffetra.
 Your sensours shal be of golde,
 Endent with asure many a folde.
 Your quere nor organ songe shal wante,
 With countre note, and dyscant, 790
 The other halfe on orgayns playeng,
 With yonge chyl dren full fare syngyng.
 Than shall ye go to your suppere,
 And sytte in tentes in grene arbere,
 With clothes of aras pyght to the grounde,
 With saphyres set and dyamonde.
 A cloth of golde abought your heade,
 With popinjays pyght with pery reed,
 And offycers all at your wyll,
 All maner delightes to bryng you till. 800
 The nightingale sitting on a thorne,
 Shall synge you notes both even and morne.
 An hundreth knightes, truly tolde,
 Shall play with bowles in alayes colde,
 Your disease to drive awaic,
 To se the fisshes in poles plaie ;
 And then walke in arbere up and downe,
 To se the floures of great renowne,
 To a drawbrydge than shall ye,
 The one halfe of stone, the other of tre ; 810
 A barge shall mete you, full ryght,
 With twenty-four ores full bryght,
 With trompettes and with claryowne,
 The fresshe water to rowe up and downe.
 Than shall ye go to the salte fome,
 Your maner to se, or ye come home,
 With eighty shyppes of large towre,
 With dromedaryes of great honour,
 And carackes with sayles two,
 The swetest that on water may goo, 820
 With galyes good upon the haven,
 With eighty ores at the fore staven.
 Your maryners shall synge arowe

Hey how and rumby lowe.*
 Than shall ye, doughter, aske the wyne,
 With spices that be good and fyne,
 Gentyll pottes with genger grene,
 With dates and deynties you betwene.
 Forty torches, brenynge bryght,
 At your brydges to brynge you lyght. 830
 Into your chambre they shall you brynge,
 With much myrthe and more lykyng.
 Your costerdes covered with whyte and blewe,
 And dyapred with lylés newe.
 Your curtaines of camaca, all in folde,
 Your felyoles all of golde.
 Your fester pery at your heed,
 Curtaines with popinjayes white and reed.
 Your hyllnges with fures of armyne,
 Powdred with golde of hew full fyne. 840
 Your blanketts shall be of fustiane,
 Your shetes shall be of clothe of rayne.
 Your head-shete shall be of pery pyght,

* Some song, with this burthen, seems to have been, formerly, peculiar to seamen. Thus, in *Cocke Lores bote*, b. 1.

"For joye theyr trumpettes dyde they blowe,
 And some songe *heve and howe, rumbelowe*."

Skelton, too, in his *Booge of court* has the following lines :

"Holde up the helme, loke up, and lete god stere,
 I wolde be merie, what wind that ever blowe,
Heve and how rumbelow, row the bote, Norman, rowe :"

alluding, it appears from Fabian, to "a roundell or songe," made by the watermen in praise of John Norman, mayor of London, in the thirty second year of Henry the sixth, who, instead of riding to Westminster, like his predecessors, "was rowed thither by water." Its high antiquity is further manifested by the fragment of a very ancient Scottish song, preserved by the same Fabian, and other older chroniclers, on the battle of Bannock-burn, in 1314 :

"Maydens of Englande, sore may ye morne,
 For your lemans ye have lost at Bannockys-borne,
 With *heve alowe :*
 What weneth the king of England
 So soone to have wone Scotland?
 With *rumbylowe*."

Again, in another old fragment :

"I saw three ladies fair, singing *hey and how*,
 Upon yon ley land, hey :
 I saw three *mariners*, singing *rumbelow*,
 Upon yon sea-strand, hey."

With dyamondes set and rubyes bryght.
Whan you are layde in bedde so softe,
A cage of golde shall hange alofte,
With longe-peper fayre burnning,
And cloves that be swete smellyng,
Frankensence, and olibanum,
That whan ye slepe the taste may come. 850
And yf ye no rest may take,
All night minstrelles for you shall wake.
“Gramercy, father, so mote i the,
For all these thinges lyketh not me.”
Unto her chambre she is gone,
And fell in sownyng sone anone,
With much sorow and sighing sore,
Yet seven year she kept hym thore.
But leve we of that lady here,
And speake we more of that squyer, 860
That in pryson so was take,
For the kinges doughters sake.
The kyng hymselfe, upon a daye,
Full pryvely he toke the waye,
Unto the pryson sone he came,
The squyer sone out he name,
And anone he made hym swere
His counsayl he should never diskere.
The squyer there helde up his hande,
His byddyng never he should withstande. 870
The kyng him graunted ther to go
Upon his journey to and fro,
And brefely to passe the sea,
That no man weste but he and he,
And whan he had his jurnay done,
That he wolde come full soone :
“And in my chambre for to be,
The whyles that i do ordayne for thee :
Than shalt thou wedde my doughter dere,
And have my landes both farre and nere.” 880
The squyer was full mery tho,
And thanked the kyng, and forth gan go.
The kyng hym gave both lande and fe.
Anone the squyer passed the se.
In Tuskeyne and in Lumbardy,

There he dyd great chyvalry,
 In Portyngale, nor yet in Spayne,
 There myght no man stand hym agayne ;
 And where that ever that knyght gan fare,
 The worshyp with hym away he bare : 890
 And thus he travayled seven yere,
 In many a land both farre and nere ;
 Tyll on a day he thought hym tho
 Unto the sepulture for to go ;
 And there he made his offeryng soone,
 Right as the kinges doughter bad him don.
 Than he thought hym on a day
 That the kynge to hym dyd saye.
 He toke his leve in Lumbardy,
 And home he came to Hungry. 900
 Unto the kynge soone he rade,
 As he before his covenauunce made,
 And to the kyng he tolde full soone
 Of batayles bolde that he had done,
 And so he did the chyvalry
 That he had sene in Lumbardy.
 To the kynge it was good tydande,
 Anone he toke him by the hande,
 And he made him full royall chere,
 And sayd, Welcome, my sonne so dere. 910
 Let none wete of my meynè
 That out of prison thou shuldest be,
 But in thy chamber holde the styll,
 And i shall wete my doughters wyll.
 The kynge wente forth hymselfe alone,
 For to here his doughters mone,
 Right under the chambre-window,
 There he might her counseyle knowe.
 Had she wyst, that lady fre,
 That her father there had be, 920
 He shulde not, withouten fayle,
 Have knowen so muche of her counsayle,
 Nor nothing she knew that he was there
 Whan she began to carke and care.
 Unto that body she sayd tho,
 Alas, that we should parte in two !
 Twyse or thryse she kyssed that body,

And fell in sownynge by and by.
 Alas ! than sayd that lady dere,
 I have the kept this seven yere, 930
 And now ye be in powder small,
 I may no lenger holde you withall.
 My love, to the earth i shall the brynge,
 And preestes for you to reade and synge.
 Yf any man aske me what i have here,
 I wyll say it is my treasure.
 Yf any man aske why i do so,
 For no theves shall come therto :
 And, squyer, for the love of the,
 Fy on this worldes vanyte ! 940
 Farewell golde, pure and fyn ;
 Farewell velvet, and satyne ;*
 Farewell castelles, and maners also ;
 Farewell huntynge, and hawkyng to ;
 Farewell revell, myrthe, and play ;
 Farewell pleasure, and garmentes gay ;
 Farewell perle, and precyous stone ;
 Farewell my juielles everychone ;
 Farewell mantell, and scarlet reed ;
 Farewell crowne unto my heed ; 950
 Farewell hawkes, and farewell hounde ;
 Farewell markes, and many a pounce ;
 Farewell huntynge at the hare ;
 Farewell harte and hynde for evermare.
 Nowe wyll i take the mantell and the rynge,
 And become an ancesse in my lyvynge :
 And yet i am a mayden for thee,
 And for all the men in Chrystentè.
 To Chryst i shall my prayers make,
 Squyer, onely for thy sake ; 960
 And i shall never no masse heare,
 But ye shall have parte in feare :

* This list of adieus might have been reasonably presumed to have been parodied by the immortal Shakspeare, who, certainly, was not very scrupulous in the selection of his literary assistants, where he makes his hero roar out his final

“Farewell ! Othello’s occupation’s gone !”

if his industrious editors had not already provided, for the illustration of their inimitable author, a sufficient quantity of those exclamatory perorations. (See the edition of 1793, XV, 542.)

And every daye whyles i lyve,
 Ye shall have your masses fyve,
 And i shall offre pence thre,
 In tokenyng of the trynytè.
 And whan this lady had this sayde,
 In sownyng she fel at a brayde.
 The while she made this great mornynge,
 Under the wall stode her father the kyng. 970
 Doughter, he sayde, you must not do so,
 For all those vowes thou must forgo.
 "Alas, father, and weleawaye !
 Nowe have ye harde what i dyde saye."
 "Doughter, let be all thy mournynge,
 Thou shalt be wedede to a kyng."
 "I wys, father, that shall not be
 For all the golde in Christentè ;
 Nor all the golde that ever god made
 May not my harte glade." 980
 My doughter, he sayde, dere derlyng,
 I knowe the cause of your mournyng :
 Ye wene this body your love should be,
 It is not so, so mote i the.
 It was my stewarde, syr Maradose,
 That ye so longe have kept inclose.
 "Alas ! father, why dyd ye so ?"
 "For he wrought you all thys wo ;
 He made revelation unto me,
 That he knewe all your pryvytè ; 990
 And howe the squyer, on a day,
 Unto your chambre he toke the way,
 And ther he should have lyen you bi,
 Had he not come with company ;
 And howe ye hyght hym golde and fe,
 Strengthe of men and royaltè ;
 And than he watched your chambre bryght,
 With men of armes hardy and wyght,
 For to take that squyer,
 That ye have loved this seven yere ; 1000
 But as the stewarde strong and stout
 Beseged your chambre rounde about,
 To you your love came full ryght,
 All alone about mydnight,

And whan he came your dore unto,
 Lady, he sayde, undo ;
 And soone ye bade hym wende awaye,
 For there he gate none other praye :
 And as ye talked thus in fere,
 Your enemyes drewe them nere and nere, 1010
 They smote to him full soone anone,
 There were thyrtý agaynst hym one :
 But with a baslarde* large and longe
 The squyer presed into the thronge ;
 And so he bare hym in that stounde,
 His enemyes gave hym many a wounde.
 With egre mode and herte full throwe,
 The stewardes throte he cut in two ;
 And than his meyné all in that place
 With their swordes they hurte his face, 1020
 And than they toke him everichone
 And layd him on a marble stone
 Before your dore, that ye myght se,
 Ryght as your love that he had be ;
 And sone the squier there they hent,
 And they dyd of his good garment,
 And did it on the stewarde there,
 That ye wist not what he were :
 Thus ye have kept your enemy here
 Pallyng more than seven yere : 1030
 And as the squyer there was take,
 And done in pryson for your sake,
 And therfore let be your mourning,
 Ye shal be wedded to a kyng,
 Or els unto an emperoure,
 With golde and sylver and great treasure."
 "Do awaye, father, that may not be,
 For all the golde in Chrystentè."
 Alas ! father, anone she sayde,
 Why hath this traytour me betraid ? 1040
 Alas ! she sayd, i have great wrong
 That i have kept him here so long.
 Alas ! father, why dyd ye so ?
 Ye might have warned me of my fo ;

* Original reading : *Bastarde*.

And ye had tolde me who it had be,
 My love had never be dead for me :
 Anone she tourned her from the kyng,
 And downe she fell in dead sownyng.
 The kyng anone gan go,
 And hente her in his armes two ; 1050
 Lady, he sayd, be of good chere,
 Your love lyveth and is here ;
 And he hath bene in Lombardy,
 And done he hath great chyvalry ;
 And come agayne he is to me,
 In lyfe and health ye shall him se.
 He shall you wede, my doughter bryght,
 I have hym made squier and knyght ;
 He shal be a lorde of great renowne,
 And after me to were the crowne. 1060
 Father, she sayd, if it so be,
 Let me soone that squyer se.
 The squyer forth than dyd he brynge,
 Full fayre on lyve and in lykyng.
 As sone as she sawe him with her eye,
 She fell in sownyng by and by.
 The squyer her hente in armes two,
 And kyssed her an hundreth tymes and mo.
 There was myrth and melody
 With harpe, getron and sautry, 1070
 With rote, ribible and clokarde,
 With pypes, organs and bumbarde,
 With other mynstrelles them amonge,
 With sytolphe and with sautry songe
 With fydle, recorde, and dowcemere,
 With trompette, and with claryon clere,
 With dulcet pipes of many cordes,
 In chambre revelyng all the lordes,
 Unto morne that it was daye,
 The kyng to his doughter began to saye, 1080
 Have here thy love and thy lyking,
 To lyve and ende in gods blessinge ;
 And he that wyll departe you two,
 God geve him sorow and wo.
 A trewer lover than ye are one
 Was never fleshe ne bone ;

And but he be as true to thee,
 God let him never thryve ne thee.
 The kyng in herte he was full blithe,
 He kissed his doughter many a sithe. 1090
 With melody and muche chere,
 Anone he called his messengere,
 And commaunded him soone to go
 Through his cities to and fro,
 For to warne his chevalry
 That they should come to Hungry,
 That worthy wedding for to se,
 And come unto that mangerè.
 That messenger full sone he wente,
 And did the kinges commaundement. 1100
 Anone he commaunded bothe olde and yynge
 For to be at that weddyng,
 Both dukes and erles of muche myght,
 And ladyes that were fayre and bryght :
 As soone as ever they herde the crye,
 The lordes were full soone redy.
 With myrth and game and muche playe,
 They wedded them on a solempne daye.
 A royall feest there was holde,
 With dukes and erles and barons bolde, 1110
 And knyghtes and squyers of that countrè,
 And sith with all the comunaltè :
 And certaynly, as the story sayes,
 The revell lasted forty dayes ;
 Tyll on a day the kyng himselve
 To hym he toke his lordes twelfe,
 And so he dyd the squyer
 That wedded his doughter dere,
 And even in the myddes of the hall
 He made him kyng among them all ; 1120
 And all the lordes everychone,
 They made him homage sone anon ;
 And sithen they revelled all that day,
 And toke theyr leve, and went theyr way,
 Eche lorde unto his owne countrè,
 Where that hym [thought] best to be.
 That yong man, and the queene his wyfe,
 With joy and blysse they led theyr lyfe ;

For al so farre as i have gone,
Suche two lovers sawe i none :
Therefore blessed may theyr soules be !
Amen, amen, for charytè !

1130





THE KNIGHT OF CURTESY, AND THE FAIR LADY OF FAGUELL.

THE history of which we have here a simple and romantic, but, at the same time, interesting and pathetic, narrative, is related, with some prolixity, by Fauchet, from an old chronicle, written about the year 1380, and is generally believed to be founded on facts. *Le chastelain de Couci*, the constable, that is, of *Couci-castle* (so strangely perverted in the present poem to "The knight of *Curtesy*"),* and *la dame de Faïel* (Gabrielle de Vergi, or de *Levergies*), here called "the lady of Faguell," are celebrated lovers, and the subject of a metrical romance in French of the thirteenth century, still extant in the national library at Paris (Num. 195).†

This amiable and accomplished hero was a poet of singular merit for his age, several of his passionate and tender songs being preserved, and in the hands of the public. He appears to have accompanied his lord, uncle, and namesake, *Raoul sire de Couci*, in 1190, to the holy-land, where the latter was slain, at the siege of Acre, in the following year. He has been generally, but improperly, confounded, as the poet, and lover of the fair Gabrielle, with his *chastelain*, who received his mortal wound at the same siege. It is, however, said, in the ancient romance, that he did not arrive in Palestine, with King Richard, till after the capture of Acre, where his uncle Raoul had been killed. The husband of this unfortunate lady was Aubert de Faïel, lord of the castle and seignory of that name, near the town of St. Quentin. See Fauchet, *Recueil de l'origine de la langue et poésie François*, 1581, and "*Memoires historiques sur Raoul de Coucy*," Paris, 1781 (the latter of which works contains his songs), and Le Grand, *Fabliaux ou contes*, D, 142. It

* His name was *Raoul*, though mistakenly called, both by Fauchet, and the French romance, *Regnaud* or *Regnault*.

† Le Grand, who lowers this MS. to the fifteenth, allows it may be the copy of one of an earlier age.

is said, in the French romance, that Faïel, fearing lest the relations of his wife should avenge her death, caused her to be interred with a great deal of honour, and departed for the holy-land. The remembrance, however, of his barbarity pursued him everywhere : after he returned home he was never seen to laugh, and survived his wife but a few years.

This anecdote is, also, told by Howell, from the relation of a knowing gentleman whose society he lighted upon in his return in a coach from Paris to Rouen, in a letter, To his "honoured friend and father Mr. Ben. Johnson," in 1635, in which he calls the lover, "one captain Coucy, a gallant gentleman, of an ancient extraction, and keeper of Coucy-castle, which," he says, "is yet standing, and in good repair." The gentleman added that this sad story was painted in Coucy-castle, and remained fresh to that day. In the above *Memoires* is a small view of it.

The present poem, some sort of translation, it is presumed, from the French (but not, it seems, the *Roman du chastelain de Coucy et de la dame de Faïel*, before mentioned, unless with great liberties), is now republished from an old quarto pamphlet in black-letter, and without date, "Imprynted at London by me Willyam Copland," before 1568. The full title is "Here begynneth a litell treatise of the knight of Curtesy and the lady of Faguell." The copy made use of, in the Bodleian-library, is the only one known to exist.

An elegant *romance*, on the unfortunate loves of Gabrielle de Vergi and Raoul de Coucy, was written by the late duke de la Valliere ; which, it seems probable, is the "beautiful old ballad mentioned to have been seen by the editor of "Reliques of ancient English poetry," III, xlii. The story appears to be still preserved by tradition at St. Quentin and Faïel.

The romance of *La châtelaine de Vergy*, which seems to have been confounded, by Froissart and others, with that of *Le châtelain de Coucy*, is an entirely different story. See *Fabliaux ou contes*, D, 49.

An anecdote, similar, in its main circumstances, to this of Raoul de Coucy, is related of William de Cabestaing, a Catalan or Provençal poet of the same age. See *Histoire littéraire des troubadours*, I, 134. Boccaccio has made it the subject of one of his novels (*Gior.* 4, No. 9).

THE KNIGHT OF CURTESY, AND THE
FAIR LADY OF FAGUELL.

IN Faguell, a fayre countrè,
A great lorde somtyme dyd dwell,
Which had a lady so fayre and fre
That all men good of her dyd tel.

Fayre and pleasaunt she was in sight,
Gentyl and amayable in eche degre,
Chaste to her lorde, bothe day and nyght,
As is the turtyll upon the tre.

All men her loved, bothe yonge and olde,
For her vertue and gentylnesse. 10
Also in that lande was a knight bolde,
Ryght wyse, and ful of doughtinesse.

All men spake of his hardynesse,
Ryche and poore of eche degre,
So that they called him, doutlesse,
The noble knyght of curtesy.

This knight so curteys was and bolde,
That the lorde herde therof anone,
He sayd that speke with him he wolde,
For hym the messengere is gone, 20

Wyth a letter unto this knight,
And sayd, Syr, i pray god you se ;
My lorde of Faguell you sendeth ryght
An hundred folde gretynge by me.

He praieth you in all hastyng
To come in his court for to dwell,
And ye shal lake no maner of thyng,
As townes, towres, and many a castèll.

The curteyse knight was sone content,
And in all dilygence that might be 30

Wyth the messyngere anone he went
This lorde to serve with humylitè.*

Fast they rode bothe day and nyght,
Tyll he unto the lorde was come ;
And whan the lorde of hym had a sight,
Right frendly he did him welcome.

He gave hym towenes, castelles and towres,
Wherof all other had envye,
They thought to reve him his honoures,
By some treason or trechery.

40

This lady, of whome i spake before,
Seyng this knight so good and kynde,
Afore all men that ever were bore
She set on hym her herte and minde.

His paramour she thought to be,
Hym for to love wyth herte and minde,
Nat in vyce but in chastytè,
As chyl dren that together are kynde.

This knight also curteyse and wyse,
With herte and mynde both ferme and fast,
Lovyd this lady wythouten vyse,
Whyche tyll they dyed dyd ever laste.

50

Both night and day these lovers true
Suffred great payne, wo, and grevaunce,
How eche to other theyr minde might shewe ;
Tyll at the last, by a sodaine chaunce,

* The author seems to have made use of an original which, in this respect, confounded the two stories of Raoul de Coucy and William de Cabestaing. The latter, indeed, applies for, and obtains, a service as valet or page with Raymond de Castel Roussillon, the husband of his mistress ; but neither the old romance nor Fauchet's Chronicle relates any such event of Raoul. He was castellan, in fact, of his uncle's castle of Coucy, whence he occasionally visited the fair Gabrielle, whose residence of Faiël was at no great distance, so that he could go and return in the course of the night : though it appears, at the same time, from an extract of the old romance, that, being once on a visit to Faiël, he was pressed by Aubert to remain there in his absence.

This knight was in a garden grene,
And thus began him to complayne,
Alas ! he sayd, with murnynge eyen,
Now is my herte in wo and payne. 60

From mournynge can I nat refrayne,
This ladyes love dothe me so wounde,
I feare she hath of me disdayne :
With that he fell downe to the grounde.

The lady in a wyndowe laye,
With herte cold as any stone,
She wyst nat what to do nor saye
Whan she herde the knyghtes mone.

Sore sighed that lady of renowne,
In her face was no colour founde, 70
Than into the gardein came she downe,
And sawe this knight lye on the grounde.

Whan she sawe hym lye so for her sake,
Her hert for wo was almoost gone,
To her comferte coude she none take,
But in swoune fell downe hym upon,

So sadly that the knyght awoke,
And whan that he sawe her so nere,
To hym comforte anone he toke,
And began the lady for to chere. 80

He sayd, Lady and love, alas,
Into this cure who hath you brought ?
She sayd, My love, and my solas,
Your beauté standeth so in my thought,

That, yf i had no worldly make,
Never none should have my herte but ye.
The knyght sayd, Lady for your sake,
I shal you love in chastytè.

Our love, he sayde, shal be none other
But chaste and true, as is betwene 90
A goodly syster and a brother,
Fro luste our bodyes to kepe clene.

And where so ever mi body be,
Bothe day and night, at every tyde,
My simpele herte in chastitè
Shall ever more lady with you abide.

This lady, white as any floure,
Replete with feminine shamefastnesse,
Begayn to chaunge her fare coloure,
And to hym sayd, My love, doubtelesse, 100

Under suche forme i shall you love,
With faythful herte in chastitè,
Next unto god that is above
Bothe in welthe and adversytè.

Eche of them kyssed other truely,
But, ever alas! ther was a fo
Behynde the wall, them to espye,
Which after torned them to muche wo.

Out of the gardyn whan they were gone,
Eche from other dyd departe, 110
Awaye was all theyr wofull mone,
The one had lyghted the others herte.

Than this spye, of whome i tolde,
Whyche stode behinde the garden wall,
Wente unto his lorde ful bolde,
And sayd, Syr, shewe you i shall,

By your gardyn as i was walkynge,
I herde the knight of curtesye
Which with your lady was talkinge
Of love unlawfull pryvely : 120

Therefore yf ye suffre him for to procede,
Wyth your lady to have his joye,
He shal bee lede fro you in dede
Or elles they bothe shall you distroye.

Whan than the lorde had understande
The wordes that the spye him tolde,
He sware he would rydde him fro that [lande],
Were he never so stronge and bolde.

He sware an othe, by god almight,
That he should never be glade certayne 130
While that knight was in his sight,
Tyl that he by some meane were slaine.

Than let he do crye a feest,
For every man that thider wolde come,
For every man bothe moost and leest,
Thyder came lordes bothe olde and yonge.

The lorde was at the table set,
And his lady by him that tide,
The knight of curtesy anone was set,
And set downe on the other syde. 140

Theyr hartes should have be wo-begone,
If they had knowen the lordes thought ;
But whan that they were styll echone,
The lorde these wordes anone forth brought :

Me thinke it is fyttinge for a knight
For adventures to enquyre,
And nat thus, bothe day and night,
And home to sojourn by the fyre.

Therefore, syr knight of curtesye,
This thinge wyl i you counseyll, 150
To ryde and go throughe the countrè,
To seke adventures for your avayle.

As unto Rodes for to fight,
The christen fayth for to mayntayne,
To shewe by armes your force and myght,
In Lombardy, Portyngale, and in Spayne.

Then spake the knyght to the lord anone,
For your sake wyl i aventure my lyfe,
Whether ever i come agayne or none,
And for my ladyes sake, your wyfe. 160

If i dyd nat i were to blame.
Than sighed the lady with that worde,
In dolour depe her herte was tane,
And sore wounded as wyth a sworde.

Than after dynere the knight did go
His horse and harneyse to make redy,
The woful lady came him unto,
And to him sayd right pyteously :

Alas ! yf ye go, i must complayne
Alone as a woful creature, 170
If that ye be in batayle slayne,
On lyve may i not endure.

Alas, unhappy creature !
Where shal i go, where shal i hyde ?
Of dethe sothely nowe am i sure,
And all worldly joye i shal set asyde.

A payre of sheres than dyd she take,
And cut of her here bothe yelow and bright ;
Were this, than sayd she, for my sake,
Upon your helme, moche curteyse knight. 180

I shall, dere lady, for your sake,
This knyght sayd, with styl morninge :
No comferte to him coude he take,
Nor absteine him fro perfounde syghinge.

For grete pytè i can not wryte
The sorowe that was betwene them two ;
Also i have to small respyte
For to declare theyr payne and wo.

The wofull departinge and complaynt
That was betwene these lovers twayne 190
Was never man that coude depaynt,
So wofully did they complayne.

The teres ran from theyr eyen twayne,
For doloure whan they did departe ;
The lady in her castell did remayne,
Wyth langour replenysshed was her herte.

Now leve we here this lady bryght,
Within her castel makinge her mone,
And tourne we to the curteys knyght,
Whyche on his journey forth is gone. 200

Unto hymself this knight sayd he,
 Agaynst the chrysten i wyl not fyght,
 But to the Rodes wyl i go
 Them to susteyne with all my myght.

Than did he her heere unfolde,*
 And one his helme it set on hyc,
 Wyth rede thredes of ryche golde,
 Whiche he had of his lady.

Full richely his shelde was wrought,
 Wyth asure stones and beten golde,
 But on his lady was his thought,
 The yelowhe heare whan he dyd beholde.

210

Than forth he rode by dale and downe,
 After adventures to enquyre,
 By many a castel, cyté and towne,
 All to batayl was his desyre.

In every justyng where he came
 None so good as he was founde,
 In every place the pryce he wan,
 And smote his adversaryes to the grounde.

220

So whan he came to Lumberdye,
 Ther was a dragon therabout,†
 Whyche did great hurt and vylanye,
 Bothe man and bestc of hym had doubte.

As this knight rode there alone,
 Save onely his page by his syde,
 For his lady he began to mone,
 Sore syghyng as he did ride.

* This incident is noticed both in the French romance and the chronicle cited by Fauchet. "*La dame de Faïel*," says the latter, "*quand elle sceut qu'il s'en devoit aller, fist un lags de s-ye moult bel et bien fait, et y avoit de ses choceux cuvrés parmi la soye; dont l'œuvre sembloit moult belle et riche: dont il lioit un bourrelet moult riche par dessus son heaume: et avoit longs pendans par derriere, a gros boutons de perles.*"

† This adventure with the dragon is unnoticed both in the extracts from the French romance, and by Fauchet.

Alas ! he sayd, my lady swete,
God wote in what case ye be ;
God wote whan we two shall mete,
I feare that i shal never you se.

230

Than as he loked hym aboute,
Towarde a hyll that was so hye,
Of this dragon he harde a shoute,
Yonder is a feast, he sayd, truly.

The knight him blessyd, and forthe dyd go,
And sayd, I shall do my travayle,
Betyde me well, betyde me wo,
The fyers fynde i shall assayle.

240

Than wyth the dragon dyd he meate,
Whan she him sawe she gaped wyde,
He toke good hede, as ye may wete,
And quyckely sterted a lytle asyde.

He drewe his swerde like a knyght,
This dragon fyersly to assayle,
He gave her strokes ful of myght,
Stronge and mortall was the batayle.

The dragon gave this knight a wounde,
Wyth his taye upon the heed,
That he fell downe unto the grounde,
In a sowne as he had ben deed.

250

So at the last he rose agayne,
And made his mone to god almyght,
And to our lady he dyd compleyne,
Theyr helpe desyrynge in that fyght.

Than sterte he wyth a fayre courage,
Unto the dragon without fayle,
He loked so for his advauntage,
That [quyckely] he smote of her taye.

260

Than began the dragon for to yell,
And tourned her upon her syde,
The knight was ware of her right well,
And in her bodi made his sworde to slyde.

So that she could nat remeve scarcely,
 The knight, that seinge, approched nere,
 And smote her heed of lyghtly,
 Than was he escaped that daungere.

Than thanked he god of his grace,
 Whiche, by his goodness and mercye, 270
 Hym hath preserved in that place,
 Through vertue of hys deytè.

Than went he to a nonrye there besyde,
 And there a surgean by his arte
 Heled his woundes that were so wyde,
 And than fro thens he dyd departe,

Towarde the Rodes,* for to fyght,
 In bataill as he had undertake,
 The fayth to susteyne with all his might,
 For his promysse he wil not breke. 280

Than of Sarazyns there was a route,
 Al redy armen and in arayc,
 That syged the Rodes round aboute,
 Fyersly agaynst the good freydaye.

The knight was welcomed of echone,
 That within the cyté were,
 They provided forth batayle anone :
 So for this time i leve them there,

And tourne to his lady bryght,
 Which is at home wyth wofull mone, 290
 Sore morned [she] both day and night,
 Sayenge, Alas ! my love is gone.

Alas ! she sayd, my gentyl knight,
 For your sake is my herte ful sore,
 Myght i ones of you haue a syght
 Afore my dethe, i desyre no more.

Alas ! what treson or envye
 Hath made my love fro me to go ?
 I thynke my lorde for ire truely
 By treason him to deth hathe do. 300

* It was Acre, not Rhodes.

Alas ! my lorde, ye were to blame
Thus my love for to betraye,
It is to you a right great shame,
Sythe that our love was chast alwaye.

Our love was clene in chastytè,⁷
Without synne styl to endure,
We never entended vylanye ;
Alas, moost curteyse creature !

Where do ye dwell ? where do ye byde ?
Wold god i knewe where you to fynde ! 310
Wher ever ye go, where ever ye ride,
Love, ye shall never out of my mynde.

A, deth, where art thou so longe fro me ?
Come and departe me fro this paine,
For dead and buried til i be
Fro morning can i nat refraine.

Fare wel, dere love, where ever ye be,
Bi you pleasure is fro me gone,
Unto the time i may you se,
Without comforte still must i mone. 320

Thus this lady, of coloure clere,
Alone mourninge did complaine,
Nothinge coulde her comforte ne chere,
So was she oppressed with wo and paine.

So leve we her here in this traine,
For her love mourning alwaye,
And to the knight tourne we againe,
Which at Rodes abideth the day

Of bataile, so whan the daie was come,
The knightes armed them eche one, 330
And out of the citie wente all and some,
Strongly to fight with goddes sone.

Faire and semely was the fight,
To se them redy unto the warre,
There was many a man of might,
That to that bataile was come full farre.

The knight of curtesy came into the felde,
Well armed right fast did ride,
Both knightes and barans him behelde,
How comely he was on eche side.

340

Above the helme upon his hede,
Was set, with many a precious stone,
The comely heare as golde so rede,
Better armed than he was none.

Than the trumpettes began to sounde,
The speres ranne and brake the ray ;
The noise of gonnes did rebounde,
In this metinge there was no plaic.

Great was the bataile on evri side,
The knight of curtesy was nat behinde,
He smote al downe that wolde abide,
His mache coulde he no where finde.

350

There was a Sarazin stronge and wight,
That at this knight had great envye,
He ran to him with all his might,
And said, Traitour, i thee defie.

They ranne together, with speres longe,
Anone the Sarazin lay on the grounde,
The knight drewe out his sworde so stronge,
And smote his head of in that stounde.

360

Then came twelve Sarazins in a rought,
And the knight did sore assaile,
So they beset him rounde aboute,
There began a stronge bataile.

The knight kest foure unto the grounde,
With foure strokes by and by,
The other gave him many a wounde,
For ever they did multiplie.

They laide on him on every side,
With cruell strokes and mortall,
They gave him woundes so depe and wide,
That to the grounde downe did he fall.

370

The Sarazins went, and let him lye,
 With mortall woundes piteous to se,
 He called his page * hastily,
 And said, my time is come to die.

In my herte is so depe a wounde
 That i must dye without naye,
 But, or thou me burye in the grounde,
 Of one thinge i thee praie :

380

Out of mi body to cut my herte,
 And wrappe it in this yelowe here,
 And, whan thou doest from hence departe,
 Unto my lady thou do it bere.

This promisse thou me without delay,
 To bere my lady this present,
 And burie mi body in the crosse waic.
 The page was sory and dolent.

The knight yelded up the goost anone,
 The page him buried as he had him bad,
 And towarde Faguell is he gone,
 The herte, and here, with him he had.

390

Somtime he went, somtime he ran,
 With wofull mone and sory jest,
 Till unto Faguell he came,
 Nere to a castell in a forest.

The lorde of Faguell, without let,
 Was in the forest with his meynè,
 With this page anone he met :
 Page, he said, what tidinges with thee ?

400

With thi maister how is the case ?
 Shew me lightly, or thou go,
 Or thou shalt never out of this place.
 The page was afearde whan he said so.

* The name of this page is Gobert in the French romance. He had been in the service of Aubert.

The page for feare that he had,
The herte unto the lorde he toke tho,
In his courage he was full sad,
He toke the heere to him also.

He tolde him trothe of evri thinge,
How that the knight in bataile was slaine, 410
And how he sent his lady that thinge,
For a speciall token of love certaine.

The lorde thereof toke good hede,
And behelde the herte, that high presente ;
Their love, he said, was hote in dede,
They were bothe in great torment.

Than home is he to the kechin gone :
Coke, he said, herken unto me ;
Dresse me this herte, and that anone,
In the deintiest wise that may be ; 420

Make it swete and delycate to eate,
For it is for my lady bryght,
If that she wyst what were the meate,
Sothely her hert wolde not be lyght.

Therof sayd the lord full trewe,
That meat was doleful and mortall,
So thought the lady whan she it knewe,
Than went the lorde into the hall.

Anone the lorde to meate was set,
And this lady not farre him fro, 430
The hert anone he made be set,
Wherof proceded muche wo.

Madame, eate hereof, he sayd,
For it is deynteous and plesaunte.
The lady eate, and was not dismayde,
For of good spyce there dyd none want.

Whan the lady had eaten wele,
Anone to her the lorde sayd there,
His herte have ye eaten, every dele,
To whom you gave your yelowe here, 440

Your knight is dead, as you may se,
I tel you, lady, certaynly,
His owne herte eaten have ye,
Madame, at the last we all must dye.

Whan the lady herde him so say,
She sayd, My herte for wo shall brast ;
Alas, that ever i sawe this day !
Now may my lyfe no longer last.

Up she rose, wyth hert full wo,
And streight up into her chambre wente, 450
She confessed her devoutly tho,
And shortely receyved the sacrament.

In her bed mourning she her layde,
God wote, ryght wofull was her mone :
Alas ! myne owne dere love, she sayd,
Syth ye be dead my joye is gone.

Have i eaten thy herte in my body ?
That meate to me shal be full dere,
For sorowe, alas, now must i dye :
A, noble knight, withouten fere ! 460

That herte shal certayne with me dye,
I have received theron the sacrament,
All erthly fode here i denye,
For wo and paine my life is spente.

My husbande, full of crueltè,
Why have you done this cursed dede ?
Ye have him slaine, so have ye me,
The hie god graunte to you your mede !

Than sayd the lord, My lady fayre,
Forgive me if i have misdane, 470
I repent i was not ware
That ye wolde your herte oppresse so sone.

The lady sayd, I you forgive,
Adew, my lorde, for evermore ;
My time is come, i may not live,
The lorde sayd, I am wo therfore.

Great was the sorowe of more and lesse,
Bothe lordes and ladyes that were there,
Some for great wo swounded doubtelesse ;
All of her dethe full wofull were. 480

Her complaynt pyteous was to here,
Adieu, my lorde, nowe muste we discever,
I dye to you, husbande, a true wedded fere,
As any in Faguell was found ever.

I am clene of the knight of curtesy,
And wrongfully are we brought to confusion ;
I am clene for hym, and he for me,
And for all other save you alone.

My lorde, ye were to blame truely,
His herte to make me for to eate, 490
But sythe it is buryed in mi body,
On it shall i never eate other meate.

'Theron have i recyved eternall fode,
Erthly meate wyll i never none ;
Now Jesu that was don on the rode,
Have mercy on me, my lyfe is gone !

Wyth that the lady, in all theyr syght,
Yelded up her spyrit, making her mone :
The hyghe god moost of myght
On her have mercy and us echone ! 500



GLOSSARY.



(Throughout, the words are in *Roman* type, and the explanations in *Italic*.

The letters S and F signifie that the word is derived from the Saxon or French.)

Abade, *abode*.
 Abayst, *abashed, ashamed*.
 Abbas, *abbess*.
 Abenche, *upon a bench*.
 Abohte, Aboth, *bought*; S.
 Abothe, *abode*.
 Abought, *bought*.
 Absolent, *absolute*.
 Abugge, Aby, *suffer, or atone for*.
 Ac, *but*; S.
 Achon, *each one*.
 Acketoun, Actoun, *frequently used for the hauberk, corslet, or complete coat of mail, but, strictly, a leathern or stuffed jacket, worn under it. Thus, in Ywaine and Gawin, v. 2616—*
 “Both haubert and his actoun;”
acqueton, or hoqueton, F.
 Acye, *assize*.
 Admyrold, Amerayle, *a corrupt title given by some ancient historians to the Saracen Kings; whence, it seems, our admiral; the original Arabic is Ameer al omrah, or prince of the princes*.
 Adrad, Adradd, Adred, *afraid, terrified*.
 Adrenche, Adrynke, *drown, drink*.
 Adronque, *drowned*; S.
 Adyght, *dight, decked*.
 Afeng, *received*; S.
 Afert, *afearred, afraid*.
 Afurste, *at first*.
 Afyn, Afyne, *in fine, at last*.

Agast, *afraid*.
 Ageth, *goeth*.
 Aght, *eight, ought, owed*.
 Agramed, *angry, furious*; S.
 Agrayde, *graith, dress, decorate*.
 Agros, *shuddered, trembled*.
 Agryse, *shudder, tremble; be frightened, terrified, angry, or in a passion*; S.
 Agye, *to guide, manage, govern, act for*.
 Agyme, *begin*; S.
 Ah, *but*.
 Ahte, *eight*.
 Aknen, *upon his knees*.
 Alablast, *see Arblast*.
 Alayes, *alleys*; *allies*, F.
 Albidene, Albydene, Allbedene, All bedeene, *altogether, wholly, entirely, one after another. Thus, too, Robert of Brunne, p. 45—*
 “Lyndesie he destroyed all bidene.”
 This phrase is of inscrutable etymology. See Bydene.
 Alde, *old*.
 Alexcion, *election*.
 Algrade (or Algarde), *a species of Spanish wine*.
 Al if, *although*.
 Alkins, Alkyn, *likewise*.
 Allane, Alloon, *alone*.
 Alner, *a purse or bag, to hold money. Chaucer calls it an aumere. Almoire*; F.
 Alowte, *lout, bend, bow, humble himself*.
 Als, *as*; Als, Alse, *also*; Al-

- sone, *forthwith*.
 Alther-furste, Alther-last, Alther-next, &c., *the first, last, next of all*.
 Alweldan, *all-wielding, all-governing, omnipotent*; S.
 Amall, *enamel; emaille*; F.
 Ameraud, *emerald*.
 Amerayle, see Admyrold.
 An, *on*; An, Ane, *one*.
 Anamered, *enamoured*.
 Anblere, *on an ambler, or ambling nag*.
 And, *an, if*.
 Ande, *the breath*; S.
 Anes, *once*; Anly, *only*; Ant, *and*.
 Antioche, *some kind of wine, probably imported or introduced from that country*.
 Apayde, *pleased, satisfied, content*.
 Apertly, *openly, plainly*.
 Aplight, Apliht, Aplyght, *complete, perfect*. The etymology of this word cannot be ascertained.
 Apryse, *enterprise, attempt, adventure*.
 Aquelde, *quelled, killed*.
 Ar, Are, *ever, before*.
 Araste, *rest, smote*.
 Arblaste, *a cross-bow; arbalaste*, F.
 Arber, Arbere, *arbour*.
 Are, *oar*; S.
 Areche, *expound, explain, interpret*; S.
 Arere, *raise*.
 Areson, *reason with, address, talk to, convince by argument*.
 Arewe, *rue*.
 Armyne, *ermine*.
 Armyte, *hermit*.
 Arsoun, *saddle*.
 Arst, *erst, first, sooner*.
 Arunde, *errand*.
 Ascry, *descrie, discover, betray*.
 Asour, *azure, blue*.
 Assaye, *essay, trial*.
 Assoyle, *absolve*.
 Astrote, *bulldging, strutting out*.
 Aswogh, Aswowe, *in a swoon*.
 At, *that, to*; At anc, At on, A ton, *at one, agreed*.
 Ateoned, *atoned*.
 Ateyned, Ataynte, *attainted*.
 Ath, *oath*.
 Atrayyed, *poisoned*; S.
 Aught, *owed, owned, possessed*.
 Aunterous, *adventurous, abounding with adventures*.
 Avaunt, *boast, extol*; avant, F.
 Aveaunt, Avenant, Avenaunt, *comely, handsome, graceful, promise, agreement, condition*.
 Aventayle, *aperture in a close helmet, through which the wearer was to breathe*.
 Avente, *open (for the purpose of breathing through)*.
 Aventurs, *adventures*.
 Avesé, Avysé, *advised, wary, discreet, or the like*; aviser; F.
 Avyse, *consider, think of it*.
 Avysement, *advice, deliberation; avisement*; F.
 Avysyd, *advised*.
 Aw, *owes, or owns, owe or own*; Aw, *awe, power, tyranny*.
 Awede, Awyede, *be mad or furious*; S.
 Awreke, *revenged*; S.
 Axsy, *ask*; Axede, *asked*; S.
 Aye, *ever*.
 Ayen, Ayens, Ayeynes, *again, against*.
 Ayre, *heir*, Ayre, *probably for yare, which see*.
 Bacmet, Bacmette, Basenet, Basnet, *a kind of covering for the head*.
 Balde, *bold, certain, well assured*; S.
 Bale, *evil, mischief, sorrow, misdeed and the like; in the plural*

- Balys; S.
 Band, *bound*.
 Bandoun, Baundoun, *government, bond, power, hands, confinement*.
 Bane, *death, misery, evil, mischief, curse*; S.
 Baptyste, *baptism*.
 Bare, *a wild boar*; S.
 Barme, *bosom, lap, womb*; S.
 Barme-teme, *brood*.
 Barn, *child*; S.
 Barnage, *baronage, peerage, nobility*.
 Baslarde, *a sword or dagger*.
 Bastarde, *wine of Corsica, so called, as is conjectured, from being mixed with honey. It was a common beverage in London, so late as Shakspeare's time*.
 Bate, *bit*.
 Bay, *brought to bay, at his last gasp, or when the deer, when weary of running, turns upon the hounds, and holds or puts them to bay*; abbois, F.
 Bayn, *ready, near*.
 Be, *by*.
 Bede, *offer, afford*; S.
 Beden, *prayers*.
 Bedene, *all, altogether, together; one after another*.
 Beende. *See Bende*.
 Befyll, *befel*; S.
 Behete, Bihete, *promise, assure*; S.
 Bekeand, *beeking, warming, or sweating*.
 Bel and Boke, *a solemn curse in the Roman Catholic religion, denounced at high mass, with the ringing of a bell, and the reading of a book*.
 Belamy, *good friend*; *bel ami*, F.
 Beld, Belde, *help, protect, defend*.
 Belyfe, Belyve, Bilive, *afterward, soon, by and bye*.
 Bemcs, *horns, trumps*, S.
 Bende, *bondage, bands, bonds, prison*, S.
 Bente, *bough*.
 Benynge, *benign*.
 Bentys, *bents, grounds near the sea, on which bent, a coarse large grass, grows*.
 Ber, Bere, *bier, bear*.
 Besautes, *a piece of gold, so called because first coined at Byzantium, now Constantinople*.
 Besofte, *besought, enticed*.
 Beste, *deer*.
 Bestadde, *circumstanced*.
 Bestered, *bestired*.
 Bet, *better, bettered, amended*.
 Bete, *beaten, plaited, inlaid embroidered*.
 Beth, *be*.
 Bewrye, *beuway, betray, accuse*.
 Bewtese, *civilities, ceremonies*.
 Beye, *aby, revenge, atone for*.
 Beyete, *begot*.
 Beyke, *to back, or warm, as before a rousing fire*.
 Beyne, *bain, soon*.
 Bical, Bikalles, *impeach, accuse*.
 Bicaucht, *deceived*.
 Bicollede, *blackened*.
 Bide, *abide, await*.
 Biforn, *before*.
 Big, *build*.
 Bigonne, *began*.
 Bihete. *See Behete*.
 Bilive. *See Belyfe*.
 Birful, *roaring*.
 Bitoke, *betook, committed to*.
 Bityme, *betimes, in time*.
 Blan. *See Blynne*.
 Blauner, *stopper*.
 Blawand, *blowing*.
 Ble, Blee Bleo, Blo, *hue, colour, complexion*; Blo, *black-blue*; S. *lividus, luridus*.
 Blew-out, *breathed hard, puffed*.
 Blome, Blossme, *bloom, blossom*.

- Blyn, Blynne, *stop, cease, put a stop to*, S.
 Blyve, *blithe*.
 Bo, *both*.
 Bodely, *bodily*.
 Bonair, *debonair*.
 Bone, *boon, reward*.
 Boones, *bones*.
 Boosys, *bosses, or tufts*.
 Boot, *boat*.
 Bord, Bard, *board dinning-table*,
 Boriaes, *burgesses*.
 Borken, *barking*, S.
 Borrowed, Borwyth, *borrowed, pledged, redeemed*, S.
 Borows, borwes, *pledges, sureties*, S.
 Boscage, *wood, underwood, bô-cage*, F.
 Bost, *boast*.
 Bote, *boot, good, remedy, amendment, purpose*, S.
 Bote, *boat*; Bote, *but*.
 Boteles, *bootless, without remedy*.
 Bother: Thair bother wil, *the will of both*.
 Boun, Bowne, *ready prepared; redi, or redy boun, a pleonasm*.
 Bour, *chamber*; Bowrys, *chambers*.
 Bouer-wemen, *chamber-maids*.
 Bourd, *jest, fun, a passage of humour, or pleasantry*.
 Bourding, *jesting, or ridiculing*.
 Bourned, *gilded, burnished*.
 Bownes, *burns, rivelets*.
 Bowsum. See Buxum.
 Boyst, *a box*; boiste, F.
 Brade, *broad*; Bradder, *broader*.
 Brand, *a sword*.
 Brayde, *drew quickly*.
 Brayded, *roared*.
 Brayn-wode, *stark-mad*.
 Bredde, *bread*.
 Bregge, *a bridge*.
 Breke, *breeches*, S.
 Breme, *brim, fierce*; Wel breme, *very clear*.
 Bremly, *fiercely*.
 Brenne, *burn*; Brenning, *burning*; Brent, Brente, *burned*; Brente it do, *caused it to be burned*.
 Brere, *brier*.
 Bresyd, *bruised*.
 Bretise, *a bretise brade, a gateway, or portai of defence, in the rampart, or wall, of a castle or town*; bretesque, F.
 Brether, *brothers, brethreu*.
 Breyde, *start, hurry*.
 Briddes, *birds*.
 Bride, *bridle*; bride, F.
 Bright, *as byrde bride, a complimentary or affectionate address or appellation of a beautiful or beloved young woman*.
 Broche, *a kind of buckle, broad, round, and worn on the breast, or on the hat with a tongue*; a breast-pin, F.
 Brok, *badger*. "To stink like a brock," *is proverbial*.
 Brond. See Brand.
 Brondys, *brands, faggots*.
 Brooke, Brouk, Brouke, *brook, employ well, make the best of, use, enjoy*, S.
 Brudale, *bridal*. Brude, *bride*.
 Brugge, or Brygge, *a bridge*.
 Brunie, *a cuirass, or coat of mail; brugne or brunie*, F.
 Bryd, *a bird*. Bryd on bowe, *bird on bough*. See Bright and Byrd.
 Brym, *bank*, S. See Breme.
 Bud, *behoed*.
 Bueth, *be, are*.
 Bumbarde, *bombarde*.
 Bun, Bunden, *bound*.
 Burland, *burling, weltering*.
 Burne, *baron*.
 Bus, *behoves*.
 Buske, *to prepare or make ready*.
 Buskes, *bushes*.
 But, *without, unless*.

- Buxum, *buxom, yielding, obedient*; S.
 Byd, *to pray*.
 Bydene. See Bedene.
 Byger, *a builder*. Bygged, *built*. Bygginge, *building, house*; S.
 Byht, *beeth*.
 Byker, *to bicker, fight, or skirmish*.
 Bylast, *left behind*.
 Bylayne, *lain by*.
 Byn, *within*.
 Byradden, *advised*.
 Byrd, *a damsel, young lady or woman*. See Bright and Bryd.
 Byrke, *birch*.
 Byronne, *overrun*.
 Bys, Purpur bys, *purple colour*; *his*, F.
 Byseke, *beseech*.
 Bysmare, *dishonour, derision, infamy*; S.
 Bysuyke, Byswike, Byswyke, *betray, beguile, deceive*; S.
 Byt, *bite*.
 Calle, *caul, dap, hood, or head-dress*.
 Camaca, *according to Spelman, a kind of cloth, of which, under Edward III., they made the church-vestments; sometimes white, sometimes red*.
 Carackes, *large ships*; *carraque*, F.
 Cardevyle, Cardelof, *Carlile*.
 Carke, *cark, care*, S.
 Carped, *talked, conversed*.
 Caste, *purpose, contrivance, intention, occasion, opportunity*.
 Cees, *cease*.
 Celli, *silly*.
 Certes, *certainly*. Certeys, *courteous*.
 Chamberer, *chamber-maid*.
 Changy, *change*.
 Charbokull, *carbuncle*; *escarboucle*, F.
 Chare, *chariot*.
 Chase, *chose*.
 Chastlayne, *the constable of a castle*; *chastelain*, F.
 Chasy, *to chase*.
 Chauntement, Chaunterye, *enchantment*.
 Chavyl, *jaw*.
 Chepyng, *a market*.
 Cher, *countenance*.
 Cherel. cherl, *churl, carl, clown, old fellow*, S.
 Chese, *chose*.
 Chesten-tre, Chesteyn-tre, *chestnut-tree*.
 Cheverd, *shirered*.
 Child. See the note on King Horn, v. 85.
 Choll, *jowl, head*.
 Chorle. See Cherel.
 Chrystendome, Chrystenté, *all countries collectively in which Christianity prevails*.
 Claré, *clary, a mixture of wine and honey*; *clairret*, F.
 Cleche, *click, catch, lay hold of*.
 Clese, *cleaved, cleft, clove*.
 Clene, *chaste, pure, innocent*.
 Clepede, *called, named*, S.
 Clere, *a clear, chaste, pure, beautiful young lady*.
 Cleth, *to clothe, or dress*.
 Clippe, *clasp, embrace*.
 Clodes, *clothes*.
 Clodeth, *clothed*.
 Clokarde, *an instrument like a guitar*.
 Clongyn, *clung*, S.
 Clyne, *encline*.
 Clyve, *cliff, rock*.
 Collede, *black*.
 Come, *coming, came*.
 Comunalté, *commonalty*.
 Coresur, *horse-dealer*.
 Cornall, Cornell, Coronall, Coronell, *a crown, coronet, iron-point, or head of a spear*

- Cornell, "*the forepart of a house.*" (Coles.)
 Corven, *carved.*
 Costantyne the nobull, *Constantinople.*
 Costerdes. "Duo *costers* panni magni de velveto, pro principibus festis."—"Do et lego Ricardo de Nevil filio meo . . . unum lectum de arvas, cum *costeris* paled de colore rubeo, qui solebant pendere in magna camera." *Du Cange.*
 Courage, *heart; coraçon, Spa.*
 Covenauunce, *covenants.*
 Covenawnt, *faithful.*
 Cover, *recover.*
 Covering, *recovery?*
 Cowre, *crouch.*
 Cracched, *scratched.*
 Crapawtes, Crapowtes, *the stone chelonites, or toad-stone; crapaud, a toad.*
 Creant, Creaunt, *recrçant, craven.*
 Crompyld, *crumpled.*
 Cropoun, Croupe, *back, tail.*
 Croupiere, *the buttock-piece.*
 Crouth, *a crowd, or stringed instrument, whence Butler's Crowdero; S. (Leland's Col.)*
 Croyz, *cross.*
 Culde, *killed.*
 Culpons, *shreds, splinters.*
 Culvard, *treacherous, infamous; culvert, F.*
 Cumand, Cumandes, *command, come, coming.* Cumen, *come*
 Cumlyng, *a comeling, one newly come.* (Hearne.) "Comelyng, new - cum - man or woman."
 Cumvay, *convey.*
 Cun, *kine, cows.*
 Cunne, *kin.*
 Cure, *care.*
 Curtayse, Curtes, *courteous.*
 Cusse, *kiss.* Custe, *kissed.*
 Cutted, *cut, split, formed, or shaped.*
 Da, *a doe.*
 Dampny, *condemn.*
 Dang, *smote (plural of Ding)*
 Dawe, *dawn.* Dawed, Dawyd, *dawned.*
 Dawes, *days.*
 De, *the, thee.*
 Ded, Dedd, Dede, *dead, death.*
 Defull, a defull dede, *a diabolical act, S.*
 Dele, *dolour, sorrow, grief.*
 Dele. *to part, to deal.*
 Deme, *deem, judge, judgment. S.*
 Denketh roun, *think to run.*
 Dentys, *dints, strokes, blows.*
 Der, *dear.* Der, Dere, Derye, *harm, hurt, damage, distress, mischief.* Derid, *harmed, S.*
 Deray, *noise; desroy, F.*
 Derne, *secret, secretly, obscure, obscurely.*
 Desworthe, *precious, valued at a high rate.*
 Dese. See Deys.
 Destrer, *a destrier, war, or tilting horse; destrier, F.; dextrarius, L., from being led on the right side, or with the right hand.*
 Descrive, *describe.*
 Destruyt, *destroyed.*
 Dewkys, *dukes.*
 Dey, *they.*
 Deye, *dye.*
 Deys, hye deyse, *an elevated part of the floor at the upper end of a great hall, upon which, under a canopy, stood the large dining table; still observable in the university colleges and inns of court.*
 Dight, *decorated, decked.*
 Discriif, *described, formed.*
 Diskere, Dyskere, *discover.*
 Do, *done.*

- Dofityr, *daughter*.
 Doght, *thought*.
 Dole, *sorrow, grief*.
 Dolys, *doles, deals, or money distributed to the poor, from a religious motive*.
 Dome, *judgment*.
 Donder, *thunder*.
 Donked, *thanked*.
 Donne, *dun, dim*.
 Dorth, *through*.
 Dough, *though*.
 Dour, *endure*.
 Dowte, *doubt, awe, fear*.
 Drake, *dragon, S.*
 Drawe, *thraw, throw, time, space*.
 Drede, *dread, fear, terror*.
 Dreche, *tex, trouble, torment, S.*
 Drench, *drink*.
 Drewries, *jewels*.
 Dreye, Dreygh, Drye, *bear, sustain; endure, suffer, S.*
 Drof, *drove, drifted, sailed*.
 Drogh, Droghe, Drowe, *dre:z.*
 Dromedaryes, *large ships, more properly dromonds or dromants, F.*
 Drowe: *quike to drowe, to drawe alive*.
 Drury, *gallantry, illicit love; dreary*.
 Drye, *tedious, irksome*.
 Drynge, *throng*.
 Dryve, *driven*.
 Dulcemere, *a dulcimer*.
 Duere, *dear*.
 Durstede, *thirsted*.
 Dwergh, Dwerk, *a dwarf*.
 Dy, *thy*.
 Dydyrward, *thitherward*.
 Dyght, Dyghte, *cut and sette; dressed, prepared*.
 Dyke, *a ditch*.
 Dykke, *thick*.
 Dyne, *thine*.
 Dyng, *din, noise, clash of arms*.
 Dyscry, *describe, discern?*
 Dyskere, *discover*.
 Dysour, *talker, or tale-teller*.
 Dyssees, *decease*.
 Dystawnce, *discord, pride*.
 Echadell, *each a deal, very much*.
 Ede, Eode, Eoden, *went*.
 Eem, Eme, *uncle*.
 Eft, Efte, *after, afterward*.
 Effect. See Estyrs.
 Eglehorne. *An egkyl appears to be a species of hawk*.
 Egyll, *eagle*.
 Elde, *age*.
 Encheson, Enchesowne, *cause, occasion, reason*.
 Endose, *sitting at home, as it were, with his back against a chair; endosser, F.*
 Enoynt, *annointed*.
 Enterement, *interment*.
 Envye, *distike, hatred, malice*.
 Er, Err, *are*.
 Erdyly, *earthly*.
 Ern, *an eagle, S.*
 Ernde, *yearn, desired*.
 Errour, *course, running*.
 Erst, *before*.
 Ertou, Ertow? *art thou?*
 Erynde, *errand*.
 Esse, *ease*.
 Estyrs, *the inward parts of a building; or, according to Hearne, "states, conditions, things;" estres, F.*
 Ethe, *easily*.
 Eveneliche, *evenly, equally*.
 Everuchen, *every one*.
 Evyl, *a disease, a disorder, a fit of madness*.
 Eyer, Lyr, *air*.
 Fa, *a foe, enemy*.
 Fachon, *a faulchion, a sword*.
 Fadersowl, *father's soul*.
 Falde, *fell*.
 Fale, Fel, Fele, Feole, *many*.
 Faleweden, *faiworced*.
 Fame, *defame*.

- Famen, *foemen, enemies.*
 Fand, Fande, *found.*
 Fang, *catch, seize, lay hold of, take, receive.*
 Farde, *fared.*
 Farn, *fared* : How has to farn this day? *How hast thou fared to-day?*
 Faun plate, Vamplat, or Avant plat, *an iron plate, which defended, in front, a cavity for the reception of the hand, near the but end of a tilting-spear : avant and plat, F.*
 Fase, *foes,*
 Fasoun, Passyoun, *fashion, form.*
 Faunt, *infant.*
 Fax, *hair.*
 Fawe, *glad, as fain.* See Fayn.
 Fawtede, *faulted, failed, was wanting to.*
 Fay, *faith.*
 Fayn, Fayne, *fain, joyful, glad, gladly, S.*
 Fayne, *joy, gladness.*
 Fayntise, *idleness, laziness, sloth (which might prevent their rising) : faineantise, F.*
 Fayrse, Fyers, *fierce.*
 Fayry, *a fairism, or appearance of the imaginary spirits so called. Fayrye, fairy-land, magic, illusion.*
 Feare, *fair.*
 Fecche, *fetch, S.*
 Feer, *fier, fire.*
 Felaurade, Christen felaurade, Felawrede, *a fellowship, or company ; few or many ; a christian nation ; an army of 60,000 knights ;*
 Feld, *folded.*
 Fell, *a mountain.*
 Felle, *skin.*
 Feloun, *wicked, fierce, cruel.*
 Feltred, *feltred, hairy, shaggy.*
 Felwet, *velvet.*
 Femyn, *venom.*
 Fen : *fowyll fen, mud, mire, filth.*
 Fend, *defend* ; Fendes, *fiends, devils.*
 Fennell, *fennel.*
 Feorlych, *wonderful.*
 Fer, Fere, *fear ; fire.*
 Fer, Feor, *far.*
 Ferd, Ferde, *fared, happened, S.*
 Fere, In fere, *in company, together, as companions ; Fere, healthy, sound ; cure, heal ; wife, companion.* Feren, Feres, *companions, friends, fellows.* Fendes fere, *companion of devils.* Withouten fere, *without equal.*
 Ferly sayne, *wonderously glad, or joyful.* Ferly fare, *strange chance.*
 Fest, *fastened.*
 Fete, Fett, *fetch* ; Fette, *fetch.*
 Fewté, *jealty.*
 Feyre, *fair.* Feyrhade, Feyrnesse, *fairness, beauty.*
 Fith, *fight.*
 Flankys, Taste my flankys, *feel my flanks, sides, or loins.*
 Flaugh, Flawe, Fleigh, *flew, fled.*
 Fleded, *banished, S.*
 Fleon, *flee.*
 Fleoten, *float, or sail.* Fleted, Fletten, *float.*
 Flet, *parlour, antechamber, S.*
 Flette, *flood, fleet.*
 Flites, *scolds.* Flyt, *scolding, scandal, or ill words.* Flyte, *chide, S.*
 Flo, *flay, flea.* Flogh, *flayed.*
 Flome, *river.*
 Floranse, Florences, *florin, florins, or francs, ancient coin of France.*
 Florysseth, *flourished.*
 Flottered, *hovered, swam, floated.*
 Flotter, *F.*
 Fluste, *flushed, or pushed.*
 Fode, *food.* Fode, Foode,

- well-bred, (sub. child, youth, or person spoken of), S.*
 Folow, *followed.*
 Fon, foon, *foes.*
 Fonde, *meet with, receive.*
 Fonge, *take, S.*
 Forbode, *injunction, prohibition, S.*
 Force, mak na force, *take no heed, have no care.*
 Forfare, *lose, forfeit, ruin, destroy.* Forfard, *lost.* Forfarn, *lose, throw away, S.*
 Forkarf, *caved through.*
 Forleose, *to lose entirely, S.*
 Forlete, *to give over; to quit, S.*
 Forlore, *lost, S.*
 Formast, *foremost.*
 Forne, *for.*
 Forord, *furred.*
 Forows, *furrows.*
 For-tethe, *fore-teeth.*
 Forther fete, *fore-feet.*
 Forthy, *therefor, for this, for that, S.*
 Forward, *promise, covenant, condition, agreement, S.*
 Foryaf, *forgave.* Forref, *forgive.*
 Foryelde, *reward, recompense, make amends.*
 Founde, *endeavour, attempt.*
 Frayned, *asked, demanded, enquired.*
 Fredde, *freed.*
 Frek, *man.*
 Fremede, *stranger.*
 Frith, Fryght, *wood, forest.*
 Frythes, *woods, forests.*
 Froted, *rubbed, or scrubbed.*
 Fu, *full.*
 Fun, Funden, *found.* Fundling, *foundling.*
 Furryth, *furred.*
 Fursoun, *foison, plenty.*
 Fylde, *field.*
 Fyle, *vile, foul.*
 Fyne, *finished, accomplished; finé, F.*
 Fythelers, *fiddlers.*
 Gabbest, *sayest.*
 Gabuls, *cables.*
 Galowe-tre, *gallows, S.*
 Game, Gamin, *pleasure, sport, S.*
 Gan, *began to; Gane, go, or have gone.*
 Gane, Gayne, Gaynest, *near, nearest.*
 Garnarde, *a wine of Granada.*
 Garson, *youth or young man, knight or soldier; garçon, F.*
 Garye. *See the note on Emare. V. 1032.*
 Gase, *goes.*
 Gate, *way.* Gatys, *ways.*
 Gateward, *porter.*
 Gayne-come, *coming again, return; or, possibly, meeting, S.*
 Gederig, *gathering.* Gedyrd, *gathered.*
 Ger, Gar, *cause, make.* Gert, *caused, made.*
 Gertte, *girt, girded.*
 Gent, Gente, *neat, pretty, F.*
 Ger, Gere, *geer, apparel, necessities.*
 Gest, *a romance.* Gestours, *minstrels.*
 Gestes, *guests.*
 Get, her of yet, *goat, goat's hair.*
 Geth, *goeth.*
 Getron, *gittern, cittern.*
 Gilry, *deceit.*
 Gle, *glee, mirth, minstrelsy.*
 Glede, *a bright fire, a burning coal, blaze, flame, or spark.*
 Glemed, *gleamed, glittered, shone.*
 See Leomede.
 Gleynge, *melody, minstrelsy.*
 Glode, *glid, glided.*
 Gode, *good, alms.*
 Godelé, *godly, S.*
 Godneday, *good day.*
 Gome, *man; Gomen, Gomes, men.*

- Goo, *go*.
 Gore, *mud, mire, dirt*.
 Gorgete, *a gorget* : *gorgerette*, F.
 Gram, *mischief, injury, anger*.
 Gramercy, *many thanks*.
 Gray. See Gry's.
 Grayd, *fitted up*.
 Graythly, *readily*.
 Gredde, *cried, wept* ; Grede, *cry*, S.
 Grenes, *greenness*.
 Gret, *greeted*. Grette, *wept*.
 Greves, *groves*?
 Griht, Gryght, *peace*, S.
 Grisely, *dreadful*.
 Gro. See Gry's.
 Grome, *a man-servant*.
 Groued, *grew*.
 Gruf, *grave? groveling?*
 Grunden, *ground, sharpened*.
 Grylle, *harm*.
 Grym, *out of humour, stern, austere*.
 Gry's, *fur, from a kind of weasel* ; gris, F.
 Gulde, *gold*.
 Gurden, *girded, girt*.
 Gyf, *if*.
 Gyle, *guile*.
 Gylle, *a glen*.
 Gyn, Gynne, *contrivance*.
 Gynnynge, *beginning*.
 Gypell, *an outward garment*.
 Gysarmes, *a sort of halberd* ; Guisarme, F.
 Ha, *have*.
 Habbe, *have*.
 Habergeons, *coats of mail*.
 Habide, Habides, *abide*.
 Haby. See Aby.
 Hailsed, Haylsed, *saluted*.
 Halde, *hold, prison, castle*.
 Hale, Hoole, *whole*. Halely, *Holly, wholly*.
 Hales, *halls*, Hales in the hall, *holes*.
 Halp, holp e, *helped*.
 Hals, *neck, throat*, S.
 Halt, *held, holds*.
 Halvendel, *half*.
 Haly gast, *holy ghost*.
 Ham, *them*.
 Hame, *home*.
 Han, *have*.
 Happe, *cover, or bind, with the bed-clothes*.
 Har, *their*.
 Harbroughe, Harburgerye, *harbour, lodging*.
 Harburgens. See Habergeons.
 Harowed, *harried, plundered, ravaged*.
 Hase, *hoarse*.
 Hat, *ordered, commanded, called*.
 Hate, *hath, hot*.
 Hatte, *hight, called, named, is called*.
 Hauberke, Hawberk, *coat of mail*. See Brunie.
 He, *she, they*.
 Heare, Heere, *hair*.
 Hedur-cum, *hither-coming, arrival*.
 Hedurward, *hitherward*.
 Heed, *head*.
 Heele, *danger*.
 Heire, *higher*.
 Hele, *cover, conceal, hide* ; *health, welfare*.
 Helt, *poured*.
 Hem, *them*.
 Hende, *kind, civil, polite*.
 Hendely, *kindly, &c.*
 Henge, *hung*.
 Henne, *hence*.
 Hent, Hente, *to take, catch, or receive* ; *took or caught*.
 Heo, *she*.
 Heore, *their*.
 Her, *hear, her, here, their, ere, before*.
 Herbers, *harbours, lodges*. Herberd, *harboured, lodged*.
 Here, *hair, hear*.
 Heried. See Harowed.

- Herlotes, *base varlets, worthless knaves.*
 Hern-pan, *brain-pan, skull.*
 Heryn, *cave, secret place, S.*
 Heste, *to command.*
 Hete, *to promise, or assure.*
 Hethin, *hence.*
 Hette, *commanded, was called.*
 Hevyd, *head.*
 Hilles, *protects, preserves.*
 Hire, *her.*
 Heyle, *conceal.*
 High-dayes, Hyegh-deys, *great feasts.*
 Hight, *promised, undertaken.*
 Hingand, *hanging.*
 Hinde. See Hende.
 Ho, *who.* Ho, Hoo, *stop, cease, desist.*
 Hodur, *hudder, hug.*
 Hol, *whole, sound.*
 Holde, *firm, faithful, S.*
 Holtes hore, Holtys hore, *a grove, forest, or wood.*
 Hone, *shame; honte, F. "Honi soit qui mal y pense."*
 Honge, *hang.* Hongeth, *hanged.*
 Hope, *expect, suppose, fear.*
 Horde, *sharp or pointed spears.*
 Hore, *hoary, grey.* See Holtes.
 Hore, *whore.*
 Horedam, *whoredom.*
 Hos, *hoarse.*
 Hoscht, *hushed.*
 Hosé, *whoso.*
 Hoselde, *houseled him, i.e., administered the eucharist, S*
 Hostell, *inn, lodging.*
 Hote, Hoten, *called, named.*
 Hoth, *heath.*
 Hove, *dubbed.*
 Hovede, *hovered, stayed, stood still.* Hoveth, *hovers.*
 Hue, *he, she, they.* Huem, *them.* Huere, Hure, *their.*
 Huert, *heart.*
 Hulles, *hill.*
 Hurne, *cave, hole, corner, or niche, S.*
 Hutte, *hit.*
 Huyde, Huyden, *hide.*
 Hy, *she, they.* In hy, *in haste.*
 Hyde, *hide, skin.*
 Hydose, *hideous.*
 Hyght, Hyghth, *called or named.*
 Hyne, *it.*
 Hynge, *hang.*
 Hyre, *her.*
 Ibite, *taste, drink.*
 Ibore, *born..*
 Ichul, *I shall.*
 Iheled, *covered.*
 Ikarneled, *castellated, embattelled.*
 Ilk, *same.*
 Ilka, *each, every.* Ilkane, *each one, every one.*
 Ipelvred, *furred.*
 Is, *his.*
 Isclayne, *slain.*
 Iwent, *gone.*
 Jennettes, *mares.*
 Jerfawncon, *a species of hawk.*
 Jewyse, *capital punishment, execution; ber jewyse, suffer punishment.*
 Jogelers, *jugglers, minstrels.*
 Jolyf, *jolly.*
 Jorne, *journey, walk.*
 Juell, *jewel.*
 Justus, *justs.*
 Kan, *knows.*
 Kantell, *cantle, piece.*
 Kardevyle, Karlof, Karlyle, *Carlisle.*
 Karl. See Carl.
 Karlyoun, *Caerleon.*
 Karpet, *said, prated.*
 Karping, *talk, prate, intemperate.*
 Kayme, *Cain.*
 Kaytyf, *caitiff, wretch.*
 Kecche, *catch.*

- Kedde, *knew, shewed.*
 Keele, *cool*, Kelde, *cold.*
 Kelle, *cowl, cap, hood, or head-dress.*
 Ken, *know, inform.* Kend, *knew.*
 Kende, Kenne, *kind, kin, kindred.*
 Kennes, *kind, sort of.*
 Kepe, *care, heed, notice.*
 Kerteles, *kirtles, petticoats.*
 Kervore, *carver.*
 Kest, *cast, threw.*
 Keste, *kissed.*
 Keth and Kende, Kyth and Kin, *acquaintance and kindred.*
 Kevechers, *kerchiefs.*
 Kevere, *recover.* Kevered, Ke-
 verede, Koverede, *recovered.*
 Kirk, *church.*
 Kind, *nature.*
 Kith, *shew.*
 Kleke, *click, catch, snatch,*
 Klypped, *clipped, clasped, embraced.*
 Knagg, *the tine of a heart, or wooden pin, used to hang any thing upon.*
 Knave, *a boy, page, or manservant, S.*
 Kownand, *covenant.*
 Kowrs, *covers.*
 Kowth, *could, knew how.*
 Kroupe, *croup, the ridge of the back.* See Cropoun.
 Kun, *can, will, knows how.*
 Kurtull, *a kirtle, outer petticoat.*
 Kuss, *kiss.*
 Kyd, Kydde, *known.*
 Kyght, *country, S.*
 Kynde, *kind, race.*
 Kyndeli, *naturally.*
 Kyrtell, *bed-gown.*
 Kyth, Kythe, *shew, try, prove.*
 Lac, *fault, defect,*
 Ladd, *led.*
 Laft, *left.*
 Lagh, *laugh,* Laght, Lawe, Logh, Lowe, Lowgh, *laughed.*
 Lahte, *latched, caught, acquired, learned.*
 Laine, At laine, Layne, *to conceal.* Layned, *concealed.*
 Lake, *lack, want.*
 Lange, *to long, belong.*
 Lappe, *enfold, embrace.*
 Large, *generous, liberal, bountiful.*
 Largesse, *generosity, liberality.*
 Lasse, *less.*
 Late, *let, stop.*
 Lath, *loth.*
 Lavedy, *lady.*
 Lavendere, *a laundress, or washerwoman.*
 Lavorock, *lark.*
 Lawnd, *sward.*
 Lay, *law, religion.* Lays, *laws.*
 Laye, *bet, wager.*
 Layn, *conceal it, be silent.*
 Layt, *late, seek, search.*
 Lebard, *leopard.*
 Leche, *a leech, a physician.*
 Ledd, *lead.*
 Lede, *lead.* Lede, Leede, *any land or country, lond, and lede; law, faith, religion, man or people, S.*
 Leef, *love.*
 Leende, *wait, stay.*
 Lees, Les, *lyes, or a lye; Les-inges, lyes, S.*
 Leeven, *believe.*
 Lef, Lefe, *loving, friendly, affectionate.*
 Lefsome, *lovely.*
 Legge, *lay down. S.*
 Leghed, *laid [false accusations].*
 Lel, Lele, *true.* Lely, *truly.*
 Leman, *a wife, sweetheart, mistress; a term of endearment; a concubine.* Lemannys, *gal-lants.*
 Leme, *gleam, glisten, shine.*

- Leomede, *gleamed, glistened, shone.*
 Lende, *stay, remain.*
 Lene, *lend, lean.*
 Lengell. See Lyngell.
 Lengor, *longer.*
 Lenkith, *length.*
 Lent, *leaned.*
 Leode, *lead, bring.*
 Lepe, *leaped.*
 Lepes, *leaps, stories, lies.*
 Lere, Lere, Leren, *learn, teach, inform.*
 Lese, *leash.*
 Leste, *please.* At the leste, *at the least.*
 Let, *hinder, deprive, obstruct, fail.*
 Lete, *lose.*
 Lethir, *wicked, dangerous.* See Lither.
 Lette, *delay.* Lettyd, *let, stayed.*
 Leve, *beloved.*
 Leve, Yleve, *I believe, live.*
 Levyth, *liveth.*
 Levening, *lightening.*
 Lever, Levyr, *rather, sooner.*
 Leveste, Levyst, *most desirous.*
 Levore, *lever, mace.*
 Lewté, *loyalty.*
 Ley, *lay, tale in verse.*
 Leyre, Lire, Lyre, *cheek, face, colour, complexion thereof.*
 Libbe, *lives.* Lifand, *living.*
 Lig, *lie.* Ligger, *liar.* Lig-
 gunde, *lying.*
 Lightli, *easily.*
 Liked, *licked.*
 Limes, lymes, *limbs.*
 Listes, *arts, S.*
 Lite, *little.* Led with lite, *treated her with indifference.*
 Lither, *wicked, S.*
 Live, *life.*
 Lodlick, *loathly.* Lodlokest, Lotlokste, *loathliest.*
 Logge, *lodge.*
 Londe. Wel londe, *i.e., off or from the land.*
 Longe, *lungs.*
 Loos, wyckkede loos, *bad reputation.*
 Looveyd, *praised.*
 Lorayns, *reins.*
 Lore, *learning.* My lore, *my speech, what I am about to say.*
 Lorell, *a scoundrel.*
 Lorn, *lost.*
 Los, Lose, Loos, *praise, fame, report, in a good or bad sense.*
 Losed, *lost.*
 Losenjoure, *flatterer, parasite, deceiver.*
 Louding, *lauding, praising.*
 Loure, *sad, discontented, down-cast.*
 Loverd, *lord.*
 Loverd-suyke, *treacherous, guilty of high treason?*
 Lowe, *a fire, blaze, or flame; hill.*
 Lowthe, *loud.*
 Luef, *love.* Lufsom, Lufsume, *lovely.* Lufsummer, *lovelier.*
 Lust, *desire, wish.*
 Lut, *few.* A lute wiht, *a light blow.*
 Lyfand, *living.*
 Lyfe. See Leve.
 Lyflothe, *livelihood.*
 Lygg, *lie, or lie with.*
 Lyghted, *lightened, made lighter.*
 Lyghth, *alighted.*
 Lyghtly, *readily.*
 Lygyng, *lying.*
 Lyht, *lyeth.*
 Lym, *lime.*
 Lynde, *lime, and hence, figuratively, a tree, or a clump of trees, in general.*
 Lynne, *stop, cease.*
 Lyre. See Leyre.
 Lythe, Londes or lythes, Londys lythys, and rente, *plains.*
 Lythe, *listen, attend.*
 Lythyr. See Lither.
 Lyte, *light.*

Lytte, *little*.

Lyve, *life*.

Ma, *more, make*.

Maad, *mad*.

Maght, *might*.

Main, *force, strength*.

Maistri, *mastery, mastership, superiority, perfection*.

Make, *make*.

Mall, *mallet*.

Malmesyne, *malmsey*; malvoisie, F.

Malt, *melting*.

Manne, *mean, moan*.

Maner, *manor*.

Mane sworn, *mansworn, perjured*.

Mangere, *feast*. Mangeri, *feasting*.

Mankyn, *mankind*.

Mas, Mase, *makes*.

Maser-tre, *maple, or wild ash*.

Mate, *dead, stupified, confused senseless*.

Mametes, Mammettes, *idols*.

Maumetrie, *idolatry, or idol-worship, Mahometism*.

Marlin, *the merlin*.

Mavis, *thrush*.

May, *maid, damsel, virgin*.

Mayne. See Main, Mayné, Menyé.

Maysterye, *magic, necromancy*.

Meate, *meet*.

Me, *men*.

Mede, *meed, recompence, reward*.

Mekyl, *much*.

Mellé, *medley, quarrel, disturbance*.

Meng, *mix, mingle*.

Menske, *decency*.

Minstralcye, *minstrelsy, musical performance*.

Ment, *knew?*

Meny, *attendants, servants*.

Menyé, *family, household, attendants*.

Merlyon, *merlin, a species of hawk*; emerillon, F.

Mess, *mass*.

Mese, *dishes, dinner*.

Meselle, *a leper*.

Mester, *mystery, business*; mestier, F.

Meteles, *meatless*.

Mette, *mate*.

Mewse, *to muse, or meditate*.

Mid, Mide, Myd, *with*. Mitte. *with thee*.

Misforschapen, *misshapen*.

Mister. See Myster.

Mo, Moo, *more*.

Mody, *moody*.

Moght, *might*.

Mold, Molde, *mould, earth: head, or crown of the head*.

Mon, *must*.

Monhede, *manhood*.

Moni falde, *many fold*.

Mornying, *mourning*.

Mote, *might, may*; moot, *contend*.

Mountance, Mountawnse.

Mountenaunce, *amount*.

Mowne, *may*.

Moyles, *mules*.

Munstral, *minstrel*.

Munt, *mind*.

Muscadell, *a French wine*.

Mustre, *minster*.

Mut, *might*.

Myddyllerd, Mydle-erde, *the earth*.

Mykel, *much*.

Myld, *merciful*.

Myn owe, *mine own*.

Myn, Mynne, *less*.

Mynge, *himself reminded, or mention made*, S.

Mynt, *threatened, attempted, threat, attempt*.

Myrght, *mirth*.

Myslikeing, Myslykyng, *dislike, or disgust*.

Mysrede, *misadvice, mistake*.

Myssay, *to belie, wrong.*
 Myster, Mystyr, *need, want.*

Nakyn, *no kind of.*
 Name, Namm, Nom, Nome, *took.*
 Nanes, *for the nanes, for the nonce.*

Nast (ne hast), *hast thou not.*

Nay, *neigh.*

Neeve, *niece, fist, or clasped hand.*

Neghed, *nighed, drew near.*

Neght, *nigh.*

Nell, *will not.*

Nempne, *name.* Nempnede, *named.*

Nere, *were not.*

Nerre, *nearer.*

Nese, *a nose.*

Nesscheneharde, *soft nor hard, S.*

Nete, *an ox.*

Nevyn, *name,* Nevys, *names.*

Ney, *eye.*

Nobillary, *nobleness, nobility.*

Nolde, *ne wolde, would not.*

Nome, *name.*

Nomeliche, *namely.*

Nones, Noonys. See Nanes.

Noon, *none.*

Noonré, *a nunnery.*

Nortour, *nurture.*

Not, *ne wot, wot not, know not.*

Noth, Nothe, *oath.*

Nouthe, *now, nothing.*

Nower, *no where.*

Nowther, *neither.*

Noyes, *noise, grief, lamentation.*

Nully, *ne will I, I will not.*

Nuste, Nyste, *twist not, knew not.*

Nuthake, *nuthatch.*

Nycke, *neck.*

Nyghyng, *approaching, drawing near.*

Nys, *nice, foolish; niais, F.*

Nythyng, *a wicked or good-for-nothing man.*

Occient, *occident, west.*

Odoun, *down, or adown.*

Odur, Odyr, *other, others.*

Ofte-sithes, *oft-times.*

Ogains, *against.*

Ogayne, *again.*

Oght, *owed, owned.*

Olyfant, *elephant.*

Olyroun. See the note on Launfal, V. 1023.

Olyve, *alive, life.*

Omell, *among.*

On, *one.*

Onane, *anon.*

Onde, *hate, hatred.*

Oo, Oon, *one.*

Oolde, *old.*

Oones, *once.*

Oost, *host.*

Ord, *point, beginning.*

Ore, *grace, favour.*

Orgenes, *organs.*

Oryall, Oryall-side, *a recess.*

Orybylle, *horrible.*

Os, *as.*

Ostel, Ostell, *an inn.*

Osylt, *ousel.*

Other, *or.*

Ou-selven, Ou-seluen tueic, *your two selves.*

Out-beode, *be ordered out.*

Out-take, Owt-takyn, *except, or excepting.*

Over-blenche, *overset.*

Over-geld, *over-gilt.*

Overt, *open.*

Overtwert, *overthwart.*

Ovyr-hylte, *covered over.*

Ovyr-tyte, *over soon.*

Ow, *you.*

Owthe, *owe.*

Owther, *either.*

Paid, *paid, satisfied, content.*

Paiens, Payens, Payenes, Paynes, Payns, Pagans, heathens, Saracens, Danes.

Pales, Paleys, *a palace.*

Palle, *fine cloth.*

Palmere, *a pilgrim.*

Panele, *stuffed cushion*.
 Panter, *an officer of the pantry*.
 Parage, *kindred*.
 Parayle, *rank, pareille, F.*
 Parell, *peril, dangers*.
 Pase, *pass*.
 Paynime, *in the manner of the Pagans; à la Payenne, F.*
 Paytrelle, *poitrinal, pectoral, or breast-plate; poitrail, F.*
 Pece, *a cup, or drinking-vessel*.
 Pee, *magpie*.
 Pell, *fur*.
 Pelryne, *pilgrim, or palmer; pelerin, F.*
 Pelvred, *furred*.
 Pende, *hond*.
 Pensel, *penon, banner*.
 Pere, *pear*.
 Perfay, *by my faith*.
 Perfounde, *profound*.
 Perré, Perry, *jewels, precious stones; pierreries, F.*
 Perys, *pears*.
 Pese, *peace*.
 Pine, *pain, punishment*.
 Plawe, *play*.
 Playn pase, *full speed*.
 Playnere, Plener, Pleyner, *full, fully, plentiful, complete*.
 Plevyne, *warranty, assurance; pleuvine, F.*
 Plex, *shield*.
 Pleye, *play, disport*.
 Plyght, *pledge, assure*.
 Pole, *a pool*. Poles, *pools*.
 Pomels, *balls, apples*.
 Pomely, *dappled, Pomelee, F.*
 Popinjays, *parrots*.
 Poscescon, *possession*.
 Pousté, Powsté, *power*.
 Pover, *poor; pauvre, F.*
 Poverly, *poorly, pitifully, sneakingly*.
 Povert, *poverty*.
 Poyle, *apulia*.
 Poynt, *point*.
 Praye, *prey*.

Pres, *a press, or crowd*.
 Preke, Prike, *to prick, spur, ride, gallop*. Prekand, *pricking*. &c.
 Presand, *presented it to*.
 Present, *presence*.
 Presoun, Prisoun, Prysoun, *prisoner, captive*.
 Prest, *prompt, ready*.
 Presyd, *pressed, thronged*.
 Prime, *three o'clock*.
 Prow, Prowe, *advantage, prowess, honour*.
 Pryse, *price, value*.
 Puple, *people*.
 Purchase, *acquisition*.
 Puryd, *furred*.
 Purpur, *purple*.
 Puste, *pushed*.
 Pych, *pitch*.
 Pyght, *pitched*.
 Pylte, *bet, bruised; pilan, S.*
 Pymment, *a mixture of wine, honey, and spices*.
 Pysane, *some part of the coat-armour*.
 Quarell, *the dart of the cross-bow*.
 Qued, *the damned*.
 Quelle, *kill*. Quelthe, *killed*.
 Queme, *to please*.
 Quere, *quire, choir*.
 Quert, *heart, coeur, F.*
 Quest, *inquest, assize, trial*.
 Queynte, *quaint, skilful*.
 Queynte, *quaint*.
 Quit, *rewarded*. Quite, *quit*.
 Questeroun, *cooks*.
 Quoke, *quaked*.
 Quyn, *whin, furze*.
 Quyt, *quit*.
 Quyte-claymed, *discharged*.
 Quytt, *rewarded*.
 Qwelle, *to kill*.
 Rach, *a bitch hound*.
 Radde, *red*.
 Rafe, *rove, tore*.

- Raft, *raft*.
 Rakede, *walked apace*.
 Rampande, *rampant*.
 Randoun, *at random*.
 Rappes, *blows*.
 Rase, *rose*.
 Rath, *quick, soon*.
 Ray, Cloth of ray *was cloth not coloured*.
 Raye, *a title*.
 Rayme, *cry out against, S.*
 Rayne, *cloth of Rennes*,
 Real, *royal*.
 Recche, Recke, *care*.
 Recomforde, *recomforted*.
 Recorde, *recorder*.
 Recreant, *coward*.
 Red, *advised, counselled*.
 Redd, Rede, *advice, counsel*.
 Redies him, *makes himself ready*.
 Rees. See Rese.
 Reft, *bereaved*.
 Relygyons, *monks, hermits*.
 Reme, rim, imbank, *S.*
 Remes, *realms*.
 Ren, ran. Rennande, Renin, *running*. Rennyth, *runneth*.
 Renable, *reasonable*.
 Reprefe, Repreofing, *reproof*.
 Rerde, *cry, roar*.
 Reryd, *reared, raised*.
 Rese, race, course, *with force*.
 Respice, *a wine*.
 Reuthe, *ruth, sorrow*.
 Reykyd, *raked, went hastily*.
 Reve, *bereave, rob*.
 Reven, *torn*.
 Keyset, *receiver of stolen goods*.
 Reyn, *rain*.
 Ribible, *a sort of fiddle, with three strings*.
 Rinand, *running*.
 Roche, *rock*.
 Rochell, *a French wine*.
 Rod, Rode, rood, *cross*.
 Rode, *colour, complexion*.
 Rofe, rove, *tore*.
 Roght, *recked, cared*.
 Romayne, *Romans*.
 Rope, *cry out*.
 Rose-reed, Rosyne, *rosy, rose-coloured*.
 Rote, *a mandolin or hurdy-gurdy*.
 Rothe. See Rod.
 Rounne, *murmur*.
 Rouse, *red*.
 Rowme, *roomy, wide*.
 Rowthe, *ruth*.
 Rowncy, *a road, or cart horse*.
 Rowned, *whispered*.
 Rudde. See Rode.
 Ruddock, *a red-breast*.
 Rumney, *a wine, Romanée*.
 Rustus, *rust*.
 Ryall, *royal*.
 Ryche, *realm, kingdom*.
 Rydyght, *rideth*.
 Ryfe, *rife, common, plentiful*.
 Ryg, *back*.
 Rygge, *ridge*.
 Ryght wes, Ryght wyse, Ryht wes, *righteous*.
 Rys, Ryse, *branch, twig*.
 Ryke. See Ryche.
 Ryne, *hoar frost*.
 Ryve, *shore; rive, F.; to tear, arrive*. Ryved, *arrived*.
 Sagh, *saw*.
 Saght, *sight?* Saghteled, *settled*.
 Saghtelyng, *a settling, or agreement*.
 Saint, *cincture, girdle; ceinct, or ceinture, F.*
 Sakles, *sackless, innocent*.
 Sal, *shall*.
 Sale, Salle, *a hall; salle, F.*
 Salmes, *psalms*.
 Sambus, *saddle-cloth; sambué, F.*
 Same, Samen, Samin, Samyn, *In or Yn same, together*.
 Samyte, *a rich silk*.
 Sar, Sare, *sore*. Sari, *sorry, sorrowful*. Sarily, *sorrowfully*.
 Saugh, *saw*.

- Sawe, *speech, words, sayings.*
 Sawnfale, *without doubt.*
 Sawter, *the psalter.*
 Sawtry, *a psalter.*
 Say, *a sort of stuff.*
 Sayn, *say.* Sayne, *sign.* Sayned
 him, *crossed himself, or made*
 the sign of the cross.
 Sayde, *assayed.*
 Scath, *harm.*
 Schalmuses, *schalms.*
 Schare, Share, *shore, cut.*
 Schawe, *shade, grove.*
 Sche, *she.*
 Schend, *put to death, kill.*
 Schende, *defame, injure, hurt.*
 Schent, *ruined, undone.*
 Schene, *shining.*
 Schepe, *a ship.*
 Schere, *free, clear.*
 Schilde, *shield.* Schelde, *shield,*
 prevent.
 Scho, *she.*
 Schold, Schud, *should.*
 Schome, *shame.*
 Schop, *formed, made.*
 Schrede, *screen, dress himself.*
 Schrewe, *shrew, atrocious rascal.*
 Schrive, Schryve, *confess (to a*
 priest).
 Schyre, *clear.*
 Scill, *skill, cause, reason, advice,*
 art, knowledge.
 Sclawe, *slain.*
 Sclegh, *sly.*
 Sco, *to be slain.*
 Scryed, *discovered, described.*
 Scyverede, *shivered.*
 Se, *see, look to, regard, preserve.*
 Seek, seke, *sick.*
 Segge, *say.* Seggeth, *says.*
 Seh, *saw.*
 Seker, Sekyr, *certain, sure.*
 Sekernes, *certainly.*
 Selcouth, *strange.*
 Selde, *seldom.*
 Selly, *silly, foolish ; folly.*
 Selve, *self, same.*
 Sembelde, *assembled.*
 Sembland, *semblance.*
 Semblant, *welcome.*
 Sembyll, *assemble.*
 Semelant, *resemblance.*
 Semelych, *seemly.*
 Sen, *since.*
 Sendell, *a thin silk.*
 Sent, *consent.*
 Sensours, *censers, incense-pots.*
 Ser, Sere, *several, different.*
 Sere, *sir.* Serrys, *sirs.*
 Sered, *cered (with a cere-*
 cloth).
 Serewe, Serwe, *sorrow.*
 Serke, *sark, shirt.*
 Servandes, *servants.*
 Sese, *sees ; cease.*
 Sesowne, *season, time.*
 Sete, *sat.*
 Seth, *seethed, boiled.*
 Sethen, Sethyn, Seththe, Sey-
 then, *since, afterward.*
 Sevé, *seven.*
 Seygh, *saw.*
 Seylys, *sails.*
 Shame, *ashamed.*
 Share, *scar, cut.*
 Shaws, *coppices.*
 Shenche, *serve.*
 Shene, *shining.*
 Shete, *shoot.*
 Sho, *she.*
 Shonde, *harm, mischief.*
 Shoope. See Schop.
 Shrede, *to clad, or clothe.*
 Sibbe, *related, allied.*
 Sith, Sithes, *time, times.*
 Skalde, *scold, ill tongued.*
 Skapy, *to escape.*
 Skath, *harm, loss.*
 Skere, *free, clear, quit, acquit.*
 Sket, *ready, apt, S.*
 Skeyre, *squire.*
 Slake, *to cool, slacken, decline.*
 Slape, *sleep.*
 Slen, *slay.*
 Slik, Slike, *such.*

- Slo, *slay*. Slogh, *slew*. Slon,
 Sloo, *slay*.
 Slod, *slid*.
 Slope, *asleep*.
 Slouthe, *sloth*.
 Smertly, *quickly*.
 Snell, *quick, sharp, active*.
 Snytes, *snipes*.
 So, *as*.
 Softe, *sought*.
 Sold, Solde, Suld, *should, should*
 be.
 Solers, *upper rooms, garrets*.
 Somers, Somer-horses, *sumpter-*
 horses, loaded, or carrying
 baggage; sommiers, F.
 Somned, *summoned*.
 Sond, Sonde, *a message, or*
 messenger.
 Sonde, *sand*.
 Sote, *sweet*.
 Soth, *truth*.
 Sothely, *truly*.
 Sothen, *sodden*.
 Sotheyr, *soother, more true*.
 Sowdears, *soldiers*.
 Sowpeth, *supped*.
 Soyorne, *sojourn*.
 Sparryd, *shut, fastened, bolted*.
 Spec, *spoke, or bespoke*.
 Spell, *speech, story, tale*.
 Sper, Spir, *to ask, or enquire*.
 Sperd, Sperred. See Sparryd.
 Spreteth, *spreadeth*.
 Spylle, *die, be put to death*.
 Spyr. See Sper.
 Stabull, *establish*.
 Stad, Stadde, *bested, circum-*
 stanced.
 Stak, *stuck, pulled to*.
 Stall, *place, passage, entrance*.
 Stark, *strong*.
 Stat, *state*.
 Sted. See Stad.
 Stedd, Stede, *place, or country*.
 Stekyth, *sticketh*.
 Stepul, *steeple*.
 Stere, *steer, govern, manage*.
 Sterve, *starve, die*.
 Sterye, *steer*.
 Stevene, Stevyn, *voice, sound,*
 speech.
 Stighteld, *strengthened*.
 Stirt, *started*.
 Stoken, *stuck, fastened*.
 Stokkes, *stocks*.
 Stonayd, *astonished*.
 Stor, Store, *loud, blustering*.
 Store, *stir, stark*.
 Stour, Stoure, Stowr, Stowre,
 difficulty, danger, battle.
 Stownde, *space of time*.
 Strath, *straight*.
 Stre, *straw*.
 Strekk, *stretching, passing, S.*
 Stroye, *destroy*.
 Stryndo, *strain, race, descent*.
 Stude, *steeds, horses*.
 Sture, *steer*.
 Sturn, *stern*.
 Sty, *place, house, building, S.*
 Styk, *stitch, wounded, S.*
 Stynte, *stint, stop, stay*.
 Stythe, *strong, S.*
 Suere, Swere, Swyre, *neck*.
 Sugerneth, *sojourneth*.
 Suggeth, *say*.
 Suithe, Suythe, Swith, *quick,*
 speedily, very.
 Sumwet, *somewhat*.
 Suykedom, *treachery, treason*.
 Swa, *so*.
 Sware, *neck (as an adjective, its*
 meaning is unknown).
 Swart, *black*.
 Swayne, *inferior servant*.
 Sweme, *qualm*.
 Swevenyng, Swevyn, *dream*.
 Swier, *squire*.
 Swilk, *such*.
 Swogh, *swoon*.
 Swyke, *hole, ditch*.
 Syclatowne, *a circular robe of*
 state.
 Syde. See Sythe.
 Sye, Sygh, *saw*.

- Sygh, Syght. See Sythe.
 Sygned, assigned.
 Syke, Syken, *sick, sigh.*
 Sykyrlyke, *certainly, surely.*
 Symplyté, *simplicity, or simple-
ness.*
 Syrrys, *sirs.*
 Sytole, *a citole (a kind of dulcimer).*
 Sythe, *side, afterward, since.*
 Syttand, *sitting.*
 Ta, *take, betake.*
 Talvace, *a large shield.*
 Tan, Tane, *take, taken.* Tase,
takes.
 Tane, *one.*
 Teem, *sons, issue.*
 Telde, *told; lodge.*
 Teme, *teemed.*
 Teen, Tene, Teon, Teone,
sorrow, passion, anger. Tene,
slay. Teon, *take, or betake.*
 Tent, *heed, attend.*
 Tha, *these.*
 Thartyll, *thereto.*
 Thawghte, Thawghth, *taught.*
 Thay, *day.*
 The, *thee.* The, Thee, *thrive.*
 Thede, *did.*
 Thede, *land, nation, country,
kingdom, S.*
 Theder, *thither.*
 Theer, *deer.*
 Thenche, *think.*
 Theode, *faith, belief, religion.*
 Thepartyth, *departeth.*
 Therforne, *therefor.*
 Thethin, *thence.*
 Thewe, *virtue, good manners*
 They, *though.*
 Thilke, *this, this same.*
 Thir, *these.*
 Tho, *then; do.*
 Thogh, *doth.*
 Thoghte, *thought.*
 Thoghty, Thoughty, *doughty.*
 Thoghtyer, *doughtier.*
 Thole, *suffer, undergo.*
 Thonor, *thunder.*
 Thoo, *then; those.*
 Thore, *there.*
 Thores, *doors.*
 Thorst, Thorste, *durst.*
 Thoune, *down.*
 Thowghter, *daughter.*
 Thra, Thro, *eager, fierce, desirous.*
 Thrall, Thrall, *slave, captive, base
wretch.* Thralhede, *state of
slavery or captivity.*
 Thraw, Thro, Throo, Throw,
short space of time, trice.
 Thiswald, *threshold.*
 Throo, Throwe, *troubled, afflicted,
sorrowful?*
 Thrydd, Thrydde, *third.*
 Thrynge, *throng.*
 Thuncketh, *thinketh.*
 Thus-gate, *thus-wise, this-way.*
 Thwang, *thong.*
 Thyll, *till.*
 Thynke, *thing.*
 Tide, *betide.*
 Tint, *lost.*
 Tit, *received, took?*
 Tite, *soon, quickly.* Titter,
sooner.
 Tithand, Tithandes, Tithyng,
tidings, news.
 To, *thou; till; toe; too.*
 Too, *took.*
 To-breste, *burst.*
 To-drevet, *driven, pursued.*
 Todur, *other, others.*
 Tokenyng, *token, keep-sake.*
 Tome, *toom, teem, empty.*
 Too, *take; to; toe.*
 To-dere, *too dear.*
 To-rent, *rent, torn.*
 To-scyverede, *shivered.*
 To-terys, *tears (verb).* To-tore,
torn.
 To-whiles, *meanwhile, mean-
time.*
 To-yeynes, *against.*
 Traised, *betrayed.*
 Traisted, *trusted.* Traystes, *trusts.*

- Traitour, *betrayed*.
 Trappes, Trappur, Trappure.
 See Lengell. *Neither can be discovered*.
 Tre, *tree, wood*.
 Tredd, *trod*.
 Trente, *embraced*.
 Trewes, Trues, *truce*.
 Trist, *sure*.
 Trompours, *trumpeters*.
 Trofels, *trifles*.
 Trowage, Truage, *tribute*.
 Trowes, *trouest, believest*.
 Trowth, *truth*.
 Tryst, *post or station*.
 Tryste, *trust*.
 Turmentrye, *torment, torture*.
 Tuye, Twyes, *twice*.
 Twyn, *twine, part, separate*.
 Tyd, Tyte, *quick, soon*.
 Tyger, *Tiber*.
 Tyght, *begun, pitched, fixed*.
 Tyre, *attire, dress*.
 Uche, *each*.
 Umage, *homage*.
 Umbithought, *bethought*.
 Umbraydest, *upbraided*.
 Umstrade, *bestrode*.
 Undersonge, *seize, catch, take, meet with*.
 Under molde, *under earth*.
 Undertane, *undertake*.
 Undo, *open*. Undone, *prepared, made ready for the spit*.
 Undern-tyde, Under-tyde, Undurne, *nine o'clock in the morning*.
 Undur-lace, *a woman, from her lace*.
 Undur the molde, *under ground, dead and buried*.
 Unement, *ointment*.
 Ungayne, *not near*.
 Unhele, *ill-health, unhappiness*.
 Unhende, *uncivil, unpolite*.
 Unkunand, *not cunning, unknowning, ignorant*.
 Unnese, Unnethes, *scarcely*.
 Unpees, *no peace, war*.
 Unryde, *base, iniquitous, S.*
 Unsely, *unhappy, unfortunate*.
 Unshet, Unsteke, *unshut, open*.
 Unsyght, *unseen*.
 Unther, *under*.
 Unther-gare, Unther-kelle, Unther-lyne, Unther serke, Unther-wede, *all figurative appellations for young women*.
 Unto, *until*.
 Unwelde, *unwieldy*.
 Unnare god, *a good runner*.
 Unneth, *runneth*.
 Us, Uus, *use, habit, custom*.
 Usedenn, *used*.
 Vacche, Vecche, *watch*.
 Valour, *value, importance*.
 Vassage, Vasselage, *knight service, valour, courage*.
 Vayage, *voyage, journey, adventure*.
 Velany, Vylanye, *villainy, evil, baseness, impertinence, impropriety, mischief, injury*.
 Veneri, *hunting, the chase*.
 Ventall. See Aventayle.
 Vernage, *a wine*.
 Verraye, *true*. Verraiment, Verrayment, *truly*.
 Vurste, *worst*.
 Vys, Vyys, *face, countenance*.
 Swych vys, *so powerful*.
 Wajour, *wager*.
 Wald, *would*.
 Wan, *grow pale*.
 Wandreme, *joylessness, tribulation, agony of mind, S.*
 Wane, *plenty*.
 War, *wary, prudent, were, aware of*.
 Ware, *expend, spend, lay out*.
 Ward, Wared, *expended, were*.
 Warisown, Warisowne, Waryson, *help, cure, reward*.

- Warist, *cured*.
 Warm, *worm, serpent*.
 Warye, *curse*.
 Wate, *know*.
 Wax, Waxe, Wex, Wox, *waxed*.
 Wawe, *wave*.
 Wayte, *serve*.
 Wedde, *gage, pledge*.
 Weddewede, *widowhood*.
 Wede, *armour, apparel, dress, robe, garment; mad*.
 Weders, *wind, hail, rain, &c.*
 Welde, *wield, rule, govern*. Me to spouse welde, *take me to wife*.
 Wele-lykeand, *well-looking*.
 Wele-rinand, *swift*.
 Welk, *walked*.
 Wemme, *fear, S.*
 Wend, Wende, Wendes, Wendyth, Wending, *going, go, depart*.
 Went, *go, gone, turned, S.*
 Wene, *think; Wenes, thinkest; Wend, Wende, thought; S.*
 Wepe, *wept, weeping*.
 Wer, Were, Werie, *defend, fight for; rescue, protect; where*.
 Were, *war, wear*.
 Werne, *warn, prohibit*.
 Werr, *worse*.
 Werry, *fight, make war, or battle*.
 Wet, *what*.
 Wete, *know; Wetyn, known; S.*
 Weved, *waved*.
 Wha-sum, *whosoever*. Ware-sum, *wheresoever*. What-sum, *whatsoever*.
 Whate, *hot*.
 Wher, Wherein, *were*.
 Whesch, *washed (their hands)*.
 Whide-war, *far and near*.
 White the non, *do not torment thyself*.
 Whosé, *whoso*.
 Whychyd, *bewitched*.
 Whyght. See Wight.
 Whythe, *wight*.
 Wight, *strong, powerful; person*.
 Wightly, *speedily, boldly, resolutely*.
 Wiht, *a blow*.
 Wik, Wike, *week*.
 Willes, *will, desire*.
 Wis, *show me, take me*.
 Wist, *knew*.
 Wit, Wite, *learn, know, blame*.
 Withsugge, *gainsaid*.
 Wittes, *sense, wisdom*.
 Wive, *wife*.
 Wobigane, *woe-begone*.
 Wode, *mad*.
 Wode-schawe, *coppice*.
 Wogh, *wrong?*
 Wolde, *old*.
 Wolte, *wilt thou?*
 Won. Good won, *often, many times; A worldly won, a worshipful mansion-house*.
 Wonde, *wait, stay, desist from, refused, withstood*.
 Wone, *delay*. Woned, *wont; dwelled, lived*. Wones, *palaces, houses, dwellings*.
 Wonie, *dwell*. Wons, *lives, resides*. Won, Woon, Wonyng, *dwelling, residence, lodging*.
 Woodwale, *the woodpecker*.
 Word, Worde. See Ord and ende. Wordes, *worthies, things of worth*. Wordlyye, *worthily*.
 Worth, *what, wroth, were, was*.
 Worthest, *wert*.
 Woso, *whoso*.
 Wottyst, *knowest*.
 Wowe, *wall or window*.
 Woxyn, *waxen*.
 Wrake, *wreaked, revenged*.
 Chaucer has ywrake in the same sense.
 Wrangdome, *wrong*.
 Wrecche, *wrack, mischief; wretch, caitif*.
 Wreche, *wretched, wretch*.

- Wreke, *wreak, revenge*. Wroken, *revenged*.
 Wreth, Wrethe, Wreththe, *revenge, wrath, harm, mischief*.
 Wreye, Wrye, *betray*. Wreyede, *betrayed*.
 Wroght, *wroth*.
 Wrothe hele, Wrothherheyle, *malediction*.
 Wrthe, *were*.
 Wryt, *writing, letter*.
 Wymmanne, *women*.
 Wyck, *wicked*.
 Wyld of redd, *regardless of counsel*.
 Wyght, *whit*.
 Wyn, *win, obtain*.
 Wys, *advise*. Wyst, *knew*.
 Wyst, *twisted, knew*.
 Wyt, *See Wit*.
 Wyte, *know, blame*.
 Wyth, *wight, strong*.
 Wytherlyng, *adversary, enemy*, S.
 Wytyrly, *utterly, thoroughly*.
 Ya, Yaa, *yes*.
 Yaf, *gave*.
 Yalde, *yielded, surrendered*.
 Yapys, *japes, jests*.
 Yar, Yare, *ready*, S.
 Yate, *gate*.
 Ybake, *baked*.
 Ybe, *been*.
 Ybore, *born*.
 Ycham, *I am*. Ychulle, *I shall or will*.
 Yclepte, *embraced*.
 Yede, *went*.
 Yef, *if*.
 Yelde, *yield, reward, recompense*.
 Yelp, *outcry, boast*.
 Yeme, *take care of*. Yemed, *governed*.
 Yēn, *eyes*.
 Yend, Yent, *through*.
 Yeode, *went*.
 Yerly, *early*.
 Yern, *eager, eagerly, earnest*.
 Yerne, *earn, desire, wish*, S.
 Yeve, *give*.
 Yfere, *companions*.
 Ygelt, *gilded, gilt*.
 Yghen, *eyes*.
 Yharneysyth, *harnessed*.
 Ying, *young*.
 Ylerde, *learned*.
 Yleste, *lasted*.
 Yleve, *believe*.
 Ylome, *lately*.
 Ylore, *lost*.
 Ylyche, *alike*.
 Ylythe, *listen*.
 Yment, *meant, intended, designed*.
 Ympe-tre, *grafted tree*.
 Ymone, *companion?*
 Ynome, *taken*.
 Ynowe, *enough*.
 Yode, *went*.
 Yolde, *yielded, recompensed*.
 Yoly, *jolly*.
 Yore, Yorne, *heretofore, formerly*, S.
 Yowle, *Christmas*.
 Yoye, *joy*.
 Ypocrasse, *hippocras*.
 Yrke, *weary*.
 Yre, *iron*.
 Yrels, *earls*.
 Yrest, *rested*.
 Yrthe, *earth*.
 Ysé, *sea*.
 Yschent, *degraded, ashamed*.
 Yslawe, *slain*.
 Yswowe, *in a swoon*.
 Yteld, *coloured, painted, dyed*, S.
 Ytynt, *lost*.
 Yuly, *handsome, beautiful*. In the edition of "Drunken Barnaby's Four Journies to the North of England," printed at London in 1723, that facetious travellersays :—
 "Thence to Worton; being lighted I was solemnly invited By a captain's wife most yewly;"

though it must be confessed that the original (about 1640) has not *yewly*, but *vevlie*, unless the tail of the "y" has been broken off at the press.
Yurne. See Yern.

Yurney, *journey*.
Yveré, Yvère, *ivory*.
Ywent, *gone, turned*.
Ywime, *succeed*.
Yylde, *yield*.





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